

Divine Miscellanies;
OR,
SACRED POEMS.
IN TWO PARTS.

Part I. Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY.
Consisting of Hymns and Divine Meditations
upon various subjects and occasions, &c.

Part II. Sacred to PRACTICAL VIRTUE and
HOLINESS. Consisting of three large Epistles.

1. A Practical Paraphrase on the Ten Commandments:
humbly addressed to the Church of England, upon
their solemn order of Reading them, with this Re-
sponse, "Lord have Mercy upon us, and Incline our
"Hearts to Keep this Law!"
2. The Christian Warfare: Being a serious Exhorta-
tion to, and Expostulation with all Men to Enter
and faithfully continue Soldiers under Christ. Ori-
ginally addressed to the Protestant Dissenters in
England, and now, not improperly, applied to the
Church of Scotland.
3. The divine Original and primitive Glory of Christi-
anity: Set forth in the Birth, Life, Sufferings, Death,
Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ; and the Life and Conduct of his A-
postles: Humbly addressed to all Professors of Chris-
tianity, for their holy Imitation.

Written in plain and easy Language for the Improve-
ment of all Lovers of Divine Poetry.

By JAMES MAXWELL,
POET IN PAISLEY.

The Second Edition; corrected, enlarged and greatly
improved.

PAISLEY.

Printed by JOHN NEILSON, for the AUTHOR.

M.DCC.LXXXVII.

P R E F A C E.

THE first edition of this Book was published in England, a number of years ago, under the greatest disadvantages. Notwithstanding of this, when it made its first appearance, it met with a most favourable reception among all ranks and professions of men; and by the divine blessing was made abundantly useful to some within the compass of my own knowledge, and I hope to many of whom I never heard. It was well known, in England, at its first publication, to be the happy mean of reclaiming some profligate sinners from their wicked practices, and of producing a very important change in their temper and conduct.— If this second edition shall be productive of the same happy effects, I shall think myself amply rewarded for all the pains I have been at, in correcting and enlarging it, yea, though it should never bring me any pecuniary advantage.

Among the number of subscribers for the first edition, was the Reverend Mr. James Hervey, a gentleman well known to the world by his learned, elegant, and pious writings. Willing to rescue from oblivion the first and rude essays of an unlettered Bard, this excellent man subscribed for

several copies. Shortly after he had received them, I called upon him, and was treated with every mark of kindness and respect. He said, "Well, friend, I have got your books, and am exceeding well pleased with them; and if they do not sell, come to me and I will make them sell for you." Had there been occasion for a performance of this promise, I would certainly have been disappointed, as this celebrated writer was soon after called off the stage of mortal life, and no doubt entered into the "joy of his Lord."

Another Reverend Gentleman, much greater in the world than Mr. Hervey (and I believe no less distinguished by his zeal for the glory of God and everlasting welfare of precious souls) said, after he had read it, that of all the books he had seen, that it was the best adapted for the benefit of the lower class of people. This Gentleman afterwards became to me the most cordial friend and generous benefactor. Many of my books he bought to give away, and recommended me to several eminent men, among whom was a pious nobleman (yet alive) who, at one time, gave me more than twenty guineas of a free compliment.

But, lest my readers should think that I am assuming too great an air of self-importance, I shall tell them no more concerning the reception which my first edition met with in England. The second edition now appears in Scotland, the land of my nativity. I hope my countrymen will judge of its

merit with candour, and not with the humour of the snarling critic. The candid spirit which is expressed by Horace, in the following lines, is surely well worthy of imitation.

"When more the beauties than the faults do
shine,

"I am not angry when a casual line,

"(That with some trivial faults unequal flows)

"A careless hand or human frailty shows."

FRANCIS Translation.

The Author of the following pages has never been taught in the School of Erudition; has never trode the circle of the Sciences; is unacquainted with the celebrated writers of Greece and Rome, and consequently less fitted to embellish his compositions with the refined decorations of art. This circumstance, it is hoped, will tend to soften the rigour of the learned critic, with respect to the following Poems, which do not pretend to possess that correct elegance which recommends some writings of the present age.

Many of them, the Reader will observe, were written upon particular occasions, and more immediately respect the time when, and the place where they were composed. The death of a friend, the situation of the Author's own family, the state of religion in the land, &c. afforded him an opportunity of exercising his poetical talent. It is

presented that the whole of the following compositions are calculated to promote the true interests of piety, by diffusing a spirit of Christian devotion. That they may produce this happy effect, among all his readers, is the sincere prayer, of the Public's

much obliged,

and humble servant,

PAISLEY,
May, 1797.

JAMES MAXWELL.

To Mr. JAMES MAXWELL.

SIR,

HAVING seen proposals for printing a second edition of your Divine Miscellanies, I became one of your subscribers. This is a time, when, as the poet has observed, writings of an immoral tendency are issuing forth

" In squalid legions, swarming from the press,

" Like Egypt's monsters, from the mud of Nile,

" To sink our morals, with our sense and taste.

BROWNE.

Writings that tend to promote the interests of piety, certainly ought to be encouraged. I have

inclosed a few verses, which you will see, respect
the re-publication of your Sacred Poems.

That your Divine Miscellanies may be the happy
means of reclaiming the vicious, edifying and com-
forting the pious, is the earnest wish of

Your sincere Friend,

PAISLEY,
May 5th, 1787.

EUGENIO.

*What holy sounds are these! what strains divine!
Is it thy voice, O blest URANIA*, thine!
May the great Ruler of the rolling sky
Give thy predictions birth.*

WATT'S.

TWAS on the banks of CART, which flows
along
With sweet meand'ring—yet unknown to song,
I lately walk'd and pour'd the plaintive strain,
No mortal near to hear my voice complain;
The murm'ring waters join'd the plaint of wee,
And aid my pensive numbers as they flow;

* URANIA, in poetic fiction, is one of the nine Muses
who was supposed, by the ancients, to preside over astro-
nomy. Modern poets, such as Milton, Dr. Watts and
Dr. Young, address her as the patroness of divine poetry.
In the following verses she is considered in this character.

The feather'd warblers strain'd their little throats;
 In concert sad, and pour'd their melting notes
 With mournful melody thro' th' ambient air,
 And in my bosom nursed sad despair.
 All nature round appear'd to join my wail,
 And seem'd to listen to my doleful tale,
 Whilst my sad Muse, in mournful accents told
 How Vice, triumphant, reigns with aspect bold;
 How modest Virtue, in her cruel fangs,
 Lies groaning loud in sore distressful pangs;
 How, o'er my native land, th' infection runs
 Of vice—which soon will ruin all her sons;
 Will send them down into the shades of Hell,
 With wretched myriads evermore to dwell.
 O mournful thought! how could the Muse forbear
 To breathe the sigh, and drop the tender tear!

In doleful numbers I aloud complain'd,
 How modern Bards the tuneful art have stain'd;
 Have warbled forth their wild licentious strains;
 Of wit profane, o'er CALEDONIA'S plains;
 How yet her lofty hills repeat the sound;
 That gives the ear of Piety a wound;
 Makes virgin Modesty to hide her face,
 And, blushing, see the Muse's sad disgrace;
 Makes True Religion look with tearful eye;
 And to the heaven's raise her weeping cry;
 Grief and resentment working in my breast
 The feelings of my soul I thus express'd.

To dark Oblivion's blackest caves retire;
 Ye guilty Bards! who spend your tuneful fire

To dress the harlot Vice in gaudy charms,
 And lure the thoughtless stripling to her arms;
 Who break your jests on Inspiration's page,
 Laugh madly gay at Wisdom's counsels sage,
 And with your wanton songs debauch the age,
 From hell that poet surely is inspir'd,
 And not with holy heav'nly rapture fir'd,
 Who tunes his lyre, to please the sensual crowd;
 And pour contempt upon the ways of God;
 Who triumphs over Virtue in distress,
 And in his bosom hugs with fond caress
 The wealthy great, who tread in Folly's path,
 Which downward leads to everlasting death.
 Ye heavenly songsters in the world on high,
 If ye can vent the melancholy sigh,
 Join the melodious mourning of my song,
 And now deplore the wretched tuneful throng,
 Engag'd in war against the eternal King,
 Whose praise unwearied ye for ever sing.

While thus the Muse indulg'd her strains of grief,
 A scene appear'd, that quickly brought relief:
 When ut'ring forth a loud distressful groan,
 A heav'nly radiance all around me shone.
 From earth I rais'd mine eyes, and wond'ring saw
 A glorious form, that fill'd my soul with awe.
 Array'd in shining robes of radiant light,
 URANIA burst upon my ravish'd sight! —
 Celestial beauty, sat upon her face,
 Her features wore each sweet attracting grace —

The feather'd warblers strain'd their little throats;
 In concert sad, and pour'd their melting notes
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 Array'd in shining robes of radiant light,
 URANIA burst upon my ravish'd sight! —
 Celestial beauty sat upon her face,
 Her features wore each sweet attracting grace —

She snatch'd her Lyre, and o'er the trembling strings
Her lovely fingers mov'd—while thus she sings.

- “ Why, pensive Youth! dost thou dejected stray,
“ Oppress'd with grief—attend my friendly lay.
“ From yonder azure skies, to calm thy soul,
“ And the mad current of thy grief controul,
“ I downward come—raise up thy drooping mind,
“ And from my chearing message comfort find.
“ Tho' now the tyrant Vice, with all her train
“ Of direful furies, o'er fair SCOTIA reign,
“ Reluctant, soon they'll take their speedy flight,
“ And hide their heads in shades of blackest Night;
“ Tho' Virtue, in her robes of mourning clad,
“ Her head dejected hangs, with aspect sad,
“ Tho' from her eyes the tears of sorrow flow,
“ And from her bosom burst the sobs of woe,
“ Mine eye, prophetic, sees the joyful days
“ When Bards shall sing the lovely virgin's praise;
“ When in harmonious strains of ecstasy
“ They'll raise JEHOVAH's honours to the sky;
“ Proclaim the wonders of redeeming love
“ In songs like those which angels sing above;
“ Pierce thro' th' incumbent clouds of sable Night,
“ That hide the regions of celestial light;
“ Describe the glories of the happy place,
“ Where saints with joy behold their Saviour's face;
“ Religion's sons shall lend the willing ear,
“ And, fill'd with holy pleasure, joyful hear.
“ The day now dawn's, with glimm'ring rays of
light,
“ The happy day, that soon will shine more bright,

“ When SCOTIA’s sons shall hear celestial strains,
 “ With sweetest warbling sounding through their
 plains.

“ Now MAXWELL sings, attend his pious song ;
 “ ’Twas I who join’d him to the tuneful throng ;
 “ ’Twas I who taught him, in his youthful prime,
 “ To soar on wings of Faith and Hope sublime.
 “ In strains like WATTS, the youthful Poet sung.
 “ Whilst ANGLIA’s plains with his sweet music
 rung.

“ Seraphic HERVEY, with applauses crown’d
 “ His heav’nly notes, of soft delightful sound.
 “ He prais’d the Muse, unskill’d in Flatt’ry’s art,
 “ To soothe the ear, and yet debauch the heart.
 “ The simple dictates of the pious mind,
 “ Which fill the reader’s soul with joys refin’d,
 “ Adorn a MAXWELL’s page with pleasing charms,
 “ And lead the youth to fair Religion’s arms.
 “ Now Age has silver’d o’er his rev’rend head,
 “ The cheatful days of blooming youth have fled,
 “ In Life’s decline he still invokes my aid ;
 “ My vot’ry he will be till death his heart invade.
 “ Tho’ haughty Grandeur look with proud disdain,
 “ Nor with the ear of calm attention deign
 “ To listen unto his seraphic lays,
 “ Which he will sing to blest EMANUEL’s praise ;
 “ Tho’ Poverty, with ghastly train appear,
 “ And all the mournful garb of Mis’ry wear :
 “ Not all her frowns shall e’er the Bard compel
 “ To serve the cursed interest of Hell.

- " Tho' Earth and Hell display their mad'ning rage,
 " No lustful strain shall e'er pollute his page.
 " Notempring bait that cumb'rous Wealth can lay,
 " Shall e'er make him to sing the wanton lay.
 " He'll, without envy, hear the venal throng
 " Of Bards obscene, disgrace the SCOTIAN song;
 " Who bask beneath kind Fortune's warmest rays,
 " And hear the trump of Fame proclaim their praise;
 " Who, plac'd at plenteous tables of the great,
 " With souls elated, bless their prosp'rous fate;
 " Raise songs of Wit, to please the wanton ear;
 " The songs which Folly's sons delight to hear.
 " Blest be the man who knows the noble art
 " To charm the ear and yet improve the heart!
 " Around his brow the Ivy I'll entwine,
 " And rank him in the list of Bards divine;
 " Kind Heav'n his steps thro' mortal life shall guard,
 " And with immortal joys his toils reward."

Thus sung URANIA, when, with sudden flight,
 She upward mov'd, and left my wond'ring sight;
 My mind compos'd by her harmonious strains,
 I homeward bended; o'er the dewy plains;
 Grief, from my bosom, quite had fled away,
 Which made me tread with joy along the verdant
 way.

Divine Miscellanies ;
O R,
S A C R E D P O E M S,
P A R T I.

Sacred to Christian Devotion and Piety.

THE INVOCATION.

I.

ETERNAL King, who reign'st on high
Supreme o'er all authority ;

'Tis condescension infinite
In thee, to stoop to worlds of light,
To see what's done above the sky,
Where mighty angels prostrate lie
Before thy face, while they adore
Infinite wisdom, boundless pow'r.

II.

They count it too, a pleasure sweet,
To cast their crowns beneath thy feet,
While they the mighty theme renew
Of praise to thee their Maker due :
Yet all the highest notes they raise,
Can ne'er advance thy boundless praise,
More than it was ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man.

III.

But, Lord, what condescension then
Is this in thee, to stoop to men,
And to accept of humble praise,
From such unworthy worms as these !

This strikes my soul with sweet surprise,
Allowing faith and hope to rise
Toward thy throne, with humble lays,
In weak attempts to speak thy praise.

IV.

Yea, Lord, thou also dost bestow
Celestial gifts on men below;
Therefore to thee, mine eyes I lift,
From whom proceeds each perfect gift:
Endue me, Lord, with heav'nly skill,
Rightly to guide my slender quill;
Inspire my heart, enforce my lays,
To celebrate thy wond'rous praise.

V.

None else but thine, O Pow'r Divine,
Can make the Muse with lustre shine!
Mere human Wit I'll seek no more,
But thy celestial aid implore:
To thee I look with humble face;
O! fill me with thy heav'nly Grace,
Till I'm prepar'd to dwell on high,
And praise thy name more perfectly.

VI.

Then shall I with unfainting tongue
Praise thee with sweet celestial song,
Amongst thy bright redeemed choir
Eternally, and never tire:
My heart and tongue shall then unite
'To praise thy name with sweet delight;
Yea, all my inward pow'rs shall join,
And ev'ry strain be love divine,

- I. *The divine original of POETRY asserted and proved ;
the abuse of it lamented, and the innocency of it de-
fended,*

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

I.

WHEN first the heav'n-born Muse began
Her sacred wing to try,
She was the foremost in the van
To praise the Lord most high.

II.

Delightful in JEHOVAH's eye,
Her own almighty Sire;
Employ'd his name to magnify,
Amidst the new-born choir.

III.

Thus like a nymph divinely bright
The Muse at first did shine :
The soul she ravish'd with delight,
In raptures all divine.

IV.

But now, alas, with grief we see
This heav'n-born gift abus'd
By sons of lewd impiety,
And to base purpose us'd.

V.

They take of this celestial fire
To kindle hellish flames ;
And thus they please their loose desire,
With vile licentious themes.

VI.

These bold transgressors I beheld,
And was with grief oppress'd;
To see how boldly they rebell'd,
And made God's word their jest.

VII.

Hence some of serious minds suppose
That this celestial art,
Was ne'er design'd for such as those,
Who are of pious heart.

VIII.

Thus doth the Muse still lose renown;
Her worth is little priz'd;
Between the critic and the clown,
She's shamefully despis'd.

IX.

Yet on her sweet, delightful wing,
She bears celestial lays;
While saints adore their heavenly King,
Or angels sing his praise.

X.

Jesus! thy wond'rous dying love,
Shall still employ the Muse,
While each redeemed soul above,
This matchless scene reviews!

XI.

Angels shall join their grateful strains,
To celebrate thy praise,
Who wond'ring saw thy bleeding veins,
With horror and amaze!

XII.

And thus through all eternity
 The heav'n-born Muse shall sing,
 Enrapt, with sweetest harmony,
 To God, th' eternal King.

XIII.

The wonders of redeeming love;
 Shall be her choicest theme :
 This all the ransom'd souls above
 Shall joyfully proclaim.

II. *Attempting to praise God, and imploring his assistance.*

I.

TO thee, my God, I'd humbly raise,
 A facted song of solemn praise ;
 But, ah, how weak is this design,
 Without thine influence divine!

II.

A tree sprung from degen'rate root,
 Can bear no good, no wholesome fruit,
 Till ta'en from the wild olive wood,
 And then ingrafted in the good.

III.

Just such am I by nat'ral course,
 My nature wild, by practice worse,
 Till ta'en from the wild olive tree,
 And new ingrafted, Lord, in thee!

IV.

I sprang from nature's wilderness,
And, Lord, without renewing grace,
I cannot think nor speak one word;
Nor do one act to please my Lord.

V.

But, Lord, I totally resign
Myself to influence divine!
O let thy Spirit on me blow,
And make the seeds of grace to grow.

VI.

Inspire my Muse; instruct my tongue;
Assist my weak advent'rous song;
And let those faint and humble lays
Prove instrumental to thy praise.

VII.

O let my soul, on wings of love,
Rise tow'rd thy glorious throne above,
Then all my pow'rs shall join to raise
An everlasting song of praise.

VIII.

I'll sing the wonders thou hast done;
Thy love in Christ, thy darling Son:
The miracles of sovereign grace
That fitted worms for thine embrace.

IX.

Yea, with thy brightest saints I'll vie,
To praise the boundless mystery,
That God should manifested be
In flesh, to set the rebels free.

III. *Drawing near to the Throne of Grace, by a Mediator. A Hymn.*

I.

WITH holy fear and humble awe,
Lord, I approach thy throne of grace,
And all my humble hopes I draw,
From Jesus' perfect righteousness.

II.

Unless in's righteousness array'd,
Who dares approach thine awful throne?
Tremble, my soul, and be afraid,
If thou hast not this raiment on.

III.

Fierce thunderbolts, at thy command,
Would dash me, Lord, to endless fire,
Should I before thy justice stand
Without this rich, divine attire.

IV.

But thanks to thy forgiving grace,
Thro' Jesus' rich atoning blood,
I may by faith approach thy face,
Nor dread the fury of thy rod.

V.

Come then, O sweet celestial Dove,
And clothe me with this robe divine!
Do thou my filthy rages remove:
Self-righteousness I now resign.

VI.

In borrow'd strength and righteousness,
 I would before my God appear;
 For in mine own, (I must confess)
 I hope for no acceptance there.

VII.

O then, my soul, adore the grace
 And goodness of thy dying Lord,
 That suffer'd in the sinner's place,
 And heav'nly hopes again restor'd!

VIII.

O praise the great eternal Three,
 Who join'd, the captives to restore!
 Come, all ye humble souls, with me
 This matchless scene of love adore.

IX.

Let's boldly now approach the throne,
 To plead the merits of that blood,
 That does for all our guilt atone,
 And gives us free access to God.

IV. *A Morning HYMN.*

I.

AWAKE, my soul, with thankful voice,
 In sweet celestial lays:
 Let all thy inward pow'rs rejoice,
 To sing thy Maker's praise.

II.

My soul, adore that watchful eye,
 And that almighty hand,
 That turn'd the num'rous dangers by,
 That did around me stand !

III.

This night, what judgments might have fell
 Upon my guilty head !
 My soul might have been sent to hell ;
 My flesh among the dead ;

IV.

Or raging flames, or dreadful storms,
 Have laid my dwelling waste :
 Or midnight fears, in various forms,
 Might have disturb'd my rest.

V.

But I securely laid me down,
 And did in safety sleep :
 My gracious God ! thy hand alone
 My feeble frame did keep.

VI.

What shall I render, Lord, to thee
 For favours so divine ?
 I here devote myself to be,
 Dear Lord ! for ever thine.

VII.

My soul and body I commit
 Into thy faithful hand :
 For what thy wisdom shall see fit,
 I still prepared stand.

VIII.

Conduct and guide me all my days,
Until my last remove ;
Then take me up to sing thy praise,
In thy blest courts above.

V. *An Evening HYMN.*

I.

COME now, my soul, and meditate
The favours of the day ;
And at thy great Creator's feet
Thy thankful homage pay.

II.

Think, O my soul, what thou dost owe
To thy Creator's love,
That did another day allow,
Before thy last remove.

III.

But think, if this should be the last
That thou on earth must have,
Ere thy frail body must be cast
Into the gloomy grave ;

IV.

Think, O my soul, where thou must dwell,
When thou hast dropt thy clay ;
Down in the dreadful lake of hell,
Or mount to endless day !

V.

'Tis time this great concern to know
Before thou shut thine eyes,
And to what region thou must go,
When this frail body dies!

VI.

O! then in haste for refuge fly
To Jesus' wounded side,
And by true faith thereon rely,
Thy num'rous crimes to hide!

VII.

Thence blood and water both did flow
To cleanse and justify:
Thy Spirit, Lord, on me bestow,
This balsam to apply.

VIII.

Then, sprinkl'd with atoning blood,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
And trust thy providence, my God,
My sleeping dust to keep.

VI. *An Ejaculation on a Lord's-Day Morning.*

I.

HOW would my heart rejoice,
To hear my neighbours say,
"Come, let us hear our Maker's voice
With chearful hearts to-day!"

II.

Let's all, with one accord,
Approach his sacred place,
To meet our condescending Lord;
With messages of grace.

III.

He'll meet us with a smile;
And bid us welcome there,
If we with hearts refin'd from guile,
To hear his word draw near."

IV.

Father ! thy Spirit send;
To work in us this frame :
Jesus ! our kind atoning friend,
Our hope is in thy name.

V.

Come, O celestial Dove,
Thy quick'ning pow'rs impart ;
With holy zeal, with faith and love,
Fill ev'ry sluggish heart.

VI.

Then shall we joyful sing
Thy praise, O Lord our God !
We'll celebrate our heav'nly King,
And spread his name abroad.

VII. *On the CAMOMILE.**A Similitude of the Church.*

I.

SEE how the Camomile is spread
So thick upon the ground;
And still the more thereon we tread,
The more does it abound.

II.

But if its not oppress'd and trode,
It soon declines and dies;
Domestic weeds do then corrode,
And it in ruin lies.

III.

Just so the church, in ev'ry age,
When persecutors roar,
And all the pow'rs of hell engage,
The righteous to devour:

IV.

The more they strive to break her peace,
With their malicious spight;
The faith, the love, and every grace
Of saints shine still more bright.

V.

They love each other's face to see,
And ev'ry clamour dies,
Expecting every hour to be
A bloody sacrifice.

D

VI.

Then, in their trouble and their grief,
Unto the Lord they cry,
“ Send us, O Lord, some quick relief,
Before thy servants die !

VII.

See how our foes insult aloud,
And triumph in our shame :
Arise, O Lord ! confound the proud,
And vindicate thy name.

VIII.

Then shall our thankful lips declare
Thy wonders in our days,
And teach our seed, with faithful care,
To celebrate thy praise.”

IX.

The Lord looks with a gracious eye
Upon their sore distress ;
And sends deliverance from on high,
Ev’n in the wilderness.

X.

“ These wolves,” saith he, “ that would destroy
My sheep, or make them flee,
Are but the hands that I employ,
To bring them back to me.

XI.

When ye were wand’ring far from me,
These were the rods I us’d
To bring you back, and make you see
How ye my grace abus’d.

XII.

Yet will I make your enemies
To know that I am God ;
And they shall feel, to their surprize,
The fury of my rod.

XIII.

If faithfully ye fear my name,
And love my holy laws,
Ye shall not be expos'd to shame—
I'll vindicate your cause."

XIV.

Oh ! the rich goodness of the Lord !
How wond'rous are his ways !
Let saints in every age record
His mercies in their days.

XV.

He gives them rest on ev'ry side,
And makes th' oppressor cease ;
Then malice, envy, strife and pride,
Do but the more increase !

XVI.

The love of many waxeth cold ;
Lukewarmness does begin ;
While there's no wolf disturbs the fold,
But those that breed within.

R E F L E C T I O N .

AND is not this our dreadful case,
Here in these British lands ?
He we not thus abus'd God's grace,
And broke his just commands ?

II.

Hath he not giv'n sweet rest and peace
 To us on ev'ry side?
 And have not we thus turn'd his grace
 To wantonness and pride?

III.

Think what deliv'rances he wrought,
 In our fore-fathers days:
 Their foes and all their schemes he brought
 To shame and foul disgrace.

IV.

Navies he sunk, dark plots reveal'd,
 And armies strong he broke:
 His church's breaches oft he heal'd,
 And cas'd her heavy yoke.

V.

And likewise, in these latter years,
 Hath he his arm made bare;
 Subdu'd our foes, remov'd our fears,
 And made our souls his care.

VI.

He also makes our fruitful field
 Produce a large increase,
 So that we are with plenty fill'd,
 Amidst the wilderness.

VII.

Nor are these blessings of the ground
 The best that God bestows;
 We hear his gospel's joyful sound,
 Where sweet salvation flows.

VIII.

With what a lib'ral hand hath he
His favours here bestow'd!
But, ah, what base returns have we
Made to the Lord our God!

IX.

Does not intemp'rance, lust, and pride
Most shamefully abound?
Malice and spite on ev'ry side,
And envy spread around?

X.

Profaneness, like a mighty stream,
Along our streets runs down!
Against their Maker men blaspheme,
For all his kindness shown!

XI.

Alas! what base ingratitude
We render to our God,
For all his favours, kind and good,
He hath on us bestow'd.

XII.

Yet still we rest and sleep secure,
Because his vengeance stays;
As if his patience would endure,
Because his wrath delays.

XIII.

Just so the Jews, in ancient times,
(His only chosen flock)
Did long, with their repeated crimes,
Their gracious God provoke.

XIV.

Yet tho' they nat'ral branches were,
And children of his love ;
Justice would them no longer spare,
But did them quite remove ;

XV.

And made their enemies possess
Their land, so richly stor'd ;
Because they did his laws transgress,
Nor would believe his word.

XVI.

Now they must wander here and there,
Thro' all the earth abroad ;
That ev'ry one may see and fear
The justice of a God.

XVII.

And since the Lord would not them spare,
Who sprung from Abra'ams stock,
What better can we hope to fare,
If we his ire provoke ?

XVIII.

Are we not, like wild olive boughs,
Ingrafted in their place,
On whom the Lord our God bestows
Abundance of his grace ?

XIX.

Then let us humbly hear and fear,
And tremble at his word ;
And never more presume to dare
The vengeance of the Lord,

XX.

Churches abroad in ruins lie
That first receiv'd the word;
And will the Lord pass Britain by,
If we provoke his sword?

XXI.

Oh, no! tho' mercy long hath stay'd
His just avenging rod;
Let's think how we have err'd and stray'd,
And have provok'd our God!

XXII.

Come, let us search and try our ways,
And turn unto the Lord!
And humbly beg forgiving grace,
According to his word.

XXIII.

Come, let us all before his throne
Pour out our fervent cries,
And plead the merits of his Son,
Where all his treasure lies.

XXIV.

Let's give him no rest, night nor day,
'Till he in mercy hears,
And turns his dreadful wrath away,
And calms our gloomy fears.

XXV.

Then, then the great JEHOVAH will
With us make his abode;
And this shall be a chosen isle
Unto the Lord our God.

XXVI.

But if his goodness will not melt
 Our stubborn frozen hearts;
 Then we, for all our hainous guilt,
 Must meet our due deserts.

XXVII.

And who can stand before the face
 Of this Almighty Lord,
 When, to avenge his injur'd grace,
 He whets his glitt'ring sword!

XXVIII.

Tremble, my soul, to think on this,
 And no more dare rebel:
 Traitors he drove from highest bliss
 Down to the lowest hell.

XXIX.

O, that we all may warning take,
 Each darling sin to hate!
 Grant this, O Lord, for Jesus' sake,
 Before it be too late.

VIII. *Professors excited to Piety, and Sinners to Repentance.*

From several passages of SCRIPTURE.

I.

ALL ye who dare profess
 To bear the Christian name,
 Let nothing that's unclean possess
 A dwelling in your frame.

II.

Let all your thoughts be pure,
And all your words be true;
And let your actions all procure
Bright characters for you.

III.

Let your example shine
In all mens' sight so fair,
That all may own the stamp divine
That is imprinted there.

IV.

Think on the sacred tie,
By which your souls are bound,
And think upon th' all-piercing eye
That sees you all around.

V.

Think on that awful day,
That hastens on apace,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away
Before the Judge's face.

VI.

Think on those words, "Well done,"
Which shall by Christ be spoke
To ev'ry true and faithful one
Belonging to his flock.

VII.

"Come, ye belov'd of God,
I'm come to set you free;
Ye have the paths of duty trode,
Now ye shall reign with me."

VIII.

O! what transporting joys
Will this to saints afford,
To hear their dear Redeemer's voice
Invite them to his board!

IX.

But, O! the cutting words
That hypocrites must hear!
'Twill pierce their hearts, like flaming swords,
With horror and despair.

X.

"Depart from me——depart!
Ye hypocrites! go dwell
With devils, this is your desert,
In the dark lake of hell."

XI.

O sinners, warning take;
O saints, be drawn by love:
Sinners, behold the fiery lake;
Saints, view the crowns above.

XII.

O! may this kind advice
Be on your hearts imprest,
By him who makes the simple wise,
And gives the *weary rest*!

XIII.

Come, O celestial Dove,
Thy influence impart!
'Tis thou must make the wheels to move,
And quicken ev'ry heart.

XIV.

Abundantly impart
Thy kind enliv'ning grace;
Then shall we run, with chearful heart,
Nor tire, nor lose the race.

IX. *The distinguishing Love of God: or, Angels punished and Men saved.*

I.

DOWN from their native skies
Th' apostate angels fell;
And thunder-bolts of largest size
Pursu'd them down to hell!

II.

There, lo, these traitors lie,
Bound with immortal chains!
And must thro' all eternity,
Where boundless horror reigns,

III.

Justice did on them seize,
With fierce revengeful breath;
No ransom's offer'd to appease
For them its dreadful wrath,

IV.

But, oh, the matchless grace
Of God, the sov'reign Lord,
That pity'd man's rebellious race,
Who disobey'd his word!

V.

For men he freely sent
His dear beloved Son,
To bear their dreadful punishment,
And for their guilt atone.

VI.

Oh! the amazing love
That fill'd the Saviour's heart!
That made him leave his throne above,
To die for man's desert.

VII.

For poor unworthy worms,
Of Adam's fallen race,
What wonders his rich love performs!
How matchless is his grace!

VIII.

The law would not abate
One mite, but all must die,
Except a ransom infinite
Would justice satisfy.

IX.

Then, lo, IMMANUEL comes,
With pity in his eyes,
And man's frail nature he assumes,
And in their stead he dies.

X.

Now, see him rise again,
At God's right-hand he stands,
And pleads the merits of his pain,
And their release demands.

XI.

O! love beyond degree!
 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd,
 To see him bleeding on the tree,
 For sinful worms abas'd!

XII.

Thus did the Father give
 His Darling, to redeem
 All those that in his name believe,
 And put their trust in him.

XIII.

But, O celestial Dove!
 Thy quick'ning pow'rs impart,
 And with true faith, and heav'nly love,
 Fill this degen'rate heart:

XIV.

Or all this love's in vain,
 To me and such as me;
 Unless we're truly born again,
 And sanctified by thee.

XV.

My base corrupted will,
 And all its pow'rs controul;
 And with thy heav'nly graces fill
 My vile polluted soul.

XI.

Then, with thy new-born race
 Of worshippers on high,
 I'll join to praise redeeming grace
 Thro' all eternity.

X. *The same ; or, the Justice and Goodness of God.*

I.

DOWN from the top of heav'nly bliss
Th' apostate angels fell;
And justice doom'd the trait'rous race
Down to the lowest hell.

II.

Thus, on the top of earthly bliss,
Did our first parents stand,
Until they lost their paradise,
By breaking God's command.

III.

So justice also doom'd our race
To hell's infernal gloom,
Had not a Saviour, in our place,
A surety then become.

IV.

And, oh! for ever be ador'd
The riches of that grace,
Which sent a Saviour, and restor'd
Our guilty fallen race!

V.

Jesus, the everlasting God,
Whom angel-minds adore,
Assum'd our flesh, and shed his blood,
Our ruins to restore!

VI.

Justice did lay its dreadful stroke
Upon his guiltless head!
He bore the curse, the legal yoke
In sinful mortal's stead!

VII.

For this, ye saints, for ever raise
Your thankful voices high;
And sing your great Redeemer's praise
Thro' all eternity.

XI. *MECHANICAL EXERCISE,*
applied to Devotion and Piety;

OR, THE

Weaver's Meditations.

MEDITATION. I.

On the uncertainty of LIFE.

I.

WHILST here I hang 'twixt earth and skies,
A monitor before mine eyes,
Urges his way with earnest haste,
To shew how fast my moments waste.

II.

Yet is this monitor too slow,
The swiftness of my time to show;
For oft he intermits his course,
Yet run my days with constant force.

III.

My soul ! what lesson should'st thou learn
 From this so awful a concern ?
 Thou know'st not if one moment more
 Is now allotted to thy score !

IV.

Then with what diligence and care
 Should'st thou for thy great change prepare ?
 Redeem the time that yet remains,
 Neglect no means, and spare no pains !

V.

Lift up, my soul, thy sluggish eyes,
 And view by faith the glorious prize
 Laid up in heav'n, for only them,
 That faithful follow Christ the Lamb.

VI.

Hark what the Lord thy Saviour saith,
 " If thou art faithful to the death,
 " A crown of life I'll give to thee,
 " And thou shalt live, yea, reign with me."

VII.

Lord, I would run at thy command
 To reach this crown at thy right-hand,
 But, ah ! dear Lord, I daily find
 The fetters of a carnal mind !

VIII.

Assist me, Lord, or all's in vain ;
 Do thou my wand'ring feet restrain :
 O wash me in atoning blood,
 And fit me for thy blest abode !

IX.

Then I, in sweet celestial lays,
 With grateful heart, shall sing thy praise;
 Yea, with the brightest saints above
 I'll vie, to praise redeeming love.

MEDITATION II.

BEWAILING

INCONSTANCY.

I.

WHILST here I hang 'twixt earth and skies,
 Fain would my spirit upward rise,
 And with sweet contemplation rove
 Thro' all the realms of bliss above.

II.

Fain would I view the glorious place
 Where Jesus shews his smiling face;
 And all his happy saints above,
 How they rejoice, sing, praise and love!

III.

Fain would I learn of them to praise
 My God in sweet celestial lays,
 Before I quit this heavy clay,
 And mount to realms of endless day.

IV.

When to these things I list mine eyes,
 All earthly glories I despise,
 And count the brightest scenes below
 All but a vain and empty show.

V.

Then do I dream the monster sin
Is dead, that lurk'd so long within;
Each vain delight I lov'd before,
With all my heart I then abhor.

VI.

Then am I fill'd with extasies,
But, ah, how soon the rapture dies!
How soon this heav'nly frame departs,
When sin begins with subtle arts.

VII.

Sometimes by frowns, sometimes by smiles,
This world my fickle mind beguiles;
While Satan, by malicious arts,
Oft throws at me his poison'd darts.

VIII.

But still, alas, above the rest,
The traitor dwells within my breast!
This wicked heart, I often find,
Is more deceitful than the wind.

IX.

Then like the sow that hath been wash'd,
Into the mire afresh I'm dash'd!
My tow'ring hopes are sunk again,
And I am drown'd in sin and pain.

X.

And must it, Lord, be always so,
Whilst I'm a sojourner below?
O! speak but one sin-conqu'ring word,
And ev'ry lust shall be abhorr'd.

XI.

Come, Holy Spirit, and remain
With me, not like way-faring men
That tarry only for a night,
And thence depart by morning light.

XII.

In me, Lord, chuse thy fix'd abode;
Make me a temple for my God;
Erect thy throne within my heart,
And never, never more depart!

MEDITATION III.

Exciting to Diligence in Duty.

I.

BETWIXT the earth and skies I hang,
My feet upon the yielding poles,
Whilst the swift messenger I sling
Reminds me how each moment rolls.

II.

Then, O my soul, with equal haste
Improve thy moments as they fly;
For this frail life will soon be past,
And then comes on eternity.

III.

And think, my soul, how much is gone
Of this short life, in youthful toys!
And, ah, how little thou hast done
To fit thee for eternal joys!

IV.

Let this excite thy diligence,
To fit thee for thy heav'nly home ;
And dote no more on things of sense,
But walk by faith for time to come.

V.

But, Lord, if thou dost not restrain
My wand'ring feet, I am undone :
Let thy good Spirit me sustain
And Jesus for my sins atone.

VI.

Then shall I run, with chearful feet,
In thy commands, O God of grace !
When fill'd with all thy graces sweet,
And cloth'd with Jesus' righteousness.

VII.

But, Lord, I totally depend
On thee for righteousness and strength,
To bring me to my journey's end,
'Thro' this dark wilderness at length.

VIII.

Then, when I meet thy saints on high,
Who now my dear companions are,
We'll spend a whole eternity
Thy matchless goodness to declare !

IX.

With what unspeakable delight,
Jesus, shall we thy name adore,
Who brought us to the realms of light,
Redeem'd from sin and Satan's pow'r !

MEDITATION: IV.

C O N T E N T M E N T.

LO, here I sit, or rather hang,
And whilst the shuttle swiftly flies,
With chearful heart I work and sing,
And envy none beneath the skies.

II.

When I on Contemplation's wings,
Thro' heav'nly objects sweetly rove,
Thrones, sceptres, crowns of earthly kings,
I count unworthy of my love!

III.

Could I but see my Jesus smile,
And hear him whisper, "Thou art mine,"
This world, with all its pomp and spoil,
Most gladly could I then resign!

IV.

Let others seek for corn and wine,
And earth with all its mighty store;
Let Jesus say, but, "I am thine,"
I'll answer, Lord, I ask no more!

V.

If thou art mine, I'm safe and blest,
I charge my heart no more to rove;
Here fix my soul, thy settl'd rest,
And never seek another love.

VI.

Lord, if I'm thine, and thou art mine,
 What can my soul desire beside !
 All other things I now resign,
 If thou consent, I'm satisfy'd.

VII.

But, Lord, my trust is in thy name ;
 I dare not trust my own false heart,
 To keep in this celestial frame,
 If thou, my God, my all, depart.

VIII.

Imprison me in thine embrace,
 Nor let my faith e'er lose thy sight,
 'Till I shall see thee face to face,
 In realms of everlasting light.

XII. *A SONG of praise to GOD, for his innumerable
 Mercies to Soul and Body.*

I.

O LORD, the favours of thy hand
 Should I attempt to number o'er,
 I might as easy count the sand,
 That crouds upon the ebbing shore.

II.

'Twas thou, my God, my being gave,
 And stamp'd thine image on my frame;
 And ev'ry gift that I receive,
 Thou art the giver of the same.

III.

While in the secret womb I lay,
Thy hand did form each sev'ral part:
My substance thou didst then survey,
And finish'd with unerring art.

IV.

My tender life thou then didst spare,
Before I to the light did come;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Soon as I left my mother's womb.

V.

My num'rous wants on ev'ry side,
Before I could the same exprese,
My God, thy gracious hand supply'd,
And succour'd me in all distres.

VI.

Thus thro' my tender infant age,
Thy hand hath been my guard and guide;
And still through life's advancing stage,
Thy mercies have been multiply'd.

VII.

And what innumerable snares,
Seen and unseen, have I escap'd,
Thro' these my few revolving years,
Because thy hand me safely kept.

VIII.

For these thy temp'ral favours, Lord,
I owe eternal thanks to thee;
But when I read thy holy word,
Still greater miracles I see.

IX.

Here I'm inform'd how Adam fell,
And how he did thy law transgress,
For which he was condemn'd to hell,
Both he, and all his future race!

X.

And here I'm told how thou hast sent
Thy Son to suffer in the place
Of all who truly do repent;
Believe, and trust the plan of grace.

XI.

By these thy glorious myst'ries, Lord,
Which thus thou hast reveal'd to me,
My sinking hopes thou hast restor'd,
That I thy face in peace might see:

XII.

Again, I would adore thy grace,
That did restrain my wand'ring feet;
When I the paths of sin did trace,
So dangerous, and yet so sweet!

XIII.

Oft hast thou made my conscience speak,
And check my base corrupt desires,
When I thy holy laws did break
With vile licentious youthful fires!

XIV.

But, ah, how often have I broke
Thy holy laws, my solemn vows!
And from my neck shook off thy yoke,
And did the road to ruin chuse.

XV.

Lord, hadst thou left me thus to run
In the broad path I lov'd so well,
I might have long ere now been gone
Down to the dark abyss of hell.

XVI.

Lord, I adore thy matchless love;
That check'd my vicious pow'rs so strong;
But when I join thy saints above,
My soul shall raise a sweeter song.

XVII.

But, Lord, thou know'st my strength is frail;
My wand'ring feet are prone to stray;
Corruptions oftentimes prevail,
And drag me still the downward way.

XVIII.

O let thy Spirit guide me still
In paths of truth, in paths of grace;
'Till I upon thy holy Hill
Shall stand complete in righteousness.

XIX.

Then shall I join the glorious throng
Of saints, upon the heav'nly shore,
And with unfainting heart and tongue,
Thy matchless love in Christ adore.

XX.

Oh, could I then devise a song
Proportionable to thy love,
It would surpass each heav'nly tongue,
And ev'ry golden harp above.

XIII. *The Strugglings of Flesh and Spirit.*

I.

ALAS, Lord, how my feeble soul
Doth totter to and fro;
Unstable as the waters roll,
When stormy tempests blow!

II.

Sometimes I think the monster sin
Shall lord it here no more:
And then I joyfully begin
On wings of faith to soar.

III.

My chearful soul does then rejoice
To wing its heav'nly way:
The Lord is then its only choice,
My joyful heart can say.

IV.

Thus, Lord, when thou dost on me shine,
With beams of heav'nly grace,
All other loves I can resign,
And thee alone embrace.

V.

Then, fill'd with joys divinely sweet,
I hope I never more
Shall yield to sin, whose base deceit
Entangled me before.

VI.

But, ah, how soon I grow secure,
And think all danger's o'er:
I think my standing is so sure,
That I shall fall no more.

VII.

But, ah, how soon my rising flight
Is downward dash'd again!
My day is turn'd to gloomy night,
My pleasure into pain.

VIII.

Into the gulph of sin again,
I'm plung'd o'er head and ears!
Then nothing doth in me remain
But gloomy doubts and fears.

IX.

Whene'er I think myself most safe,
Then is my danger most:
Straight comes an overwhelming wave,
And all my strength is lost.

X.

Then am I fill'd with fear and grief:
Sad state that I am in!
While doubts and fears, and unbelief,
Still aggravates my sin.

XI.

But, O the goodness of the Lord!
How wond'rous great to me!
He speaks a kind reviving word,
And sets the captive free.

XII.

Thus, quicken'd by his gracious word,
 My soul revives again :
 or ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who thus removes my pain.

XIII.

Then I my base ingratitude,
 With hearty grief deplore !
 Because I've sinn'd against my God,
 Myself I then abhor.

XIV.

Then sin, in its own native hue,
 Appears before mine eyes ;
 And I with humble grief review
 My past iniquities.

XV.

Then I resolve, with all my heart,
 No more to stray again :
 Never from thee, my God, to part,
 But constant watch maintain.

XVI.

The thought of sinning any more,
 Seems worse than death to me :
 This traitor Sin, Lord, I abhor,
 That hath offended thee.

XVII.

Then, lo, I think the serpent's head
 I've got beneath my feet !
 My vicious lusts are now all dead :
 The vict'ry is complete !

XVIII.

But, ah, how quickly I forget
My solemn vows and ties,
When sin does me again beset
With all its subtleties.

XIX.

My strongest efforts then I find
Too weak to stand its wiles:
It steals upon my fickle mind,
And all my pow'r beguiles.

XX.

Thus am I daily brought to see
How feeble, Lord, I am;
My strength alone depends on thee,
My hope is in thy name.

XXI.

Look down, Lord, with a gracious eye,
And pity on me take:
Pass all my black offences by,
For my dear Jesus' sake.

XXII.

And let thy Spirit guide my feet
In paths of righteousness,
Till I shall reach the golden street,
And stand before thy face.

XXIII.

Then shall I with unwav'ring heart
Thy praises, Lord, proclaim,
With saints and angels bear a part,
To magnify thy name.

XXIV.

O, with what transports shall I tell
 Thy wond'rous works above;
 My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
 By wisdom, pow'r and love!

XXV.

To praise the glorious Three in One,
 My thankful soul shall vie
 With those sweet fingers round thy throne,
 Thro' all eternity.

XIV. *Hypocrisy common to all; or, the Weakness
 of Faith lamented.*

I.

ALAS! how weak is all our faith
 In our Creator God!
 How we deserve his dreadful wrath,
 And his avenging rod!

II.

When we approach before the face
 Of our superior worms,
 How carefully we strive to place
 Our words, our modes and forms,

III.

We fear lest we let slip a word,
 That my offend their ear:
 And lest our manner seem absurd,
 We take abundant care.

IV.

Now did we but as firm believe
That God's all-seeing eye,
Did all our thoughts, words, deeds, perceive,
And all that continually :

V.

And that we must ere long be brought
Before his awful bar,
To give account of each vain thought,
And word, and action there :

VI.

Then how sincere and uprightly
Should we ourselves demean
Before the Lord, whose holy eye
Abhors the smallest sin.

VII.

Should we not then confounded lie,
And blush before his face ;
And be ashamed to lift an eye
Toward his holy place ?

VIII.

But, ah, how carelessly can we
Approach his throne of grace ;
Because our carnal eyes can't see
Our great Creator's face.

IX.

But, if we were now to appear
Before an earthly king,
Our suit to offer to his ear,
For some important thing :

X.

Then with what diffidence and fear,
Should we approach his throne!
And with what low submission there,
Make our petitions known.

XI.

Thus partially we rev'rence more
Our fellow-worms of clay,
Than even the Lord, whose sov'reign pow'r
The universe doth sway.

XII.

But, ah, what base hypocrisy,
Is this before the Lord!
Before whose quick all-piercing eye,
All falsehood is abhor'd.

XIII.

Alas! alas! what faithless worms;
Are all our fallen race,
While each th' old serpent's will performs,
And well deserves his place!

XIV.

Remove our stupid madness, Lord,
And base ingratitude;
Then shall we love thy holy word
More than our daily food.

XV.

O! were our faith strong as our sense,
How chearful should we run
In thy commands! nor flee from thence,
Thy will, Lord, should be done.

XVI.

Objects of sense attract our eyes,
With fair deceitful toys;
And things unseen we then despise,
Ev'n everlasting joys.

XVII.

Nay, Lord, thy threat'nings too are vain,
To make our spirits move;
While dead and faithless we remain,
We neither fear nor love.

XVIII.

Quicken our drousy faith, O Lord!
Make all the wheels to move;
Then shall we run with one accord,
And work with filial love.

XIX.

O! send thy sweet celestial Dove,
Our spirits to inflame;
Then shall we no more faithless prove,
But love and fear thy name,

XX.

Till faith shall be exchange'd for sight,
Upon the heav'nly shore;
Then shall we gaze with sweet delight,
Our hearts prove false no more.

XXI.

Then perfect love shall fill the place
That faith was in below:
Our souls shall praise thy matchless grace,
And no misgivings show.

H

XV. *The Happiness of Gospel Enjoyments; or, the first-Fruits of Heaven.*

Written in the Postscript of a Letter to a Friend.

I.

O Happy people, where the Lord
Unveils his smiling face!
Where he reveals his saving word,
And sheds abroad his grace.

II.

This is the highest scene of bliss,
We mortals here enjoy:
The dawn of heavenly mirth it is,
Where pleasures never cloy.

III.

Then let us thankfully improve
His grace so richly shed,
And never more presume to rove
From Christ our living Head.

IV.

O let us never rest at ease
Upon this earthly clod,
But still press on from grace to grace,
Till we approach our God.

V.

Till we shall see him face to face,
With all his glories on,
And dwell in that delightful place
Before his glorious throne.

VI.

There shall we range th' ethereal plains,
Those glorious realms above!
There shall we breath celestial strains,
And ev'ry thought be love.

VII.

There with the angels we shall sing,
And with the saints shall praise
Jesus, our Prophet, Priest and King,
In everlasting lays.

VIII.

Nor shall the sweet employment tire,
Or e'er give cause of pain;
But at the height of sweet desire
We ever shall remain.

IX.

O happy time! when shall it be?
When shall our souls aspire
To that delightful company,
And help to fill the choir?

X.

O, may these thoughts cheer up our minds,
And bear our souls above
These high and rough tempest'ous winds,
That oft disturb our love.

XI.

O! who would not despise the toys,
And vanities on earth,
To be partakers of these joys,
Ev'n everlasting mirth.

XII.

Who would not suffer any pains,
And bear a cross with joy,
That sees the rest which there remains
Laid up for saints on high?

XIII.

Nay, who would not for Jesus' sake
(Were no reward in view)
Lay down their lives ev'n at the stake,
Their faithful love to shew!

XIV.

Small were this love, compar'd with his,
Ten thousand lives to give,
Who for his bitter enemies
did die that they might live.

XV.

O, wond'rous love beyond compare,
Let ev'ry soul admire,
And those that hope therein to share
Still imitate it nigher.

XVI.

Now, may the God of Peace remain
With you a constant guest,
Till death shall break your prison-chain,
And send you safe to rest.

XVI. *The Believer's Triumph over the Troubles of this Life, written in the Postscript of a Letter to the Author's Parents in Scotland, about the Beginning of that unnatural Rebellion, 1745.*

I.

O Happy souls, whose peace is made
With God, thro' Jesus' blood !
Safely they sit within the shade,
When terrors are abroad,

II.

No troubles can affright their soul,
Or tempt them to despair :
In darkest nights, when tempests roll,
They see the heav'n's still fair.

III.

They know their house on earth that stands,
Will no long time endure ;
But they've a house, not made with hands,
In heav'n eternal sure.

IV.

They long for the commanding word,
To drop their heavy clay,
And be for ever with the Lord,
In realms of endless day.

V.

Tho' they in fiery chariots ride,
To their eternal rest ;
Their faith and patience thus are try'd,
And they're for ever blest.

VI.

Let faith and patience then endure,
 These pains will soon be past,
 And, O! the pleasures they ensure,
 Eternally shall last!

VII.

Then fear not suff'ring, no, nor death,
 Nor ought that man can do:
 Believe in God with steady faith,
 His arm shall bear you thro'.

XVII. *Another Postscript of a Letter, to the Author's Parents and Friends in Scotland, 1746, before the Rebellion was quell'd.*

HOLD out, faith, and patience too,
 These short troubles to go through:
 Soon they will be over-past,
 And salvation ye shall taste.
 Think upon the great reward,
 To be ever with the Lord!
 To behold his smiling face,
 And adore his matchless grace!
 With the saints and angels sing
 Hallelujahs to your King!
 Endless will these pleasures be,
 Void of sin and misery!
 Yield not then, nor be afraid,
 But implore JEHOVAH's aid,
 To assist you in your race,
 With his all-sufficient grace.

Thus implore, with one accord,
 Grant us faith and patience, Lord;
 For, alas, without thy grace,
 We shall faint and lose the race:
 But if thou wilt grace afford,
 We shall then obey thy word:
 No more shall we yield to fear,
 Knowing thou art ever near.
 Lord, thou art our mighty Friend,
 O, assist us to the end!
 Then shall we thy name adore,
 When we reach the heav'nly shore:
 Joyfully we then shall sing
 Praise to thee, our heav'nly King."

XVIII. *The Pleasure of PUBLIC WORSHIP.*

From Psalm lxxxiv. 1, 2, 7, 10, 12.

I.

HOW amiable are thy courts,
 O Lord of hosts, to me,
 When thither my glad soul resorts,
 And holds converse with thee!

II.

But when by providence my feet
 Are kept from thine abode,
 With panting heart I long to meet
 Thy presence, O my God!

III.

Much rather would I keep the door
Where thou delights to dwell,
Than shine in courts bedeck'd with ore
Among the heirs of hell.

IV.

Sion, O sweet delightful place!
There would my soul abide,
And live upon the feasts of grace,
Thy King does there provide.

V.

'Thrice happy he, O Lord of host,
Whose hope is in thy name:
His soul shall in a Saviour boast,
Nor be expos'd to shame.

XIX. *A Song of Praise and Thanksgiving to God,
for the Victory obtained over the Rebels, at Culloden-Moor, April 16th, 1746.*

I.

LORD, thou hast heard our humble cries,
And seen our flowing tears,
And sent deliverance from the skies,
To chase our gloomy fears.

II.

When savage beasts, in human shape,
In num'rous swarms did roar,
And wide their yawning jaws did gape,
Thy people to devour;

III.

Lord, thou didst stop their threat'ning breath,
By thine almighty pow'r ;
And sav'd us from the jaws of death
In that distressive hour !

IV.

Our lives, our laws, our liberties ;
Our all had been their prey,
Had not the Lord, to their surprize,
Appear'd for us that day.

V.

So, Lord, as thou our all didst save
From their devouring jaws,
We now devote the all we have
To thee, who gained our cause.

VI.

These savage-beasts, unus'd to fear,
Did flee before our face ;
Because thou didst for us appear,
And put them to disgrace.

VII.

Let others boast of strength and skill,
But we will praise the Lord,
Who guards us safe from ev'ry ill ;
His name shall be ador'd.

VIII.

Oh ! let us never more forget
What to the Lord we owe,
Who did our haughty foes defeat
With such a humbling blow.

IX.

Oh, ye ! who humbly fought his face
 In that distressive hour,
 Forget not now to praise his grace,
 His wisdom, love and pow'r.

X.

Remember now the vows ye made,
 Amidst your fear and grief :
 Now let your solemn vows be paid
 To him who sent relief.

XX. A SERIOUS THOUGHT.

May 9th, O. S. 1749.

THIS day arriv'd to thirty-seven,
 But, ah ! still how unfit for heaven !
 How vain I've spent my youthful days !
 Yet, Lord, thy vengeance still delays !
 O may thy goodness melt my heart,
 And make me from each lust depart !
 Lord, give me grace now to abhor
 Each sinful thing I lov'd before !
 And let Christ Jesus' blood atone,
 For all the follies I have done !
 This is the only plea I have,
 Whereby a pardon I may crave :
 O let me then by this prevail,
 None this can plead aright yet fail.

The next petition, Lord, I make
 (And this likewise for Jesus' sake)
 Is that I may this day begin
 To live to thee, and die to sin:
 And if thou dost prolong my days,
 Make me an instrument of praise,
 Till I am fitted to aspire,
 And join the bright celestial choir.

XXI. *The Benefit of Public Worship; or, a Song of
 Praise for the Lord's-day Morning.*

I.

THINK, O my soul what thou dost lose,
 When absent from thy Maker's house,
 When he with smiling face defends
 To meet and bless his faithful friends!

II.

Where-e'er they meet for praise or pray'r,
 The Lord is present with them there,
 To hear their praises, and complaints,
 And to supply their num'rous wants.

III.

And is not his a gracious ear,
 He bids us ask and he will hear;
 Nor only hear, but our request
 Fulfil, if wisdom see it best?

IV.

Then let us to his house repair
To offer up our praise and pray'r :
Humbly approach his throne of grace,
And seek the God of Jacob's face.

V.

Does not one day, to hear his voice,
Exceed a world of carnal joys,
Where brightest scenes of mirth appear,
That end in trouble, grief and fear ?

VI.

Then gladly hail the sacred day,
On which he doth his love display :
With chearful hearts let us rejoice
This day to hear our Maker's voice.

VII.

This is the day our Jesus rose,
And vanquish'd all our dreadful foes :
Then let us all rejoice to sing
Praise to the Lamb, our heav'nly King !

VIII.

He broke the prison of the grave,
And death a mortal wound he gave :
Believers now in triumph may sing,
"O death ! where is thy bitter sting ?

IX.

"O grave ! where is thy victory ?
Our bodies safe in thee shall lie,
Till Christ shall ope' our slumb'ring eyes,
And bid our sleeping dust arise."

XXII. *Self-examination, on a Lord's-day Evening.*

I.

MY soul, what hast thou learn'd this day?
How far advanc'd thy heav'nly way?
One Sabbath more thou hast enjoy'd,
But, ah, how hast thou been employ'd?

II.

Hast thou, on Contemplation's wings,
Been soaring toward heav'nly things,
And seeking for a blest abode
With thy Redeemer and thy God?

III.

What if this Sabbath now should be
The last that thou on earth must see,
Art thou prepared now to spend
A Sabbath that shall never end?

IV.

Hath faith been active? hast thou heard
The word of God, with due regard?
And didst thou with a heart sincere
Join in his worship, praise and pray'r?

V.

Or hast thou run these duties o'er
With thoughtless heart as heretofore
Thou oft hast done? O conscience! speak,
And faithfully my errors check.

VI.

My soul, consider, ere too late,
The danger of thy present state,
If sin be not yet mortify'd,
Christ's blood to thee is not apply'd.

VII.

And if thou canst no sweetness taste
In holy duties, then thou hast
No title to the joys above,
Where all is praise and perfect love.

VIII.

My soul, consider now thy case,
Whilst yet it is a day of grace,
Nor let soft slumbers close thine eye
'Till thou to Christ for refuge fly.

IX.

Then sprinkl'd with atoning blood,
Thou mayst lie down at peace with God,
And take thy rest, yea, sleep secure,
Tho' these frail eyes should wake no more.

XXIII. *The Goodness of God recorded; or, a Song of Praise for Rain, after a parching Drought, written on that Occasion, in May 1743.*

I.

YE Britons all, with one accord,
Adore the goodness of the Lord,
Who reigns supreme in heav'n above,
Yet visits men with special love.

II.

When Nature languishing did mourn,
The fields with parching drought did burn,
His mercy sent refreshing rain,
To chear the thirsty earth again.

III.

The flow'ry fields his grace exprefs,
And beasts who taste the springing grass,
And birds with chearful voices sing
The praises of their heav'nly King.

IV.

Then shall ungrateful man refrain,
And have his voice to sing in vain?
Shall we, who share his choicest love,
The most ungrateful creatures prove?

V.

Oh no! with chearful hearts rejoice,
And praise the Lord with thankful voice!
Let ev'ry sex, and every age,
In this delightful work engage.

VI.

ng of writ.
Praise him who sends you fresh supplies
Of mercies daily from the skies,
Nor let the beasts, untaught and rude,
Upbraid your base ingratitude.

VII.

Life, health, and wealth, and daily food,
And all we have, we owe to God;
Then shall our base ungrateful tongues
Deny the tribute of their songs?

VIII.

No ! let us thankfully record
 The matchless goodness of the Lord,
 And all his wond'rous mercies great,
 To every rising age repeat.

XXIV. *The unequal War ; or, the Power and Goodness of God, and the Folly and Madness of Sinners in rebelling against him.*

From Job ix. 4.

I.

WHO e'er presum'd th' unequal war,
 With his Creator God to jar,
 And did obtain the victory ?
 What did old Lucifer obtain,
 With all his great and mighty train,
 Who first did with his Maker vie ?

II.

When he in heav'nly glory dwelt,
 No pain he but ambition felt,
 Because he was not head supretne ;
 Then founded he his loud alarms,
 And call'd his legions all to arms,
 With lofty hopes of mighty fame.

III.

The great JEHOVAH, with a smile,
 Did soon their fruitless hopes beguile,
 A moment made their hopes expire !
 He needed not to lift his rod,
 But with an awful frown or nod,
 He dash'd them down to endless fire !

IV.

There do the wretched traitors lie,
And must thro' all eternity,
Bound fast with strong immortal chains!
And still instead of hopes of ease,
Their mis'ries constantly increase,
Expecting daily fiercer pains!

V.

And what did our first parents gain,
When they did in fair Eden reign;
Blest with immortal life and peace?
But when they ventur'd to rebel,
How soon they from their glory fell,
And ruin'd all their unborn race!

VI.

And what have any of their seed
Who did in their mad steps proceed)
Gain'd by this mad unequal war?
Can any mighty mortal boast
That he his Maker's will hath cross'd,
Or did his glorious purpose mar?

VII.

When he upon the winged wind
Rides to fulfil some grand design,
Who then can stop his whirling car?
Or when upon the raging flame
He rides to vindicate his name,
Who can withstand the God of war?

VIII.

Legions of angels round him stand,
All ready arm'd at his command,
His acts of justice to perform !
Swifter than light'ning from the skies,
Destruction darting from their eyes,
To blast the bold, the rebel worm !

IX.

Then tremble, O ye mortal worms !
And now lay down your hostile arms
At your Creator's awful feet.
This is much brighter wisdom far,
Than thus t' attempt th' unequal war,
Against a Being infinite !

X.

Come then, and bow before the Lord,
Before he draws his glitt'ring sword,
For if his fury once arise,
Ten thousand worlds will, in his hand,
Be as a single grain of sand,
That on proud Neptune's margin lies !

XI.

Amazing pow'r ! yet richer grace
Shines in our great Creator's face,
When he in Christ is reconcil'd !
When a poor penitent doth come
By faith in Christ, he takes him home,
And makes him his adopted child !

XII.

Such is his power, and such his love,
The eagle temper'd with the dove,

A God of pow'r, a God of grace!
Come then, my soul, with holy awe,
Let this thy best affections draw,
And humbly bow before his face.

XXV. A SONG of PRAISE to GOD.

I.

GREAT God, eternal, and supreme,
Who can thy boundless praise express?
Thy brightest angels, for this theme,
Their insufficiency confess.

II.

But, ah! what then are worms of clay,
To shew the glory of thy name,
When angels in their bright array,
Can never grasp the mighty theme!

III.

Justice might pour devouring flame
On us, in everlasting show'rs,
Should we presume to take thy name
In such polluted lips as ours.

IV.

But, Lord, since thou dost condescend
T' accept of praise from Adam's race;
My soul in sweet amazement stands
At this surprizing sloop of grace!

V.

I too would try to speak thy praise,
Thou Maker of my humble frame ;
But, ah ! what honours can I raise
To thine eternal glorious name ?

VI.

When all the bright celestial choir
(So far surpassing mortal man)
Can ne'er advance thy glory high'r
Than 'twas ere Time itself began !

VII.

My soul's in admiration lost,
When I thy greatness think upon :
The grandeur of th' angelic host,
And order of thy heav'nly throne !

VIII.

There thou the great JEHOVAH reigns,
Maker of all created things !
Immensity alone contains
The Lord of lords, the King of kings !

IX.

Thou art from all eternity,
And to eternity the same !
All things are naked to thine eye,
And subject to thy pow'r supreme.

X.

Eternally thy schemes were laid,
According to thy holy will,
Before the heav'ns or earth were made ;
All things thy purposes fulfil.

XI.

There's not an insect, worm, or flie,
Bird, beast, or man, unknown to thee :
At thy command they live and die,
According to thy great decree !

XII.

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and holiness,
Justice, and truth, and goodness shine,
With beams so bright, none can express
Which attribute is most divine !

XIII.

Who can, by searching, find out thee,
Thou great Infinite and Unknown ?
In essence One, in persons Three,
Known only to thyself alone !

XIV.

The universe, at thy command,
Rose out of nothing, at thy word !
And still the spacious fabric stands,
To shew the glory of its Lord.

XV.

Each of thy works proclaim thy praise,
According to their various kinds :
How wond'rous are thy works and ways ?
In all infinite wisdom shines !

XVI.

In Nature's book I see thy face,
With most transcendent lustre shine ;
But when I read thy book of grace,
I see thy glories more divine.

XVH.

When faith beholds thy matchless grace,
Sending thy dear beloved Son,
To die for Adam's guilty race,
Who had themselves by sin undone.

XVIII.

Lo, here thy wisdom, pow'r and love,
Seem each to vie which shall out-shine;
While Justice does the scheme approve,
And Truth confirms the act divine!

XIX.

Here angels wonder and adore,
This matchless stoop of love divine;
Yet can they not the depth explore:
'Tis deep and high beyond their line.

XX.

Yet still they gaze and wonder on,
And praise thy name with sweet delight,
And own the Infinite Unknown
Is far above created sight!

XXI.

Lord, I would also lift mine eyes,
To see the wonders thou hast done;
T'adore those glorious mysteries,
Reveal'd to me by Christ thy Son.

XXII.

O! draw me by the cords of love,
And teach me daily to aspire,
'Till I'm prepar'd to dwell above,
And join the bright angelic choir.

XXVI. *ADVICE TO YOUTH;*

OR, SERIOUS

EXHORTATIONS

TO THE

AUTHOR'S OWN CHILDREN.

I. *To WILLIAM.*

Aged 11 Years, 1754.

I.

WILLIAM, my first-born son, attend
Upon the counsels of my mouth:
Remember now thy latter end,
And thy Creator in thy youth.

II.

Think now how much of life is spent
In vanity, and childish toys;
And think how soon thou may'st be sent
To endless woes, or endless joys.

III.

Think also how unfit thou art
For such a vast and dreadful change;
And how thy soul from flesh must part,
To trace a road so dark and strange!

IV.

Then, if 'tis not prepar'd to dwell
With Christ, in everlasting light,
Down to the dreadful lake of hell,
With trembling, it must take its flight !

V.

Then think how flesh and soul must meet,
And must united be again ;
And stand before Christ's judgment-seat,
And thence be doom'd to endless pain !

VI.

Then down to the infernal lake,
United they must trembling fly ;
And there their dreadful portion take,
And that to all eternity !

VII.

And there, in torments night and day,
They must endure an endless storm ;
For on the vitals there will prey,
'The quenchless fire, and deathless worm !

VIII.

'Then think how dreadful 'tis to die
Unsanctify'd, and thus prepar'd
To launch into eternity ;
In hell to have thy last reward !

IX.

O dreadful thought ! for evermore
In hell's infernal chains to lie !
In endless burnings there to roar,
And long for death, yet never die !

X.

This is the portion of all those
Who do against the Lord rebel;
And do not with his gospel close,
Their part must be the lake of hell,

XI.

Then, O my son, I pray be wise,
And with my counsel now comply;
So shalt thou gain the glorious prize,
Laid up with Christ above the sky.

XII.

The gospel is the field wherein
The pearl of greatest price is found;
It leads us to the flood, where sin
And guilt shall be for ever drown'd.

XIII.

But know this is a sealed book,
The treasure herein hidden lies;
So none can clearly therein look
Till God anoint their nat'ral eyes.

XIV.

Then humbly bow before the face
Of thy Creator, and implore
A portion of his saving grace,
To guide thee to the heav'nly shore.

XV.

Then see thou make God's word thy rule;
Invoke his Spirit for thy guide:
Beg that he would conduct thy soul
Where streams of living waters glide.

XVI.

Observe what's in his word forbid,
And what's commanded mind with care :
Those sacred truths shall not be hid,
If sought with humble fervent pray'r.

XVII.

In paths of truth, in paths of grace,
Beg that the Lord would guide thy way ;
Nor in this world's dark wilderness,
Leave thee in error's path to stray.

XVIII.

Thus humbly walk before thy God ;
Observe his will with careful eye ;
So shalt thou find the narrow road
That leads to endless joys on high.

XIX.

There sweets celestial well refin'd
At God's right-hand for ever dwell,
To feast thy blest immortal mind,
Beyond what thoughts, or words can tell.

XX.

O then forsake each vain delight,
And seek this blest immortal prize :
There's day without succeeding night,
And pure unmixt eternal joys.

II. To JAMES.

Aged 9 Years, 1754.

I.

JAMES, thou my namesake, pray obey
The counsels that I give this day :
This will make glad thy father's heart,
And comfort to thyself impart.

II.

Remember thy Creator God,
Now in the days of youthful blood,
Before the evil days draw on
When carnal joys shall all be gone.

III.

If thou seek not thy Maker's grace,
Till death shall stare thee in the face ;
Think then how dreadful it will be
To launch into eternity !

IV.

Short is the date of carnal joys,
They're all but false and flatt'ring toys :
The best enjoyment earth affords
Are fainting shadows, flatt'ring words.

V.

Then, O my son, fix not thy heart
On things that leave a lasting smart ;
But now in youth set thou thy mind
On pleasures solid and refin'd.

VI.

But ask'st thou where these treasures lie ?
I answer far above the sky,
At God's right-hand; there pleasures dwell,
Beyond the pow'r of tongues to tell.

VII.

But say'st thou, how shall I get there,
And of those boundless pleasures share ?
I'll show thee how thou may'st obtain
Those joys that ever shall remain:

VIII.

Begin betimes to seek the Lord,
And search the treasures of his word:
Oft humbly bow before his face,
And beg a portion of his grace.

IX.

Beg that he early would begin
To kill in thee the pow'r of sin;
And that he would thy heart incline
To keep his statutes all divine.

X.

Beg that he would on thee bestow
These heavenly graces here below,
Faith, knowledge, zeal, hope, patience, love,
And glory with himself above.

XI.

Then still maintain a valiant fight
Against each carnal vain delight:
A fight against each darling sin,
And strive to keep thy conscience clean.

XII.

This is the way t' obtain the prize,
Laid up with Christ above the skies,
Where everlasting pleasures dwell,
Beyond the pow'r of tongues to tell.

XIII.

If thus thou seek'st thou shalt obtain;
None ever truly sought in vain:
No faithful soul shall ever find
The Lord unfaithful or unkind.

XIV.

But if thou dost my words despise,
And wilt not seek this glorious prize,
Know then thy place must shortly be
In everlasting misery!

XV.

Children who stubbornly reject
Their parents words, and still neglect
To seek the God of Jacob's face,
The lake of hell must be their place:

XVI.

Where fire and brimstone's all their fare,
With endless wailing and despair!
Yea, endless woe and constant grief,
Forbids their hoping for relief.

XVII.

This is the portion of all those,
Who do the word of truth oppose:
But those who fear the Lord shall find,
He's gracious, merciful and kind.

XVIII.

Thus have I set before thine eyes,
Life and the bright immortal prize;
Death and the endless pangs of woe,
Let reason chuse which of the two:

XIX.

For one of these must surely be
Thy portion thro' eternity!
Then, O my son, in time be wise,
And chuse the bright immortal prize.

XX.

Then let thy lot be rich or poor,
Heav'n will be thy eternal store:
True pleasure shall thy life attend,
And glory at thy latter end.

III. To JOHN.

Aged 7 Years, 1754.

I.

JOHN, thou my son, my sprightly boy,
Come hearken to my voice;
Let pious thoughts thy mind employ,
And make the Lord thy choice.

II.

Begin betimes to seek his face,
And fear his holy name:
This will afford thy soul true peace,
And keep thy face from shame.

III.

Beg that he would direct thy way
In paths of truth and grace ;
Nor leave thy wand'ring feet to stray
In this dark wilderness.

IV.

Strive daily more to know his will,
In order to obey ;
And beg that he thy soul wou'd fill,
With grace from day to day.

V.

This is the way to happiness,
Where endless pleasures dwell ;
While sinners, who seek not his grace,
Are plunged into hell.

VI.

There fiery brimstone on them rolls,
In one eternal storm :
And conscience preys upon their souls
Like an immortal worm !

VII.

Then, O my son, be wise betimes,
And seek the heav'nly prize ;
And shun those base voluptuous crimes
That would attract thine eyes.

VIII.

Let no vain thoughts thy mind employ,
Nor foolish words thy tongue :
Thy parents see that thou obey,
That here thy days be long.

IX.

Against all foolish empty toys,
Maintain a constant fight:
With wicked, rude, mischievous boys,
See thou take no delight.

X.

Vain pleasures are the worst of foes,
That war against the soul;
And if thou dost not them oppose,
They will thee soon controul.

XI.

Then still implore thy Maker's aid,
To guide thy wand'ring feet;
So shalt thou in due time be made
A conqueror complete.

XII.

Come then, my son, in early years,
Begin to fear the Lord:
This will prevent a thousand snares,
And heav'nly joys afford.

XIII.

Think now what pleasure and content
'Twill yield in ancient days,
To see that all thy life was spent
In holy pious ways!

XIV.

Or if the Lord should see it best,
In youth to cut thee down,
The sooner thou wilt be at rest,
The sooner reach thy crown:

XV.

For there are glorious crowns prepar'd
For ev'ry faithful one,
Who truly loves and fears the Lord,
When mortal life is gone.

XVI.

Nor are celestial joys conceal'd
'Till up to heav'n they go;
But heav'nly joys are oft reveal'd
To saints while here below.

XVII.

But those who do forsake the Lord,
Or never seek his grace,
Shall be eternally abhor'd,
And banish'd from his face.

XVIII.

Down in the black infernal lake,
They must for ever dwell,
Who will not here a warning take,
And shun the road to hell.

IV. *To LAZARUS.*

Aged 5 Years, 1754.

I.

LORD-HELP * is thy dear name,
O, may thy nature be
Renew'd by grace, to seek the same,
From sin to set thee free!

M

* So the word Lazarus signifies.

II.

His help thou much dost need,
Poor silly feeble worm !
Without his gracious aid indeed,
No good thou can'st perform.

III.

O, may'st thou imitate
Thy ancient namesake's ways ;
Then tho' thou be in low estate,
To heav'n God will thee raise !

IV.

Poor Lazarus in rags,
And putrifying wounds
Laid at the rich man's gates, he begs,
The leavings of his hounds.

V.

Tho' he could not obtain
One sympathizing word,
But haughty frowns and vile disdain
From that luxurious lord :

VI.

Yet when to God he pray'd,
He heard his faithful cries,
And sent his angels safe to guide
His soul above the skies !

VII.

While with an angry frown
(As sacred scriptures tell)
That epicure he straight cast down
Into the lowest hell !

VIII.

O, may'st thou warning take!
Now in thy days of youth;
Wisely the ways of vice forsake,
And chuse the paths of truth.

IX.

Then will the Lord thee raise
Above the starry sky,
To see his face, and sing his praise,
Through all eternity.

XXVII. *A general Exhortation to the Author's four*
S O N S.

I.

COME, O my dear beloved sons,
Obey your father's voice:
All mortal vanities renounce,
And make a wiser choice.

II.

For 'tis your endless happiness
Alone that I intend,
Which makes me kindly you address,
Thus like a faithful friend.

III.

Come then, my little children dear,
And hearken to my voice:
Now make it in your youth appear,
That virtue is your choice.

IV.

O live in love and unity;
Your angry passions quell;
And still in true humility,
Each other strive t' excel.

V.

O! how delightful 'tis to see
Children, with one accord,
All in united bands agree
To love and fear the Lord!

VI.

This would afford me more delight
Than if this world were mine,
To see my children all unite,
And with true virtue shine.

VII.

And think how much this will redound
To your own happiness,
If ye in faith and love abound,
And ev'ry Christian grace:

VIII.

Whatever ye on earth possess,
Riches or poverty;
The Lord your happy souls will bless,
And ev'ry want supply.

IX.

Then happy ye in life and death,
And to eternity,
If ye pursue this holy path
That leads to joys on high.

XI.

Come then, my dear beloved sons,
This holy tract pursue;
So shall ye be such happy ones,
Here and hereafter too.

XII.

Then early seek your Maker's grace,
And pardon thro' Christ's blood,
That ye, complete in righteousness,
May stand before your God.

XIII.

Then happy, happy shall ye be,
When Christ to earth descends,
To judge the world, and to set free
The bodies of his friends!

XIV.

Then shall ye join the saints on high,
And crowns of glory wear;
Yea, reign with Christ eternally,
Secure from ev'ry snare!

XV.

How bright the triumphs of that day,
When Christ again shall come,
To raise his saints in white array,
And safe conduct them home!

XVI.

O! think what sweet transporting joys
This will to saints afford,
To join the armies of the skies,
With Christ their dearest Lord!

XVI.

But know, that nothing that's unclean
Before God's holy eye,
Shall ever be admitted in
To that society.

XVII.

The scriptures utterly exclude
The wanton and profane;
Thieves, liars, murd'ers, and the proud,
Shall never heav'n obtain!

XVIII.

Except they're wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And sanctify'd by grace,
They cannot stand before a God
Of perfect holiness.

XIX.

O then, my sons, I pray take heed
To keep your garments clean;
And beg to be entirely freed
From each prevailing sin.

XX.

Avoid all wicked company,
With diligence and care;
And keep a constant watchful eye
Against each hurtful snare.

XXI.

Carnal delights may now appear
With fair inviting smiles;
But still remember and beware
Of Satan's crafty wiles.

XXII.

Fair baits he'll lay before your eyes,
To draw you to his gin;
And whosoe'er believes his lies,
Are surely caught therein.

XXIII.

But see that boldly ye resist
His base deceitful charms:
Draw near to God and he'll assist,
And guard you with his arms.

XXIV.

Depend not then on your own strength,
But on a Saviour trust;
So shall he bring you safe at length
To dwell among the just.

XXV.

Let briars and thorns beset their way,
And darkness veil the sky;
Still they are safe, and only they,
That on the Lord rely.

XXVI.

Thus have I set before your eyes
The way to mansions fair;
Where you may find the immortal prize,
And 'scape the tempter's snare.

XXVII.

Now if ye will not hear my voice,
But choose the road to hell;
Then ye must take your woful choice,
And there for ever dwell.

XXVIII. *Youth's Prayer for Wisdom; or the Word
of God the best Guide.*

Paraphras'd from Psalm cxix. 9.

I.

HOW shall the youth secure his way;
From error's gloomy path?
How find the road to endless day;
And shun eternal death?

II.

Thy word, O Lord, with light and pow'r,
Directs our doubtful way;
And safe conducts us to the shore
Of everlasting day.

III.

Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Still void of dross appears:
Not all the books on earth beside;
Such happy truth declares.

IV.

Here I am brought to understand
The dire desert of sin;
And how I may at thy right-hand
Drink endless pleasures in.

V.

But, Lord, without thy Spirit's aid,
The letters dead appear:
Nor threats nor promises there made,
Excite my hope or fear.

VI.

But when thy Spirit with thy word
Celestial truth reveals,
'Tis like a sharp two-edged sword,
It wounds and also heals.

VII.

It opens our beclouded eyes,
And makes the blind to see:
Makes rich the poor, the simple wise,
And sets the captives free.

VIII.

Not honey unto hungry souls
Such sweetness can afford,
As when true faith with joy beholds,
The treasures in thy word.

IX.

Lord, let thy Spirit then direct,
My ever doubtful feet;
Then shall I with all due respect
Esteem thy precepts sweet.

X.

Thy law and gospel then shall be
My study day and night,
When thou hast op'd mine eyes to see
Those treasures with delight.

XXIX. A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

May the 20th, N. S. 1754.

THIS day to thirty-two arriv'd,
 But ah ! how careless have I liv'd !
 How have I spent my precious time ?
 In vanity my choicest prime !
 And now the bloom of youth is gone,
 And age is now a hast'ning on ;
 Ere long, I know, I must appear
 Before my Maker's awful bar :
 But, Lord, alas ! what have I done,
 Thy love t' obtain, thy wrath to shun ?
 A base transgressor I have been,
 A slave to Satan and to sin.
 Lord ! should'st thou for thine injur'd grace
 Contend, I fall before thy face !
 Guilty, and self-condemn'd I own,
 Deserving thy eternal frown.
 But, Lord, I humbly would implore,
 For Jesus' sake, wipe out my score,
 And wash my soul in that rich flood
 Of water pure, and crimson blood,
 That sprang from his dear wounded side,
 When he for sinners freely died :
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 A miracle of sov'reign grace ;
 Thy matchless love I'll then adore,
 For ever on the heavenly shore.

XX. *Christ a Light to the Gentiles ; or, a Song of Praise for the Gospel.*

From Isaiah, xlii. 6, 7.

I.

O H! how illustrious was the day,
When Jesus Christ appear'd,
And chas'd the gloomy night away,
And all the shadows clear'd.

II.

The Gentiles in this British isle,
Did long in error lie,
Till Jesus deign'd on us to smile;
And brought salvation nigh.

III.

Oh! how we worshipp'd wood and stone,
The work of our own hands,
Before the Saviour Christ was known,
Within these British lands.

IV.

But now we're taught the glorious way,
That leads us safe to heav'n;
And Christ our dreadful debt to pay,
His precious blood hath giv'n.

V.

Britons! then with all your tongues,
His matchless love adore;
And let your ever grateful songs,
Resound from shore to shore.

VI.

Jesus, to thee, our songs of praise,
 With thankful hearts we bring;
 We'll celebrate thy matchless grace,
 And thy salvation sing.

VII.

All praise to thee, incarnate God,
 Eternally be giv'n;
 Who with thine own most precious blood,
 Hath made our peace with heav'n.

VIII.

Faint are our praises here below
 But when to heav'n we rise,
 Our souls enflam'd with love shall flow,
 In endless ecstasies.

XXXI. *Prayer for the Enlargement of Christ's
 Kingdom upon Earth. Mat. 6, 10.*

Thy Kingdom come.

I.

MAKE bare thine arm, Almighty Lord,
 Make all the nations see
 The pow'r and glory of thy word,
 And bow to Christ the knee.

II.

Pity the nations, Lord, that lie
 In error's gloomy shade;
 And let the day-spring from on high,
 Around their tents be spread.

III.

Fain would we see thy gospel grace,
Through all the earth display'd;
And ev'ry soul of Adam's race,
Thy faithful subjects made.

IV.

Shall not thy gospel as the sun,
Through all the nations shine?
All bow to Christ thy Son, and own
His sov'reign pow'r divine?

V.

O let them be his subjects now,
By legal threats pursu'd!
And to his gospel scepter bow;
By sov'reign grace subdu'd.

VI.

Hasten the joyful day, O Lord,
When Gentiles, Greeks and Jews
Shall turn to thee with one accord,
Unable to refuse.

VII.

Gird on thy sword upon thy thigh,
O thou most mighty Prince!
And ride forth now victoriously,
The nations to convince.

VIII.

Snatch thou the prey from Satan's jaws,
By sov'reign pow'r divine:
Now vindicate thy righteous cause,
And be the glory thine.

XXXII. *A Song of Praise to God for National Protection.*

I.

GREAT GOD of Hosts, to thee we owe,
Our life and safe abode;
For all above, and all below
Are govern'd by thy nod.

II.

We Britons in this northern isle,
Tho' but a little band,
Sit safe beneath thy gracious smile;
Defended by thy hand.

III.

Lord, 'tis by thine Almighty arm,
That we in safety dwell;
Secure from all the threaten'd harm,
Of haughty Rome and hell.

IV.

And should we this attribute, Lord,
To any pow'r but thee,
How false, ungrateful, and absurd,
Would this our conduct be?

V.

But, Lord, we own thy pow'rful hand;
Thy goodness we adore;
And still to bless our sinful land,
We earnestly implore.

VI.

Remove our guilt, reform our isle,
 Make wars and tumults cease,
 On us, Lord, let thy presence smile,
 And give us endless peace.

VII.

To be our guard, continue thou,
 And let us ne'er forget,
 That all we have, to thee we owe,
 As an eternal debt.

XXXIII. *The straight Way to HEAVEN.*

From several Scriptures.

I.

TAKE up thy cross and follow me
 (Thy dear Redeemer saith)

If you would my disciples be,
 And chuse the heavenly path.

II.

Who so will suffer shame and loss,

Yea, part with all for me;

With faith and patience bear the cross,

Shall my disciples be.

III.

But who so is ashamed of me

Before the sons of men;

Of him I will ashamed be,

When I return again.

IV.

And he who counteth house or lands;
Or friends, or life too dear
To part with, when my cause demands;
Shall have in me no share.

V.

But those who part with all they have
For me, with willing mind,
Shall better things on earth receive;
And life eternal find.

VI.

Who then will freely venture all
For the Redeemer's sake?
Come now obedient at his call,
And endless life partake.

VII.

Who will the sweets of sense forego,
With their alluring charms,
And cast their naked souls into
The dear Redeemer's arms?

VIII.

Alas, O Lord, in vain we ask,
One soul of Adam's race,
To venture on so hard a task,
Without renewing grace.

IX.

But, Lord, speak thou one powerful word,
And by thy grace divine,
Each idol lust that we ador'd,
We'll chearfully resign.

XXXIV. *The POWER of SOVEREIGN
GRACE.*

I.

LONG have I obstinately stood
Against thy gospel call;
But now by sov'reign grace subdu'd,
Lord, at thy feet I fall.

II.

The preacher with laborious skill,
Hath try'd and try'd again,
To conquer this my stubborn will,
With reasons strong, in vain.

III.

Sinai's fierce thunders oft I've heard,
Like trumpets sounding loud;
But little did my soul regard,
'Till grace my heart subdu'd.

IV.

Not all the terrors of the law
Could e'er my will subdue,
Till grace my frozen heart did thaw,
And form'd my soul anew.

V.

Of nat'ral powers let others boast,
And self-acquired skill;
And say that man hath never lost
The freedom of his will.

O

VI.

Of nat'ral strength I'll boast no more,
 Or any will of mine :
 Thy love in Christ, Lord, I adore,
 And sov'reign grace divine.

XXXV. *An ELEGY on the Death of a CHRISTIAN FRIEND.*

I.

LORD, we must own thy sentence just,
 That doth command us back to dust ;
 For ever be the thought abhor'd,
 That would attempt a murmur'ing word,
 Against thy righteous hand, O Lord !
 Yet, Lord, when thou dost summons send,
 To call away a dear lov'd friend,
 Suffer us humbly thus to vent
 Our grief, her absence to lament.

Frail nature, Lord, can not forbear
 To mourn a faithful friend so dear !
 A friend she was, whom thus we mourn,
 Whose conduct here, did well adorn
 Each station of the human life,
 A neighbour, mother, and a wife ;
 A Christian, humble and sincere,
 Who strove to keep her conscience clear :
 A tender sympathizing friend,
 Who freely would assistance lend
 To all in a distressive hour,
 So far as it was in her pow'r.

Her very soul was fill'd with love
Infus'd by the celestial Dove :
No rancour broil'd within her breast,
For love each clam'rous thought suppress ;
Fair picture of the saints above,
Whose whole delight is praise and love.
All who her conversation knew
Must own this character is true.
O, who can then forbear a groan
When such a faithful friend is gone?
Nature must tremble at the stroke
When such endearing bonds are broke ;
Yet, O my friends, with patience bear ;
Let prudence stop the falling tear ;
Nor let an unbecoming flood
Provoke a wise disposing God.
Remember still with humble awe,
Death came by breaking of God's law :
Then let us not count him severe
When he removes our friends most dear ;
For all have sinn'd, we plainly know,
And death's the smallest debt we owe
To God, whose holy law we broke,
And did refuse his gentle yoke.
But, O the goodness of the Lord,
That hath our dying hopes restor'd !
Death is no real punishment
To any true and faithful saint,
'Tis but the door that lets them in,
Where everlasting joys begin.

Then let us bless our Saviour God,
That pay'd the dark and gloomy road,
And made the punishment to prove
The way to endless joys above.

Cease then, my friends, each dull complaint,
Nor let your drooping spirits faint,
Let faith and hope thus ease your pain,
" The time is short that doth remain
Ere we shall joyful meet again !
O happy time ! then shall we meet
In endless joys divinely sweet.

Then death no more shall cut the chain,
Nor shall we ever part again.

O with what pleasure and surprize
Shall we, with saints above the skies,
Join in eternal extasies !

This world is but a wilderness ;
Heav'n is our only resting place ;
There, there the weary are at rest,
Nor guilt nor fear does them molest !
Yea, there they sing and never cease,
Nor faint nor tire in realms of peace ;
For there their pleasures far excel
The pow'r of thoughts or words to tell !
And there, no doubt, our friend is gone
To these eternal joys unknown !

Come, let us then our grief forbear,
For this we have no cause to fear ;
But let us with the utmost care
To follow her, ourselves prepare ;

Thither we hope soon to aspire,
And join that blest immortal choir."
Let this, my friends, your spirits cheer,
And banish ev'ry gloomy fear :
Give all your sorrows to the wind,
The Lord is gracious, just, and kind.
Then wait with patience for the hour
When he your comforts shall restore,
Then grief shall interpose no more.

Her EPI T A P H.

HERE we commit unto thy trust,
O Grave! these dear remains of dust,
Till the archangel, from the skies,
Shall shout, and bid the dead arise ;
Then must thou ope thy prison-door,
And this dear captive thence restore.

XXXVI. *The Blessing of the Lord is in the House of
the Righteous.*

From Prov. iii. 33.

I.

O Happy, happy families,
Where true Religion dwells !
This all corrupt and carnal joys
Abundantly excels !

II.

The blessing of the Lord alway
Is in the sacred house,
Where they with constant fervour pay
Their night and morning vows.

III.

Their night and morning sacrifice
(Of prayer and of praise)
Meet kind acceptance in his eyes,
And he approves their ways.

IV.

All who obey his just commands,
He in this world will bless ;
And ev'ry labour of their hands,
He'll crown with kind success.

V.

Their children, like fair olive plants,
He sets around their board,
Like a young age of rising saints
To love and fear the Lord.

VI.

But some perhaps may here object,
" How can these words be true ?
Don't oft the righteous suffer lack
Worse than the wicked do ?

VII.

Do not the wicked oftentimes
Against their Maker spurn,
And flourish ev'n amidst their crimes,
While saints in secret mourn ?

VIII.

To this I answer, This is true,
For wise and holy ends.
The Lords permits afflictions too,
Sometimes to seize his friends.

Part I. DIVINE MISCELLANIES.

111

IX.

While he permits the sons of pride
In mighty pomp to shine ;
Tho' they his faithful saints deride,
And mock at things divine.

X.

Yet is the Lord both just and wise,
Yea, holy good and kind :
This all the faithful with their eyes
Shall see, and truly find.

XI.

Tho' clouds and darkness veil his way :
His foot-steps are unknown ;
Yet truth and justice constantly
Surround his glorious throne.

XII.

Each bitter drop his saints here taste
Is sweeten'd with his love :
And, O, the blest immortal feast,
Reserv'd for them above !

XIII.

His rod and staff are their strong stay
Thro' this dark wilderness :
His smiles drive all their fears away,
In ev'ry new distress.

XIV.

But on the heads of haughty worms,
He'll pour destruction down ;
Ev'n fire and brimstone, furious storms,
And endless woes unknown.

XV.

The higher here on earth they rise;
And still the more they swell;
The greater shall be their surprize;
The lower sink in hell.

XVI.

Then wait with patience, O ye saints,
Nor fear the tyrant's rage;
The Lord hears all your just complaints,
And will for you engage.

XVII.

Ye are his fav'rites and his choice;
Fear not what men can do;
He'll turn your sorrows into joys,
And all your foes subdue.

XVIII.

Commit your way unto the Lord,
And humbly wait his will;
He'll faithfully perform his word,
And your desires fulfil.

XXXVII. *The Goodness of God recorded; or, a Song of Praise to God for a plentiful Crop and a fine Harvest, after a very long and frosty Spring, and wet Summer, 1754.*

I.

COME, let us raise a sacred song
To God, our sov'reign King:
This well becomes each British tongue,
And British heart to sing.

II.

Britain is sure a fav'rite isle,
Which God the Lord hath blest,
And made his countenance to smile,
On her above the rest.

III.

Tho' in the spring he seem'd to frown,
And we began to mourn,
And think that he was weary grown,
Nor would his love return.

IV.

But soon he sent refreshing drops
Upon the rugged ground,
And made the earth with plenteous crops,
Of precious grain abound!

V.

Then didst thou, Lord, the clouds restrain
From their accusom'd showers,
'Till we had well secur'd the grain,
From their destructive powers.

VI.

O! what a debt of thanks and praise
We owe to thee, our God,
For all the mercies in our days,
Thou hast on us bestow'd.

VII.

But on our base ingratitude
Let's humbly now reflect,
And think how we to praise our God,
Most shamefully neglect.

VIII.

Our souls, our bodies, health and food,
And ev'ry thing we have,
We owe to thee, our gracious God,
Whose bounteous hand them gave.

IX.

Lord, let thy goodness melt our hearts
For our ingratitude,
And make us see our black deserts,
From thee, our gracious God!

X.

O give us grace that we may mourn
For all our follies past;
And humbly now to thee return,
Our gracious God, at last.

XI.

O God, let thy rich blessing crown
Each gift thy hand bestows,
That we with thankful hearts may own,
From whence each mercy flows.

XII.

Then shall we leave upon record,
Thy goodness in our days;
That ev'ry age may trust thy word,
And gladly speak thy praise.

XXXVIII. *The convinced Sinner's Reflection and
Resolution.*

I.

IS not the time already past,
Sufficient to suffice
My base corrupted carnal taste,
And my voluptuous eyes?

II.

Have I not Satan's servant been?
Too long, at his command,
Perform'd the drudgery of sin,
With willing heart and hand?

III.

Long have I walk'd in the broad path,
That leads to endless woe;
And shall I in this road to death,
Still thus unthinking go?

IV.

'Tis sure high time now to begin
To think upon my ways,
To turn from ev'ry darling sin,
And make no more delays?

V.

What! hath God's patience so long stay'd,
And shall I at it spurn;
While grace, in all its charms display'd,
Invites me to return?

VI.

Lord! shall I still thy grace withstand?
Thy wholesome counsels shun?
Rebel against thy kind command,
And haste to be undone?

VII.

No! Lord, my hard and frozen heart,
To melt does now begin:
Thro' grace I now resolve to part
With ev'ry darling sin.

VIII.

By thine Almighty grace subdu'd,
Here at thy feet I lie,
Deploring my ingratitude,
And former enmity!

IX.

I now adore thy matchless grace,
That op'd my sluggish eyes,
And let me see my dangerous case,
And where my refuge lies.

X.

And wilt thou, Lord, a wretch receive,
So vile a wretch as I,
Who hath to sin so long been slave,
And did thy rights deny?

XI.

Yet, Lord, I find it in thy word,
That whosoe'er believes,
Repents, and turns to thee, O Lord,
Thy gracious arm receives.

XII.

To this rich promise I lay claim,
O God of boundless grace!
With contrite heart, and humble shame,
My guilt I now confess!

XIII.

I now resolve, thro' grace divine,
To yield to sin no more;
But now to thee myself resign,
None other gods adore.

XIV.

But, Lord, all my resolves are vain,
In my own strength to stand;
My lusts will soon revive again,
If thou withdraw thy hand.

XV.

Yet is thy grace sufficient, Lord,
Therefore I trust in thee;
Let it, according to thy word,
Sufficient be for me.

XXXIX. *The FALL and RECOVERY of MAN.*

I.

HAPPY was our first parents case
Ere sin defil'd their frame !
In Paradise did God them place,
To dress and keep the same.

II.

With his own image they were blest,
Sov'reign of all below ;
Each fish and fowl, and ev'ry beast,
Did to their sceptre bow.

III.

All things delightful to their taste,
Did there in plenty flow ;
Yea, choicest fruits for their repast,
Did in that garden grow.

IV.

Free liberty they had to eat,
Of ev'ry tree save one :
And pow'r to live in that blest state,
While that they let alone.

V.

On this condition did they stand,
For them and all their race ;
Would they obey but his command,
Nor life nor joy should cease.

VI.

But if they did presume to taste
Of that forbidden tree,
Death should them instantly arrest,
And fill with misery.

VII.

Satan, with his malicious mind,
Their happy state espied;
And these rich pleasures of mankind,
He grievously envied.

VIII.

Thus, fill'd with envy at their state,
The serpent he employs;
And taught him with his base deceit,
To tempt with unknown joys.

IX.

Then presently the serpent goes,
With Satan in him hid,
And craftily did then propose
The fruit that God forbid.

X.

He told him, with his flatt'ring lies,
That this surprizing food,
Would open their beclouded eyes
And make them wise as God.

XI.

Then prompted with ambitious views,
To make their bliss compleat;
No longer could they then refuse
To taste the gilded bait.

XII.

But, ah! how soon (tho' too too late)
Did they their folly see!
They saw the serpent's base deceit,
And their own misery.

XIII.

Terror appear'd on ev'ry side,
And in their deep distress,
They fig-leaf cov'rings made to hide
Their shameful nakedness.

XIV.

The Lord came down, to anger flow,
But infinite his grace;
"Adam, (he call'd) where art thou now?
Why hidest thou thy face?"

XV.

What, hast thou eaten of that tree
Which I did thee command,
Thou shalt not eat thereof (said he)
Nor touch it with thy hand?

XVI.

Adam no longer could withdraw
From God's all-seeing eye;
Tho' he had broke his holy law,
From him he could not fly.

XVII.

Poor Adam then came trembling out,
And thus replied he,
"The woman took of that same fruit,
And also gave to me."

XVIII.

Eve! (then the great JEHOVAH said)
What's this that thou hast done?
Thy husband, and thyself betray'd,
To death and woes unknown!

XIX.

The serpent, Lord, (replied she)
Did me indeed deceive;
He took of this forbidden tree,
And it to me he gave."

XX.

The Lord then to the serpent said,
"Since this is done by thee,
A curse shall rest upon thy head,
Above all beasts that be.

XXI.

Upon thy belly shalt thou go,
And dust shall be thy meat:
By all abhorr'd, shalt thou be too,
For this thy base deceit.

XXII.

And I'll put enmity betwixt
The woman's seed and thee:
And thou shalt be with envy vext
At my sublime decree.

XXIII.

The woman she shall have a son,
That on thy neck shall tread:
He shall destroy what thou hast done,
And bruise thy curst head.

XXIV.

Thy malice he shall only feel,
In a distressive hour,
Biting with envy at his heel,
While he destroys thy pow'r."

XXV.

Thus was the covenant of grace
At first reveal'd to man :
And hope restor'd to Adam's race,
In this most gracious plan.

XXVI.

The Lord then to the woman said,
" Since thus thou didst transgress,
Thy troubles shall be multiplied ;
Thy sorrows shall increase.

XXVII.

In frailty shalt thou seed conceive,
With pain thy children bear :
Thy husband rule o'er thee shall have,
And thou his pow'r shalt fear."

XXVIII.

And unto Adam thus he said,
" Woes shall attend thy life ;
Since thou my law hast disobey'd,
And hearken'd to thy wife.

XXIX.

The ground is cursed for thy sake,
And henceforth shall it bear
Thistles and thorns, and I will make
Thee earn thy bread with care."

XXX.

From Paradise then drove he them,
(That sweet delightful place)
To till the ground from whence they came,
With toil and sore disgrace.

XXXI.

Instead of Eden's garden fair,
They in the Wilderness
Must spend their lives in sorrow there,
With sweat and deep distress.

XXXII.

Thus did their dreadful woes break in
Like an o'erflowing tide;
They felt the dire effects of sin,
Soon as they disobey'd.

XXXIII.

But, O the goodness of the Lord!
How boundless is his grace!
He sent a Saviour, and restor'd
Our guilty fallen race.

XXXIV.

He spake, and bid four thousand years
Their hasty course roll on,
And lo! the Saviour (Christ) appears,
The woman's promis'd Son!

XXXV.

He, who from all eternity,
Was God's beloved Son;
Is sent in man's frail flesh to die,
And for their guilt t' atone!

XXXVI.

Behold the great Messiah comes,
With meekness in his face!
And man's frail nature he assumes,
And suffers in their place!

XXXVII.

Angels beheld his matchless birth,
With wonder and surprize,
And down to spread the news on earth,
They gladly left the skies!

XXXVIII.

Thus did the great Messiah come,
Vile rebels to set free:
Born of an humble virgin's womb,
Of mean and low degree!

XXXIX.

And on these terms doth he redeem,
All that on him believe,
Repent, and humbly come to him,
His graces to receive.

XL.

Such he restores to higher bliss
Than Adam had before!
O man! astonish'd be at this,
And his rich love adore.

XLI.

The vilest sinner he forgives,
Who heartily repents;
And on his holy name believes,
And to him shew his wants,

XLII.

He tenders his salvation free,
That all may taste the same;
To sinners of whate'er degree,
Halt, maimed, blind or lame!

XLIII.

Yea, lo, he sends his servants forth
To hedges and high-ways,
T' invite all sinners on the earth
To feast without delays.

XLIV.

Thus hath he left without excuse
All the rebellious race,
Who obstinately dare abuse,
The riches of his grace.

R E M A R K S.

I.

THUS may we see the happy state,
Man at the first was in:
And how all troubles then took date,
Just at the birth of sin!

II.

Thus may we see the matchless grace,
And goodness of the Lord,
That pity'd man's rebellious race,
And heav'nly hopes restor'd.

III.

Well might the angel-minds admire,
At this stupendous scene,
To see their Lord in man's attire,
And dwell in flesh with men !

IV.

We also see the happy case
That faithful souls are in,
Who do by faith receive his grace,
And are releas'd from sin !

V.

They are redeem'd from Satan's chains,
And dreadful slavery :
Heirs of the rest that there remains
For happy souls on high.

VI.

And here we see the wretched state,
That sinners yet are in,
Who still continue obstinate,
The willing slaves of sin !

VII.

Th' old serpent's vassals still they are ;
Deceiv'd with flatt'ring lies :
They walk upon a dreadful snare,
While he blind-folds their eyes.

VIII.

Upon the brink of endless woe,
With heedless feet they run :
Ah ! why content thus will ye go,
And haste to be undone ?

IX.

Will fear not drive, nor love you draw,
Nor Jesus' lovely charms
Make your hard frozen hearts to thaw,
And flee into his arms?

X.

Hark how he calls to sinners chief,
That are with sin oppress'd,
"Come unto me, and find relief;
I give the weary rest."

XI.

This call (if slighted) will one day
Make you with terror quake,
When you must change this stage of clay
For hell's infernal lake!

XII.

But, Lord, our arguments, alas!
Are all in vain to draw,
'Till thou exert thy pow'rful grace,
The sinner's heart to thaw.

XIII.

But, Lord, one word of sov'reign grace;
One pow'rful word of thine,
Will make the stoutest rebel cease,
And all his arms resign.

XL.

ON THE

FOUR LAST THINGS, VIZ.

DEATH, JUDGMENT, HEAVEN,
AND HELL.

I. DEATH.

I.

LO, Death, the king of terror, rides
Triumphant thro' the world unseen !
'Tis sin, the monster, him provides,
And fills his dreadful magazine;

II.

Upon his pale, or sable steed,
He rides with a resistless sway:
His awful summons strike with dread,
And ev'ry mortal must obey !

III.

O! the innumerable darts
Wherewith his pregnant quiver's fill'd !
These he impartially imparts,
And none are from his stroke conceal'd.

IV.

Nor rich, nor poor, nor old, nor young,
From these his fatal darts can fly:
The high and low, the weak and strong,
Without distinction round him lie.

V.

But why hath death such potent force,
And why so fierce his arrows fly?
Sin brought in death, and so of course
As all have sinned, all must die!

VI.

But were this all the punishment
That bold rebellious worms must feel,
Then they in sin might rest content,
Nor fear his fatal shafts of steel.

VII.

The drunkard then his cups might quaff;
The glutton too his palate please,
And the profane might swear and laugh;
The indolent might take his ease.

VIII.

Since all must die, they could but die,
If death did them annihilate;
Then might they leave this world with joy,
For death would pay their total debt.

IX.

Or peevish souls, when tir'd of life,
And disappointments on them light,
With hemp or steel might end the strife,
And bid a world of cares good-night.

X.

But, ah! how awful is the scene,
That after death must straight ensue!
Vengeance will seize the guilty then,
And pierce their souls with terror through.

XI.

Down to the black infernal den
Where devils and the damned lie,
These must take up their lodging then,
And that to all eternity!

XII.

Then death is sure an awful scene,
However fools may jeer and scoff,
And please themselves with fancies vain,
And shake the fear of dying off.

XIII.

But, O! the dreadful mad mistake
That such fool-hardy souls will find,
When plung'd into th' infernal lake
As soon as mortal life's resign'd!

XVI.

Such is the woful lot of those
Who obstinate 'gainst God rebel;
When death their nat'ral eyes doth close,
Then must they open them in hell!

XV.

Oh! danger not to be exprest,
To live in love, or league with sin,
Each day expos'd to death's arrest
Then endless torments must begin.

XVI.

My soul! and canst thou thus remain
Contented here, and take thine ease,
Whilst thus expos'd to endless pain,
Soon as pale death thy flesh shall seize!

XVII.

O dreadful thought! Lord, I adore
Thy mercy infinitely great,
That did not cut me off before,
But let me see my wretched state!

XVIII.

Lord! hadst thou on a legal score
With justice strict upon me fell,
Death might have seiz'd me long before,
And sent my guilty soul to hell!

XIX.

But, O! for ever be ador'd
Thy matchless love, and sov'reign grace,
That hopes of mercy are restor'd,
By Christ, to Adam's fallen race!

XX.

Since Christ did human-flesh assume,
And died to conquer death and hell,
Then rose to make his foll'wers room
That they with him in heav'n might dwell!

XXI.

Peace then, ye saints! bid fears be gone,
Since Christ for you hath conquer'd death,
He'll also raise you near his throne,
And make you conqu'ers too thro' faith.

XXII.

Then fear not hell, nor ghastly death,
 Nor tribulations here to come;
 Believe in Christ with steady faith,
 His arm shall safe conduct you home.

P O S T C R I P T.

A Short Elegy on the Death of Master GEORGE GROVE, an Infant, who departed this Life November the 23d, 1754.

*Humbly Dedicated to his surviving Parents, Mr. Francis, and Mrs. Mary Grove, by their humble
 Servant,*

J. M.

PEACE, O my friends, let not excess
 Of grief your tender souls depress,
 Tho' a dear babe, with lovely charms
 Is snatched from your loving arms;
 Yet let this thought your spirits chear,
 And stop the overflowing tear;
 Since God in wisdom saw it best
 To take him to eternal rest,
 Ere he advanc'd to riper years
 To be expos'd to fatal snares;
 Think then how gracious and how kind
 The Lord is, tho' we mortals blind
 Trace not the unknown path he keeps
 Thro' clouds of darkness, mighty deeps!
 Who knows what unseen dangers lay
 Before this infant in the way,

Which God foresaw, and thought it best
To take him to a place of rest !
How weak, alas, is human sense
To trace the depths of providence !
Let's then with humble minds adore
Those myst'ries which we can't explore ;
And render to the Lord the praise
That's due to all his works and ways !
Thus, let your sorrows be suppress'd,
And ease the troubles of your breast :
This is the only way to find
Comfort to cheer a troubled mind.

II. J U D G M E N T.

I.

BEHOLD the day, the awful day,
Is hastening on apace,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away
Before the Judge's face !

II.

When Christ the sov'reign Judge shall come,
And in the clouds appear,
All mankind then their final doom,
With grief or joy shall hear.

III.

In glorious pomp and bright array,
Shall he that day appear :
The earth shall tremble at his sway,
And shaking of his spear.

IV.

Legions of angels then shall stand
Around his judgment-seat,
Attending on his great command,
As ministers of state.

V.

The great archangel then he'll send,
His dreadful trump to sound :
The noise of which each tomb shall rend,
And shake the solid ground !

VI.

The dead shall open then their eyes,
At that surprising sound !
And come forth to the great assize,
And stand upon the ground.

VII.

Not one forgotten or unknown,
Shall then in secret lie,
But all shall come forth, ev'ry one
Before the Judge's eye.

VIII.

Those burnt with fire, and those devour'd
By fish, or fowls that fly ;
Each atom shall be then restor'd
With perfect symmetry.

IX.

He'll give his angels then command
To bring his children forth,
Out of each far and distant land,
From east, west, south and north.

X.

These will he set on his right-hand,
As shepherds part their sheep:
The wicked on his left shall stand,
And proper distance keep.

XI.

Then ev'ry eye shall there behold
The glory of the Lord:
Those that him bought, he that him sold,
And all that him abhorr'd.

XII.

Tho' when to save the world he came,
He was of them despis'd:
They shall behold him now with shame,
And horribly surpriz'd!

XIII.

O! with what trembling hearts and eyes,
Before his awful bar,
Shall stand his bitter enemies,
And dread th' unequal war!

XIV.

He then in judgment shall proceed,
The books shall open'd be,
And ev'ry criminal, with dread,
Shall his indictment see.

XV.

Conscience shall witness to their face,
How they, in former times,
Slighted the gracious calls of grace,
And hugg'd their darling crimes.

XVI.

But first, to those on his right-hand,
The Judge shall then proclaim,
“ Well done, ye faithful ; my command
Ye kept, and own'd my name.

XVII.

Come, ye beloved, and possess
The kingdom long prepar'd
For you, ere Time began its race ;
'Tis your divine reward.

XVIII.

Ye lov'd my name, believ'd my word,
And wish'd my cause success :
Freely did ye your alms afford
To mine, when in distress.

XIX.

These I accept as done to me,
And will the same reward :
To crowns ye shall exalted be,
And reign with me your Lord.”

XX.

Oh ! with what pleasure and surprize
Will they this sentence hear !
To heav'nly mansions then they'll rise,
Triumphing thro' the air.

XXI.

But, O, how will the guilty croud,
That on his left shall stand,
Tremble to hear the Judge aloud,
Pronounce with stern command,

XXII.

Depart from me, ye wicked race,
To everlasting fire :
Ye who refus'd to seek my face,
And pleas'd your base desire.

XXIII.

In luxury ye spent your store ;
My favours ye abus'd ;
While ye the hungry at your door,
Your wasting crumbs refus'd.

XXIV.

Now this from me is your desert,
Go and for ever dwell
With devils, ye shall feel the smart
Of quenchless flames in hell."

XXXV.

Then presently shall they retire,
And into hell be hurl'd ;
While storms of brimstone, all on fire,
Shall then consume the world !

XXVI.

To rocks and mountains then they'll call,
To fall on them to hide ;
But their petitions then shall all
Be utterly deny'd !

XXVII.

What dreadful terrors then shall seize
On those rebellious souls !
No dainty dishes there to please,
Nor conscience drowning bowls !

XVI.

But first, to those on his right-hand,
The Judge shall then proclaim,
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XXVII.

What dreadful terrors then shall seize
On those rebellious souls !
No dainty dishes there to please,
Nor conscience drowning bowls.

XXVIII.

But endless torments will begin

To seize on them that day :

And for the short delights of sin

They dearly then must pay !

XXIX.

O sinners! then without delay,

A friendly caution take ;

And to prepare for that great day,

Each darling sin forsake !

XXX.

The joys and terrors of that day,

Do all our thoughts surpass !

Lord! make us wise that now we may

Improve our day of grace.

XXXI.

That we before thy face may stand,

On that tremendous day,

Among the sleep on thy right-hand,

And cloth'd in white array.

XXXII.

Whatever else, Lord, thou deny'st,

O! let us this obtain !

That we may praise thy love in Christ

In an eternal strain.

III. H E A V E N.

I.

HEAV'N! O the sweet delightful place!
How it revives each pious mind,
To think when here prepar'd by grace,
They there shall endless pleasures find!

II.

When faith and hope have fixt their eyes
On these celestial joys above;
All earthly glories they despise,
And count unworthy of their love!

III.

Here faith beholds the slaughter'd Lamb,
Standing amidst his Father's throne;
And hope rejoices in his name,
That doth for all her guilt atone!

IV.

Yea, pious souls by faith behold
The glorious city of their God,
Whose streets are pav'd with purest gold,
And there they long for their abode.

V.

The architecture's so divine,
The glorious building so complete;
'Tis far beyond a human mind
Its matchless beauties to relate!

VI.

The brightest things beneath the skies
Are metaphors too mean and base,
To form ideas to our eyes,
Of that transcendent glorious place.

VII.

But holy faith can there behold,
Beauties more glorious and refin'd,
Than is the most refined gold,
And precious stones of ev'ry kind!

VIII.

Tho' precious stones, and purest gold,
Are metaphors to set it forth;
The richest things of earthly mold,
Are all too mean to speak its worth.

IX.

But to the carnal earthly mind,
These things appear but dull and dry;
As pearls when cast before the swine,
No beauty can they there espy.

X.

But what does holy souls delight
Is not the walls of precious stone,
Nor golden streets, but that sweet sight
Of God upon his glorious throne!

XI.

'Tis there the great JEHOVAH reigns,
Whose beams create eternal noon:
His light the radiant sun out-shines
Far more than phœbus doth the moon.

XII.

Likewise the happy company,
That round his spacious throne adore
The glory of his Majesty,
His wisdom, justice, and his pow'r,

XIII.

His glorious ministers of state
That round at proper distance stand,
And humbly on his orders wait
To execute each great command !

XIV.

Those myriads of angels bright,
Who chearfully perform his will,
With utmost vigour and delight,
Nor pain nor weariness they feel !

XV.

Beside the bright celestial throng
Of souls redeemed by Jesus' blood ;
How they adore with heart and tongue
The matchless glories of their God.

XVI.

Thus faith, by revelation taught,
With joy beholds the things unseen :
But when our feet shall there be brought,
Then endless pleasures will begin.

XVII.

Here darkly we as thro' a glass
Behold the glory of the Lord ;
But when we see him face to face
What matchless joys will it afford ?

XVIII.

This, this surpasses ev'ry thought,
And fills our souls with sweet desire;
O! when shall we be thither brought
To join the bright celestial choir!

XIX.

Since faith affords so much delight,
What must the full fruition be,
When we the beatific sight
In everlasting light shall see!

XX.

O happy entertaining thought!
May this excite us to prepare;
That we may in due time be brought
To these eternal mansions fair.

XXI.

In order hereto let us then
Forfake each foolish vain delight;
And bravely quit ourselves like men,
The holy Christian-war to fight.

XXII.

Let's oft on Contemplation's wings
To these celestial mansions rise,
And view by faith the glorious things
Above these ruinable skies.

XXIII.

Then shall we on all earthly things
Look down with holy sweet disdain!
Despise the crowns of earthly kings,
As empty trifles poor and mean.

XXXIV.

Then shall we see far brighter things
 Laid up for us above the skies:
 Then shall we long for angels wings
 To bear us where our treasure lies.

IV. HELL.

I.

HELL! O the dark abyfs of woe,
 Where God's tremendous vengeance reigns!
 There the impenitent must know
 The weight of his eternal chains!

II.

Far from the beams of heav'nly light,
 The dark infernal region lies;
 And adding horror to the night,
 Sulphureous vapours constant rise!

III.

There Satan the first traitor lies,
 With all his black rebellious crew:
 How Justice dash'd 'em from the skies,
 And down to hell them did pursue!

IV.

Confin'd in that prodigious lake
 They lie beneath God's dreadful rod:
 And ev'ry sinner there must take
 His part, who slights the calls of God.

V.

And, O the matchless pains they feel!
 Their bitter groans, their deep distress
 O'ertops the brightest poet's skill
 Their boundless horror to express!

VI.

With hunger, lo, their bowels pine;
 With thirst their throats are on all flames!
 And lo; instead of bread or wine,
 Their only food's sulphureous streams!

VII.

Their torments for variety,
 Are heat and cold in dire extremes;
 Now frozen stiff perhaps they lie,
 Anon in dreadful raging flames!

VIII.

They feel the bitter pangs of death;
 Yet never can their souls expire:
 Upheld by God's almighty breath,
 Which still maintains the quenchless fire.

IX.

And what adds horror to their grief,
 Is everlasting black despair!
 No glimm'ring hopes of a relief
 Can ever be expected there.

X.

But endless torments night and day,
 And woe and grief in ev'ry form:
 And on their vitals there must prey,
 Conscience, that dire immortal worm!

XI.

O how they long and wish for death,
And gnaw their everlasting chains:
Curse God that still maintains their breath,
Which still augments their dreadful pains!

XII.

Likewise to aggravate their woe,
Out of their dungeon heav'n they 'spy;
And pious souls that here below
Despis'd their vain pernicious joy.

XIII.

Those they abhor'd with bitter spite,
And us'd with cruelty and scorn:
Now these they see array'd in white,
And gloriously their heads adorn!

XIV.

O! how 'twill grieve their hearts to see
Those whom they hated, rais'd on high,
While they for evermore must be
Confin'd in hellish flames to lie.

XV.

While conscience rends the galling wound,
Reminding them of former times,
How they despis'd the gospel sound,
And hugg'd their dear beloved crimes.

XVI.

While hellish friends do them upbraid
With all their past iniquities:
And grief and woe from every side,
Join to augment their miseries!

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And, O the matchless pains they feel!
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And hugg'd their dear beloved crimes.

XVI.

While hellish friends do them upbraid
With all their past iniquities :
And grief and woe from every side,
Join to augment their miseries !

XVII.

There, not one pitying eye is found,
To soothe their grief or dry their tears;
But endless terrors them surround,
And everlasting gloomy fears.

XVIII.

The athiest there no more believes
That there's no sin-revenging God:
His pow'r and justice he perceives,
And groans beneath his dreadful rod.

XIX.

The drunkard there no more does laugh,
And cheer his heart with beer or wine:
There's not a cup for him to quaff,
To chase the sorrows of his mind.

XX.

The glutton, with luxurious meat,
Can't please his raging keen desire:
He there can nothing find to eat,
But rocks of brimstone all on fire!

XXI.

The worlding there can't hug his gold,
Nor smile to see his heaps increase,
For which he soul and body sold,
To everlasting dire distress.

XXII.

The base lascivious wretches there
Can't gratify their lewd desires;
But groan they must in black despair,
Where life nor misery expires.

XXIII.

And how the swearers there must roar,
Bound with immortal fetters strong;
And curse themselves for evermore,
With flames of light'ning on each tongue.

XXIV.

The liars too shall also know,
And own the truth of God's own word,
When plung'd into the gulph of woe,
For ever banish'd from the Lord.

XXV.

And the voluptuous also there
Shall find no entertaining games:
No music to delight the ear,
But dreadful groans, and hid'ous screams!

XXVI.

Yea, ev'ry sinner there shall find
All their delights for ever fled!
While conscience gnaws their troubl'd mind,
And flames of brimstone form their bed.

XXVII.

O! dreadful state of endless grief,
In everlasting flames to lie!
To long for death to bring relief,
Yet death for ever from them fly!

XXVIII.

Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That hath not cast my guilty soul
Into that black and dismal place,
Where fiery billows constant roll!

XXXIX.

Had it not been for Jesus' sake
My soul might long ere now been there,
Roaring amidst that dreadful lake,
In everlasting black despair.

XXX.

Lord ! that I may these horrors shun,
O let me now obtain thy grace !
And clothe my naked soul upon
With Jesus' perfect righteousness.

ACROSTIC EPITAPHS.

I. *On Mr. JOHN SIMMONS.*

JEST not at death ; for who can save,
Or rescue from the gloomy grave ?
Here, lo, I lie, cut down tho' young,
Nor will the reader's days be long :

Swift do your fleeting moments fly,
In haste comes on eternity !
Mortals, then ere it be too late,
O think upon your future state !
Now, is the only time you have,
Soon you'll be silent in the grave.

II. On Master GEORGE GROVE, the Infant
formerly mentioned.

GRAVE! to thy cold involving arms,
Entrust we these delightful charms
Of precious dust, 'till Christ shall say,
Relinquish, O Grave, thy conquer'd prey.
Gladly this infant then shall rise,
Evade thy pow'r, and climb the skies!
Grieve not, ye tender parents dear!
Rejoice in hope; dull thoughts forbear:
O think how this dear babe shall rise
Victoriously, and mount the skies,
Employ'd in heav'nly extasies!

III. On Master JOSEPH BARBER, an Infant,
who departed this Life, Nov. 19. 1755.

JUST nipt amidst his op'ning bloom,
O here the lovely infant lies!
Secur'd from all the ills to come,
Ere the tempest'ous billows rise.
Peace then, ye parents! hope, at least,
His soul is safe among the blest.
But think, ye young and thoughtless tribe,
And bid each vain delight adieu:
Remember, none pale death can bribe,
Behold he stands prepar'd for you.
Edeavour then, with all your pow'r,
Rightly t' improve the present hour.

A
 Practical PARAPHRASE
 ON THE MOST REMARKABLE

P A R A B L E S

OF

Our LORD and SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST,

Collected from the EVANGELISTS.

PARABLE I. *The Sower.*

From Matth. xiii. 1, &c.

WHEN Jesus tabernacl'd here,
 Among the sons of men,
 His wisdom did with grace appear
 Infinite, bright and plain.
 One day he on the sea-side sat,
 And multitudes draw near,
 Who seem'd desirous, while he taught,
 His gracious words to hear.
 In parables he taught mankind
 Lessons of moment great,
 That they the way of life might find,
 Which is exceeding strait.

The people throng'd to him so fast,
His wisdom saw 'twas fit,
Into a ship to go at last,
And teach them out of it.

On board the ship he sat and taught
The people on the shore;
That so they might, if duly sought,
His doctrine full explore.

Then he in parables began
His doctrine to declare:
Such was his wife, his gracious plan,
The people to prepare.

A sower went, said he, to sow
His seed into his field,
That it might there take root and grow,
And produce plenty yield.

But, as he sow'd, some of it fell
Upon the highway-side;
And lo, the fowls, like imps of hell,
Did it in haste divide:

Nor left they any there to grow,
But quickly all devour'd;
So that no man could see or know
Seed had thereon been pour'd.

And some fell on hard stony ground,
The soil both hard and dry:
And there no solid root it found,
Nor moisture to supply.

Yet did it presently spring up,

And flourish for a while,

Giving the reapers joyful hope,

But did them soon beguile :

For, lacking moisture, soon it dy'd,

No fruit thereon was found :

The root no depth of earth supply'd ;

It wither'd on the ground,

And some among the thorns there fell,

(A soil indeed unfit)

For they grew up, began to swell,

And quickly choaked it.

So there no fruit the seed brought forth ;

The ground was unimprov'd :

These three became all nothing worth,

But all abortive prov'd.

But others fell on fertile ground,

And fruit brought forth, behold,

Some thirty, sixty, there were found,

And some an hundred fold :

Now, whosoever hath an ear

To hear, let him attend ;

And with an understanding clear,

My doctrine comprehend.

The EXPLANATION. ver. 18, &c.

Now to his own disciples dear,

Did Jesus thus explain

This parable, and made it clear,
Nor let them hear in vain.

The seed, says he, is God's pure word,
The sower is the Son :

That, by the highway-side devour'd,
And fruit produced none,

Are those that hear the word indeed,
But do not understand ;

Then Satan catcheth it with speed,
From them with subtle hand.

Such are they who receive the word,
Into a faithless heart,
And do no diligence afford,
But let it soon depart.

And such are they, on stony ground,
Who hear the word with joy ;
But soon as troubles them surround,
They shrink with deep annoy.

If persecution once arise,
With a prevailing hand,
Then, struck with fear and deep surprise,
They can no longer stand.

And those among the thorns, who hear
The word of God indeed,
Are those, engross'd with worldly care,
Which chokes the precious seed.

The love of riches fills their heart ;
This idol they adore :

They'll rather with the Saviour part,
Than with their worldly store.

And those are they that hear the word,
Like seed on fruitful ground,
Who are the called of the Lord,
There fruits of faith abound.

Yet are there diff'rence of degrees,
Some weaker, some more strong :
Yet where true faith the Saviour sees,
They to his fold belong.

" He will not quench the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed :
The feeble folk he will not vex,
But them with cordials feed.

Tho' some produce but thirty fold,
Some sixty ; yea, and some
An hundred , yet, with him, behold,
They ev'ry one find room.

PARABLE II. *The Tares of the Field, &c.*
Matth. xiii. 24, &c.

ANOTHER parable spake he,
Ev'n Jesus, Lord of all :
And who his just authority
May once in question call ?

The heav'nly kingdom is, said he,
Much like a husbandman,
Who in his field good seed sow'd free,
Well winnow'd with the fan.

But, while he slept, his enemy
Sow'd tares among the wheat;
And then he slipt away so fly,
None could discern the cheat.

But when the blade began to spring,
And put forth tender fruit,
The tares appear'd another thing,
Nor with the wheat would suit.

Now, could the servants well discern,
The tares among the wheat,
Then to the master, with concern,
They thus reveal'd the cheat.

Sir, didst not thou sow right good seed
In all thy goodly field?
How comes it then to pass indeed
That tares it seems to yield?

He answer'd them, An enemy
Hath done me this, no doubt.
Then said they, Lord, wilt thou that we
Should go and root them out.

Nay, nay, said he, lest when the tares
To gather out you try,
Some of the wheat, with tender ears,
Should be destroy'd thereby.

Let both together grow and stand,
Till harvest-time appears,
Then I the reapers will command
To gather first the tares;

And bind them up in bundles fast,
 To burn them in the fire;
 But gather all the wheat at last
 Into my barn entire.

PARABLE III. *The Grain of Mustard, &c.*

Matth. xiii. 31, &c.

ANOTHER parable spake he,
 Ev'n Jesus Christ, to them,
 That so they might instructed be,
 Who trusted in his name.

Heav'n's kingdom is much like, said he,
 A grain of mustard-feed;
 Which is of all the seeds that be,
 The very least indeed.

But when into the ground its cast,
 It grows up to a tree,
 So that the fowls therein at last,
 Find lodging-places free †.

PARABLE IV. *The Leaven among Meal.*

Matth. xiii. 33, &c.

ANOTHER parable, therefore,
 Spake Jesus unto them;
 Still from the ship, a-nigh the shore,
 To all who list'ning came.

Saying, Heav'n's kingdom too may be
 Compar'd to leaven small,

† The mustard seed here spoken of, is not such as
 grows in Britain.

A woman hid in measures three
Of meal, till heaven'd all.

These things in parables spake he,
To all the multitude ;

But, void of parables, we see
He spake not to the rude.

That so it might be now fulfill'd,
Which David spoke of yore,
That sayings dark should be reveal'd,
Unknown to men before.

Explication of the second Parable.

Matth. xiii. 36.

THEN Jesus sent the multitude
Away from him again ;

But he to his disciples shew'd

All things, and made them plain,

And first, the parable of tears,

That grew up in the field,

He now to them in brief declares,

Which doth good lessons yield.

Now, he who sows the precious seed,

Is Christ the Son of man :

This world it is the field indeed,

(Observe the settled plan)

The good seed are the faithful few

Among the sons of men,

Heirs of the heav'nly kingdom too,

Rais'd from the robber's den.

The tares are Satan's children all,
Led captive at his will,
Who yield obedience to his call,
And his commands fulfil.

The enemy, that sow'd the tares,
Is Satan, full of spite,
Who enmity for ever bears
Against the sons of light.

The harvest is the world's last end,
And awful judgment-day ;
Then shall the Judge with pow'r descend
From heav'n in bright array.

The reapers, are the angels bright,
Who shall on him attend,
To root out of his kingdom quite,
Whatever doth offend.

Then shall the tares all gather'd be,
And burnt with quenchless fire :
And all the wicked then shall see
Their hopes at once expire.

Thus, at the world's expiring end,
The Son of man shall come,
And forth his holy angels send,
To call his children home.

But first shall they select out all,
That in his kingdom be,
Who do offend, both great and small,
Who work iniquity ;

And them into the furnace cast

Of everlasting fire :

There shall their pains for ever last,

And never shall expire.

They there their teeth shall ever gnash,

And weep for evermore ;

Yet all their tears can never wash

Away their guilty score.

But then the righteous they shall shine

In glorious bright array,

Around their Father's throne divine,

In pure eternal day.

There shall they triumph over all

Who hated them below ;

While they behold their endless thrall,

And everlasting woe.

Remarks upon the Third and Fourth Parables.

1. *The Mustard Seed.*

The seed of grace may seem but small,

Yet, sown by pow'r divine,

It groweth up, both strong and tall,

And doth with lustre shine.

2. *The Leaven.*

Like leaven, faith may seem but weak,

Yet shall it overcome

The world, and all its pow'rs shall make

Give way, to make it room.

Now, whosoever hath an ear
 To hear, now let him mind;
 That while salvation is so near,
 He may no more be blind.

PARABLE V. *The Treasure hid in a Field.*

Matth. xiii. 44.

A GAIN, heav'n's kingdom it is like
 Hid treasure in a field;
 Which doth the man with pleasure strike,
 To whom it is reveal'd.

He keeps the secret, till he goes
 And purchaseth the same:
 Yea, all he hath, lo, he bestows
 For it, with chearful frame.

R E M A R K.

O wise and prudent is that man,
 Who this fair bargain makes!
 If he accomplish this good plan,
 He falls in no mistakes.
 Altho' ten thousand worlds were his,
 Great gainer must he be:
 What bargain may compare with this!
 Or who so rich as he!

PARABLE VI. *The Merchant Man seeking
 goodly Pearls.* Matth. xiii. 45, &c.

A GAIN, the heav'nly kingdom is
 Like some wise merchant man,
 Who seeking pearls of goodly price,
 Searching whate'er he can.

Who, when he had one pearl found out,
Of worth exceeding high,
Sold all he had, without dispute,
This precious pearl to buy.

R E M A R K.

Sure those the wisest merchants are,
Who make this pearl their own:
Ten thousand worlds may not compare
With this one pearl alone.

PARABLE VII. *The Net with Fishes.*

Matth. xiii. 47, &c.

A GAIN, heav'n's kingdom's like a net,
Which men cast in the sea;
And fish of ev'ry kind they get,
Till full they find it be.

Then straight they dragg'd it to the shore,
Glad of their mighty prey:
The good they all in vessels store,
And cast the bad away.

EXPLICATION, ver. 49, &c.

So shall it be, when time shall end,
All men rais'd from the dust;
The heav'nly angels shall descend,
And ev'ry bond shall burst.

The wicked from the righteous then,
Shall they divide that day:
And down to hell's black howling den
Shall thrust them all away.

There wailing, and immortal woe,
For ever shall abound:
Nor rest nor ease they there shall know,
But gnashing teeth shall sound.
Now Jesus said unto them there,
Who were about his hand,
All these things which I now declare,
Pray do you understand?
They answer'd him, Yea, Lord, we do,
And chearfully receive
Thy heav'nly doctrine, just and true,
And heartily believe.
Then Jesus said to them again,
Lo, ev'ry scribe that's taught,
And doth instruction right obtain,
For heav'n's fair kingdom fraught:
He like an householder must be,
With skilful courage bold,
Who, from his well-stor'd treasury,
Brings forth things new and old.

PARABLE VIII. *The Householder who went
to Hire Labourers into his Vineyard.*

Matth. xx. 1, &c.

HEAV'N's kingdom it is like, said he,
An householder, who went
Forth early, labourers to see,
Whoever would consent;

To labour in his vineyard true,
Until the evening-tide;
And what he promis'd them, when due,
It truly should be paid.

And when he had with them agreed,
(A penny each man's hire)
Into his vineyard then, with speed,
He bade them all retire.

Again he went, at nine o'clock †,
Into the market-place,
And others saw, to whom he spoke,
And reason'd thus the case:

Why stand you idle all day here?
To whom they answer'd thus,
Because no man this day came near,
Who sought or hired us.

The householder reply'd again,
If no man hir'd you have,
Into the vineyard go, and then
What's right you shall receive.

Then at mid-day, and three o'clock ‡,
He went and did the same,
And others saw, to whom he spake,
And question'd thus with them.

† The third hour answers to our nine in the morning.

‡ At the sixth and ninth hour, answers to our twelve mid-day and three in the afternoon.

Why stand ye idle all day thus ?

They answer'd him again,

Because no man hath hired us,

We idle here remain.

To them again he likewise said,

Go to the vineyard too ;

And what is right you shall be paid,

Whatever is your due.

Then forth again he went at five †,

And others idle found,

To whom he said, How can you thrive

Thus idle on the ground ?

They answer'd him, Because no man

Hath hired us this day ;

Ev'n since the sun his race began,

We got no work nor pay.

Unto them then he likewise said,

Go to the vineyard too ;

And what is right you shall be paid,

What may be due to you.

So when the even' was come, the lord

Of that same vineyard said,

Go call the lab'ers at my word,

And let them now be paid :

Beginning at the last, said he,

Unto the first proceed.

So did the steward accordingly,

As had his lord decreed.

† At the eleventh hour, answers to our five afternoon.

So when the last, who had but wrought
One hour, his pay receiv'd ;
A penny for his hire was brought,
Whereat the first believ'd,

That tho' a penny was their due,
They surely should have more ;
But each receiv'd a penny too,
As did the last before.

But when they had receiv'd the same,
All murmur'd this to see :
Behold, these all, who latest came,
Receiv'd as much as we.

These last, say they, wrought but one hour,
And we the live-long day,
Have both the heat and burden bore,
Yet have no more than they.

He answer'd one of them, and said,
" Friend, didst thou not agree
With me for that which now is paid ?
A penny was thy fee.

Take therefore that, and go thy way,
That only is thy due :

What is it then to thee, I pray,
What with mine own I do ?

What tho' I give unto this last
The same I gave to thee,
Consider, man, what cause thou hast
To be displeas'd with me.

Is thine eye evil, just because
Thou seest that I am good ?
Against divine and human laws
Thou thus transgress'est loud !
So shall the last be first, said he,
The first he shall be last,
According to Heav'n's just decree,
Which never can be cast.
For many get the outward call,
But chosen there be few :
Let this excite both great and small,
Their calling to pursue."

PARABLE IX. *The Man that had two Sons.*

Matth. xxi. 28, &c.

BUT what think you ? A certain man
Had two brave lusty sons :
And with the eldest he began
To try his mind for once.
My son, said he, go work to-day,
To dress my vineyard fair :
The son reply'd, "Nay, father, nay,
I will not I declare."
But afterward he did repent
Of what he rashly said ;
And to the vineyard straight he went,
To work with hook or spade.

Then, lo, he bade his younger son
To do the same. He said,
"I go, Sir;" but the work to shun,
He went his way and play'd.

Now Jesus said, Which of these twain
His father's will obey'd?
The Pharisees reply'd again,
The first, it must be said.

Then Jesus said to them again,
Your answer it is true.
Harlots and publicans obtain
Heav'n sooner far than you.

PARABLE X. *The Vineyard let out to Husbandmen.* Matth. xxi. 33, &c.

ANOTHER parable, said he,
Give ear unto I pray;
That so you may distinctly see
The truth of what I say.

A certain householder there was,
Who set a vineyard fair:
And fenc'd it round: no beast could pass
The planting to impair.

He digg'd a wine-press in it then,
And built in it a tow'r:
Then let it out to husbandmen,
That might the fruits secure.

Then to a country far he went,
And when the time drew near,
The time of fruit ; then for his' rent
He servants sent that year.

But when these husbandmen them saw,
Their hearts did in them burn,
And void of justice, void of law,
Let none of them return :

For one they beat with cruelty,
Till he resign'd his breath ;
Another slew outrageously,
The third they ston'd to death.

Again he other servants sent,
More than he sent before,
On whom they did their malice vent,
And them in pieces tore.

Then said the owner, Lo, I'll send
My own beloved son :
They surely will to him attend,
Nor do as they have done.

But when the son they saw, more ill
Invented all their pow'rs :
This is the heir, said they, him kill,
And all shall then be ours.

So him they caught, kill'd, and him cast
Out of the vineyard straight :
Now, when their Lord returns at last,
How will he them requite ?

They answer'd him, "He surely will
 Destroy these wicked men,
 Who had his servants us'd so ill,
 And his own son had slain.

And he his vineyard will let out
 To other husbandmen,
 Who will restore to him the fruit,
 In proper season then."

Then Jesus answer'd them again,
 What! have you never read,
 The stone the builders did disdain,
 Head-corner-stone is made?

Saith he, 'The kingdom too of heav'n,
 Shall taken be from you,
 And to another nation giv'n,
 Which proper fruits shall shew.

And whoso falleth on this stone,
 Shall get a deadly wound:
 But he whose head it falls upon,
 Shall be to pieces ground.

Now, when the priests and Pharisees
 This parable had heard,
 It greatly did their minds displease,
 As it did them regard.

For they perceiv'd it struck at them,
 Which did their spirits fire,
 And blew them up into a flame,
 Against him to conspire.

Fain would they have on him laid hold,
 But fear'd the multitude,
 Who took him for a prophet bold,
 Most holy, just and good.

PARABLE XI. *The Marriage of the King's Son.*

Matth. xxii. 1, &c.

THEN Jesus spake to them again,
 In parables, and said,
 A certain king did once ordain,
 To have a marriage made
 For his own son; and forth he sent
 His servants them to call
 Who had been bidden; but consent,
 Lo, they refused all.
 Then other servants, at command,
 He sent, to tell them all
 That had been bid, no more to stand,
 But come forth great and small.
 For, lo, my dinner is prepar'd,
 My fattlings kill'd and dress'd:
 All ready are, no cost is spar'd,
 For joy shall be express'd.
 Come, therefore, to the wedding now,
 And make no more delay;
 But they made light—some went to plow
 And merchandize, that day.

But, lo, the rest his servants took,
And treated them with spite ;
Not only with a scornful look,
But killed them outright.

Now, when the king thereof had heard,
Enraged was his wrath :
His armies sent—not one he spar'd,
But put them all to death.

Yea, he their city burnt with fire,
And laid their country waste ;
And made them of his righteous ire
Abundantly to taste.

Then faith he to his servants, See—
My dinner is prepar'd ;
But those who were invited free,
Deserveth no regard.

Go therefore forth to the highways,
And whomsoe'er you find,
Bid to the marriage ; who obeys,
Shall meet a welcome kind.

Then went those servants forth straightway,
Into the streets and lanes ;
And num'rous guests collected they,
By their industrious means.

Some high, some low, some rich, some poor,
Some bad as well as good :
They fill'd the house ev'n to the door,
A num'rous multitude.

Now, when the king came in to see
The guests, both good and bad,
There one among the rest saw he,
No wedding-garment had.

To whom the king himself address'd,
Friend, how cam'st thou in here?
No wedding-garment, like the rest,
Doth on thy back appear.

The man had not a word to say,
But speechless he remain'd.
Then said the king, Take him away,
And let him fast be chain'd;

Yea, into utter darkness throw
That self-condemned slave,
Where gnashing teeth and endless woe
For ever he shall have.

For many called are, but few
Are chosen by my grace:
Such hearts perverse, not form'd a-new,
They all my calls efface.

Now, whosoever hath an ear
To hear, let him obey:
For, lo, the time approacheth near,
When no more hear shall they.

Remarks on the foregoing Parable.

This parable concerneth all
The human race to hear;

That on the Lord they now may call,
While mercy yet is near.

The marriage of this monarch's son,
Points out the gospel plan,
Whereby the Lord to us makes known
His love to fallen man.

His sending of his servants forth,
To give the outward call :
From east to west, from south to north,
The gospel welcomes all.

This first he sent unto the Jews,
The joyful sound they hear ;
But they despis'd the blissful news,
With disobedient ear.

Yea, they his servants, whom he sent,
Receiv'd with cruel spite ;
And ev'n their message to prevent,
They killed them outright.

Then he his armies sent in haste,
And burnt their city too :
Yea, laid their country almost waste,
And left of them but few.

Then he his servants sent again,
Unto the Gentile race ;
Who did his gospel entertain,
And tasted of his grace.

The man without the wedding-dress,
Doth also represent

Those void of Jesus' righteousness,
Nor of their sins repent.
He being bound in chains, and cast
To utter darkness quite,
Shews what must be their doom at last,
Who shun the gospel light.
O let us therefore hear and fear,
While yet 'tis call'd To-day ;
And while of gospel grace we hear,
Repent without delay.

P A R A B L E XII. *The Ten Virgins.*

Matth. xxv. 1, &c.

THEN shall the heav'nly kingdom be
Compar'd to virgins ten,
Who took their lamps—did all agree
To meet the bridegroom then.
Now five of them were wise indeed,
And five were foolish too ;
For tho' they outwardly agreed,
'They did their folly shew :
Altho' they took with them their lamps,
They took not oil with them ;
And therefore were they all in dumps,
When once the bridegroom came.
But, lo, the wise took oil with them,
And as their lamps grew dry,
They soon reviv'd the dying flame,
With oil a fresh supply.

But when the bridegroom long delay'd,

They slept or slumber'd some ;

At midnight then a cry was made †,

Behold, the bridegroom's come!

Therefore, ye virgins all, arise,

To meet him go ye now !

Then both the foolish and the wise

Bestir them so to do.

They all arise to trim their lamps,

At that alarming shout :

The foolish then, as sunk in swamps,

Found all their lamps gone out !

Then to the wise they vainly said,

Pray give us of your oil ;

For, lo, our lamps begin to fade,

Which will our journey spoil.

The wise reply'd to them, Not so,

We cannot you supply ;

But unto them that sell now go,

And for yourselves pray buy.

But when they went to buy their oil,

Their lamps again to trim,

Behold, the bridegroom came, meanwhile

The rest went in with him.

† It appears that the marriages among the Jews, especially those of any note, were celebrated in the night-time ; and the virgins went to meet the bridegroom and his company at a certain time and place.

Then was the door shut hard and fast,

None entrance more was found :

Then, lo, the foolish came at last,

With humble plaintive sound.

Lord ! Lord ! pray open unto us !

Was their fore plaintive moan ;

But he to them made answer thus,

I know you not, begone !

Watch, therefore, for ye know not when

Death may affix your doom ;

For in an hour ye think not, then

The Son of man may come.

Remarks, &c.

This parable, let all attend

Unto with deep concern ;

For it is giv'n for this same end,

That all may wisdom learn.

The virgins represent the case

Of these two sorts of men ;

Those who partakers are of grace,

And those who only feign.

The oil may be compar'd to grace,

The lamps to outward show :

Their slumb'ring in the night regard

The case of all below.

The wise may with the foolish sleep,

While waiting for the word ;

And sometimes not due vigils keep

For their returning Lord.

Yet is the oil of grace within

Still ready at his call :

They dare not sleep away in sin,

Their faith prevents their fall.

The cry at midnight, is like death,

To call them to their Lord ;

Thro' faith they can resign their breath,

With pleasure at his word.

The foolish, going oil to buy,

May also represent,

How vain it is for grace to cry,

When time is all misspent.

The wise not having oil to give,

Doth plainly this declare,

Whate'er men have, while here they live,

They have no grace to spare.

They only can give this advice,

Go for yourselves and buy,

Where, without money, without price,

You may have full supply.

But then in time it must be done,

Or it will be too late ;

For opening there will be none,

When Mercy shuts the gate.

Our Saviour's kind advice, I say,

Let ev'ry one attend ;

While life remains, to watch and pray,

And not on time depend.

No. II.

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PARABLE XIII. *The Talents.*

Matth. xxv. 14, &c.

THE heav'nly kingdom is like one,
Who going far abroad,
Left all his servants, and made known
How they should be bestow'd.
To ev'ry one his proper task,
He order'd how to do ;
That they, when he return'd to ask,
Fidelity might shew.
To one five talents, lo, he gave,
And to another two ;
The third did only one receive ;
Then charg'd them all, Be true.
According as he knew their skill
Was fit to occupy ;
If they, with heart and true good will,
Did all their pow'rs apply.
Now, he who had the five receiv'd,
Wisely improv'd the same :
Yea, he so prudently behav'd,
He gained five to them.
And likewise he who had but two,
By his fidelity,
So wisely dealt, so just and true,
Two more he gain'd thereby.

But he who had receiv'd but one,
Hid it beneath the ground;
There let it rest itself alone,
To keep it safe and sound.

Now, after long their lord comes home,
And reckons with them all,
That what was done with ev'ry sum,
He their accompts might call.

Then he who had the five receiv'd,
Most chearfully drew near,
And shew'd his lord how he behav'd,
What gains he had made clear.

Lord, thou five talents gav'st to me,
Now ten they shall be seen.
Well done, thou servant good, faith he,
Most faithful thou hast been!

Thy faithfulness thou well hast shown,
And well didst time employ:
Now thou shalt also near my throne,
Eternal bliss enjoy.

Then he who had the two receiv'd
Came in, and humbly said,
Lord, thou didst me two talents give,
Two more I have them made.

Well done! thou faithful servant too,
Said his benignant Lord,
Thou hast been faithful, just and true,
According to my word.

Thou hast thy little well employ'd,
And hast improv'd the same:

Now much shall be by thee enjoy'd,
And everlasting fame.

Into thy Lord's eternal joy,
Thou now art justly call'd;

No ill shall hence thy breast annoy,
To bliss thou art install'd.

Now, he who had receiv'd but one,
Came in with impudence;

For he humility had none,
But shameful insolence.

I knew thee, Lord, so hard to be,
So cruel and austere:

I therefore was afraid of thee,
And hid thy cash for fear.

Thou reapest where thou hast not sown,
And gath'rest where not straw'd:

Take therefore this which is thine own,
Thou hast sustain'd no fraud.

His Lord reply'd to him again,
Thou idle slothful drone!

Thy words thy base deserts make plain,
Thy works and ways well known.

Thou knew'st I reap where I've not sown,
Gather what I've not straw'd,

Why hast thou not improv'd mine own?
This is deceit and fraud.

My money wherefore hast thou not
To us'ry put, that I,
When I return'd, might then have got
Mine own with usury?

The talent therefore take from him,
And give it to the man
That hath ten talents: This I deem
A just and equal plan.

For ev'ry one that hath improv'd,
Shall have abundant store:
But him that hath not, shall remov'd
Be what he had before.

And take that slothful wretch forthwith
To utter darkness, where
Shall weeping be and gnashing teeth,
In endless dire despair.

REMARKS, &c.

Now, whosoe'er have ears to hear
This parable indeed,
Let them give an attentive ear,
And hereunto give heed.

All of us talents have receiv'd,
Some many, some but few;
But how we have therewith behav'd,
Is what we all must shew.

We see the man who had but one,
And had not it improv'd;
He was condemn'd to woes unknown,
And thither straight remov'd,

But those who had received more,
And had improv'd the same,
They were enrich'd with boundless store,
And rais'd to endless fame.

Consider then, what will be done
With those who more receive,
And worse than he did with the one,
Do with the whole behave.
He only kept his one in store,
Until his lord came home ;
What must be done with those, who more
Upon their lusts consume ?

PARABLE XIV. *The Man who fell among Thieves.*

Luke x. 30, &c.

Spoken to the Jewish Lawyer.

NOW Jesus said, A certain man,
Once from Jerusalem went ;
But thieves did quickly him trepan,
And from him all they rent.
Nor did they only take his store,
They stripp'd him entire ;
And bruis'd his body too so sore,
Till ready to expire.
Now, quickly did a priest come by,
Who saw him in his gore ;
But never did he once go nigh,
To try to ease his sore.

A Levite also came that way,
Who cast on him a look ;
Yet pity never urg'd his stay,
He no compassion took.

At last a good Samaritan,
Tho' by the Jews abhorr'd,
Came to the place, and thither ran,
And much his case deplor'd—

Bound up his wounds most tenderly,
And pour'd in oil and wine :
Shew'd him all kind humanity,
And charity divine.

He also set him on his beast,
And brought him to an inn ;
Charging the landlord with his guest,
To keep him neat and clean.

Then he two-pence unto him gave,
And bade him take good care ;
And what he wanted more to have,
He would defray the fare.

Now, which of these, said our dear Lord,
Was neighbour unto him,
Who fell beneath the oppressor's sword,
Left in such woful trim ?

The lawyer answer'd him again,
He that did mercy shew.
Our Lord, reply'd, The case is plain,
Go and do likewise too.

REMARKS, &c.

How much like this Samaritan,
Was Jesus Christ our Lord,
Who shew'd such kindness unto man;
By whom he was abhorr'd ?

And like the Levite and the priest,
Were base ungrateful men,
Who saw his soul with griefs oppress'd,
Yet mock'd at all his pain.

He took on him our deep distress ;
Our sicknesses he bore ;
And by his perfect righteousness,
Did he our peace restore.

He went about still doing good ;
He cur'd the blind and lame ;
In our distress he mercy shew'd,
And bore the sinner's shame.

Yea, more than any tongue can tell,
Did he for men indeed ;
To save our guilty souls from hell,
He suffer'd in our stead.

PARABLE XV. *The Rich Poor Man.*

Luke xii. 13, &c.

NOW Jesus being ask'd by one,
To rede a worldly plea ;
He wisely answer'd him, Pray, man,
Who made such judge of me ?

Then this wise parable he spake,
Of avarice beware;
And not too much concern pray take,
Of things that worldly are.

The life of man doth not consist
In what he doth possess:
For worldly wealth do not insist,
Nor thereupon lay stress.

There was a certain man, said he,
Whose ground brought forth great store;
His barns all fill'd to that degree,
They would contain no more.

Then said he, What shall I do now,
With all my fruits and grain?
I have no room the same to stow,
Which fills my soul with pain.

Then he resolv'd within himself,
My barns I'll now pull down,
And greater build, then all my self
Will me with gladness crown.

I'll eat and drink, my palate please,
And fill my flowing bowl;
Then to my soul say, Take thine ease;
In peace and plenty roll.

Now, banish all thy future fears
For ever from thy breast,
For thou hast goods for many years
Laid up; take now thy rest.

REMARKS, &c.

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Was Jesus Christ our Lord,
Who shew'd such kindness unto man;
By whom he was abhorr'd?
And like the Levite and the priest,
Were base ungrateful men,
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And fill my flowing bowl;
Then to my soul say, Take thine ease;
In peace and plenty roll.

Now, banish all thy future fears
For ever from thy breast,
For thou hast goods for many years
Laid up; take now thy rest.

But now, behold, that very night,
 A voice to him there spoke,
 Which gave his mind a dreadful fright,
 And soon his rest was broke.
 This night thy soul's requir'd of thee,
 To death thou must go down !
 And thou these things no more shalt see,
 Thou vainly call'st thine own.
 To whom shall then these things belong,
 Which thou dost now possess ?
 This quickly chang'd his chearful song
 To grief and heaviness.
 Then down hung his despairing head,
 And flat his body lay,
 Thus was he number'd with the dead,
 Before another day.
 Such is the case, saith Christ the Lord,
 Of ev'ry foolish one,
 Who heaps up worldly wealth, a hoard,
 And towards God hath none.

R E M A R K.

And is not this the very case,
 Of many with us here,
 Who heap up wealth, yet void of grace,
 They glory in their gear.

PARABLE XVI. *The Man who made the great Supper.*

Luke xiv. 12, &c.

WHAT parables our Saviour gave,
To teach the human race!

How they should all themselves behave,
In ev'ry time and place.

Whene'er you make a feast, saith he,
Call not your wealthy friends,
Lest you by them invited be,
And fully made amends.

But call the poor, the lame and blind,
Who cannot you repay ;
So you a good reward shall find,
At the great judgment-day.

Then one said, Happy shall he be,
To whom it shall be giv'n,
To eat and drink, and to be free,
With thee and thine in heav'n !

Then he this parable began,
Soon as this speech he heard,
Behold, said he, a certain man,
A supper great prepar'd :
And many he had bidden too,
Who might thereof partake ;
And then, at supper-time, to shew
He would them welcome make,

He sent his servants them to call,
Those who invited were,
To say to them, You're welcome all,
Now all things ready are.

But all began to make excuse,
On some new circumstance :
So they despis'd the gladsome news,
Upon some vain pretence.

One said, I've bought a piece of ground,
And it I must go see ;
I pray let this excuse be found
Sufficient now for me.

Another said, I've just now bought
Five yoke of oxen, pray
Let this excuse for me be brought ;
I go to prove them, say.

Another said, I have espous'd
A wife ; I cannot come ;
I hope I may be thus excus'd,
To stay this night at home.

These things the servants told their lord,
What strange excuse they made ;
Then was his anger greatly stirr'd ;
He to his servants said,
Go quickly to the streets and lanes
About the city, go !
And call the poor—whoe'er complains
Of hunger, want or woe.

Invite them kindly to partake

Of this my supper free:

Tell them I will them welcome make,

Whoever comes to me.

The halt, the lame, the maim'd and blind,

Let these invited be:

To such as these will I be kind,

My bounty they shall see.

The servants said, 'Tis done, my lord,

According to thy will;

Yet room around thine ample board

There is for numbers still.

Then said their lord, Go forth again,

To hedges and highways,

Compel them all to come again,

And make no more delays,

That so my house may filled be,

For I have food in store:

And whosoever comes to me,

I'll not shut from my door.

But as for those invited first,

They shall not taste my feast;

Since they at all my bounty durst

To scoff and make a jest.

REMARKS, &c.

This parable doth represent

The gospel of free grace:

The servants whom the master sent,

His messengers of peace.

The guests who first invited were,
Appear to be the Jews,
Who would not come thereof to share,
But all made some excuse.

One said, I've bought a piece of ground,
And must go see the same;
But this excuse doth surely sound
To his eternal shame.

For, had he bought his land unseen,
It now was sure too late:
This vain pretence appears so mean,
A most apparent cheat.

Another, who had oxen bought,
And must go them to prove;
At supper-time who would have thought
For such a work to move!

Another, who had ta'en a wife,
What vain excuse we see?
Would not the partner of his life
As welcome been as he?

Such vain excuses sinners make
The gospel feast to shun;
No wonder God does them forsake,
And let them be undone.

The servants being sent again,
To call the humble poor,
And such as did of woes complain,
To his free open door;

Shew how the Lord his gospel sent
 Unto the Gentile race ;
 Because the Jews would not consent
 Salvation to embrace.

He calls the poor, the lame, the blind,
 And all who are oppress'd
 With sins and sorrows, they should find
 In him eternal rest.

He bids his servants to compel,
 And bid them all come in,
 To shun eternal wrath in hell,
 And slavery of sin.

O sinners, therefore hear and fear,
 And see the wrath to come :
 To Jesus Christ in time draw near,
 And he'll receive you home.

PARABLE XVII and XVIII. *The lost Sheep, and
 the lost Piece of Silver.*

Luke xv. 1, &c.

THE publicans and sinners then,
 To Jesus straight drew near ;
 And all such poor despised men,
 His gracious words to hear.
 Then, lo, the Pharisees and scribes,
 Did thus their murmurs shew,
 This man receives all sinful tribes,
 And eateth with them too.

Then he this parable put forth,
And spake to them again,
What man of you, to whom on earth
An hundred sheep pertain,
If one of them be gone astray,
The rest will he not leave,
And go and search out ev'ry way,
That he his sheep may save ?
And if the same he find again,
How will his heart rejoice,
And on his shoulders, without pain,
Bring it with chearful voice !
And, when he cometh home, will call
His friends and neighbours near,
And say, With me rejoice now all,
The tidings glad to hear.
For I the sheep had lost have found,
Come, therefore, join with me,
We'll make the house with echoes sound
Of chearful melody !
Ev'n so shall joy in heav'n abound,
O'er one poor sinner lost,
Who shall repent ; then joy shall sound
Thro' all the heav'nly host,
More than o'er ninety-nine just ones,
Who no repentance need ;
All who have been adopted sons,
And justify'd indeed.

Likewise, what woman, having ten
Good silver pieces bright,
If one she lose, will she not then
A candle quickly light?

Then will she sweep and search the house,
Until the same she find;
And if her pains do it produce,
How will it please her mind?

Yea, she will call her neighbours round,
And gladly say, Come, see
The piece that I had lost is found;
Come and rejoice with me!

And this I likewise say to you,
The angels joy shall sound
O'er one poor sinner born anew,
Who hath repentance found.

PARABLE XIX. *The Prodigal Son.*

Luke xv. 11, &c.

A GAIN he said, A certain man
Had two sons liv'd with him;
And lo, the youngest he began
To hatch a youthful whim.

Father, said he, my portion give
Into my hands, that I
May go and independent live,
My fortune fair to try.

The father yielded to his will,
And gave to him his share ;
Hoping he might with prudent skill,
Improve his stock with care.

But soon as it was in hands,
He took no farther heed ;
But straight away to foreign lands,
He hasted off with speed.

And soon his fortune there he spent,
With harlots and excess ;
Then he, like pigeons on the bent,
Was sunk in deep distress.

And quickly there a famine rose,
Which made him gasp and pine ;
Then to a citizen he goes,
And deigns to feed the swine.

Then, pinch'd with hunger, sore distress'd,
For lack of better meat,
He long'd the very husks to taste,
The lothsome swine did eat.

But now, convinc'd of follies past,
Unto himself he came :
He now bethinks, and stands aghast,
Confus'd with guilt and shame.

Alas ! thinks he, what have I done !
My madness I deplore,
When from my father's house I run,
Where bread there was in store !

What shall I do?—let me return,

And to my father say,

“ Alas! with grief and shame I burn,

Since I have gone astray!

I am unworthy to be call'd

Thy son; but, O let me

Be in a servant's place install'd,

Whate'er belongs to thee!

Thy meanest servant of me make,

Only to live with thee;

The lowest office I will take,

And count too good for me.”

But while he yet was far from home,

His father him espied:

His heart rejoic'd to see him come;

To meet him swift he hied.

With joy he fell upon his neck,

Kiss'd and embrac'd his son!

His former faults behind his back

Were altogether thrown.

The son, at such a kind embrace,

Was melted down with shame;

And flat fell down upon his face,

At such endearing flame.

“ Father!—said he, what have I done

Against both Heav'n and thee!

Unworthy to be call'd thy son

I must for ever be.

Grant me thy meanest servant's place;
Tho' far too good for me!
But let me be in any case,
One that belongs to thee."

The father, mov'd with deep concern,
On him did kindly look;
His bowels did upon him yearn,
And kind compassion took.

He griev'd to see his deep distress;
His eyes with tears did swim;
Take off, said he, his filthy dress,
The best robe put on him!

Go kill the fatted calf, he cries,
And make a joyful feast!
With love and pity in his eyes,
Again his son embrac'd.

Lo! this my son was dead, saith he—
Was lost but now is found!
He's now alive again you see!
Let joy and mirth abound!

Upon his finger put a ring,
Sure token of my love:
With chearful music, dance and sing,
His sorrows to remove.

But all this while his elder son
Was absent in the field,
And nothing knew what there was done,
Yet was it soon reveal'd.

For soon as he the house came nigh,

The music struck his ear;

The noise of dancing and of joy,

He was surpriz'd to hear.

Then did he forth a servant call,

To know what this should mean;

The servant soon inform'd him all,

What he had heard and seen.

Thy brother is come home, he said,

And now, since he is found,

Thy father hath a supper made,

With joyful music crown'd

The fatted calf is also kill'd,

To raise the festive joy.

With noise of mirth the house is fill'd,

To banish all annoy.

Then was the elder brother wroth,

With those so near of kin,

His father and his brother both,

Nor would he enter in.

Then went the rev'rent father out,

And did the son entreat,

With words of kindness, without doubt,

His anger to abate.

Yet did the contumacious son,

Unto his father say,

" These many years I've service done,

Nor did thee disobey,

Yet never gav'st thou me a kid,

To banquet with my friends,

For all the service I have done——

Such has been my amends.

But soon as this thy vagrant son

Came home, who hath devour'd

Thy substance, and himself undone,

How hast thou him restor'd?

The fatted calf for him is kill'd,

There's nothing heard but joy :

The house with mirth and music fill'd,

My portion to destroy."

The father said, " Forbear, my son,

Thou ever art with me ;

And all I have is thine alone,

Why should'st thou angry be ?

'Twas surely meet we should be glad,

And all with joy abound ;

For this thy brother he was dead,

Was lost, but now is found."

R E M A R K S, &c,

This parable doth represent

The folly of mankind :

On their own ruin madly bent,

They leave their blifs behind.

Let all voluptuous youths behold

Their picture fair drawn here ;

Soon as they once in sin grow bold,

Destruction them is near.

They're on the verge of endless woe ;

Yea, on the brink of hell :

Satan is pleas'd to see them so,

And them he flatters well.

Now, he persuades them 'tis too soon,

Their pleasure to prevent,

To let their sun go down at noon,

Their day but half-way spent.

But if they chance to run too fast,

They soon begin to tire :

Hunger and want comes on at last,

Till ready to expire.

Happy for those who thus are brought

To see their woful state :

And take another wiser thought,

Before it be too late.

Like this poor prodigal of old,

Who saw his wretched case,

Resolv'd his mis'ries to unfold

Before his father's face.

See how the father did receive

His back returning son,

Pity'd his case, and him forgave

The ills that he had done.

Fair emblem this of sov'reign grace,

When sinners are undone ;

And turn to God to seek his face,

He owns the wand'ring son.

How ready he is to forgive
His former follies past !
And for a son does him receive
Into his arms at last.

But, ah ! how many still go on,
And to their ruin post,
Until they have themselves undone,
And past recovery lost !

Let this a warning be to all,
Who are in youthful blood,
Before destruction on them fall,
And wrath an endless flood.

Again, we see the elder son,
How he repines and grieves,
Because his brother, thus undone,
His father yet receives.

At this his father's pard'ning love,
He's bitterly displeas'd :
Thus selfish minds cannot approve
That others should be eas'd.

This also was an emblem fair,
Which did the Jews reprove,
Who scorn'd that Gentiles should have share
Of God's paternal love.

Because the Gentiles were receiv'd
Into God's church again,
The gospel plan they disbeliev'd,
And did his grace disdain.

PARABLE XX. *The unjust Steward.*

Luke xvi. 1, &c.

ANOTHER parable spake he,
To his disciples dear,
Wherein his wisdom they might see,
Most evidently clear.

A certain man, said he, there was,
A steward, lo, he had;
And by and by it came to pass,
His character prov'd bad.

Then he his steward call'd, and said,
What's this I hear of thee?
Thou hast unfaithfulness display'd,
Thou no more stew'rd must be.

The steward then was troubled sore,
And knew not what to do,
Because he stew'rd must be no more,
What course must he pursue?

He then within himself resolv'd
What course he now must take,
Since want on him almost devolv'd,
And wealth did him forsake.

I cannot work, to beg, indeed
I greatly am ashamed:
I must some other course proceed,
And not be greatly blam'd.

I'll to my lord's chief debtors go,
 And their accompts curtail,
 That so they may me favour shew,
 When other helps shall fail.

Then to the first said he, " I pray,
 What owest thou my lord ?"
 " Of oil, an hundred casks, this day,
 Reply'd he, on my word."

Then said the steward, Take thy bill,
 And write down fifty less :
 Surely thou wilt shew favour still
 To me, when in distress.

Then to the second thus said he,
 And pray what owest thou ?
 Of wheat, an hundred measures free,
 From me is surely due.

The steward said, Thy bill now take,
 And only write fourscore :
 I hope thou wilt not me forsake,
 When I'm distress'd and poor.

And thus his lord's due debts did he,
 By crafty wiles curtail ;
 That with the debtors he might be
 Receiv'd, if money fail.

Yet, when his lord was told the same,
 He did the steward commend,
 Because he did so wisely frame
 His scheme to gain his end.

For lo, this world's wise children are,
 Wiser than those of light,
 When they their crafty schemes prepare,
 To gain their ends aright.

And this I say to you, Make friends
 Of worldly riches too ;

What you enjoy, apply to ends
 That fruits of faith will shew.

For if unfaithfully you've done,
 With what was lent you here,
 Who will bestow on you your own,
 Who so unfaithful were ?

PARABLE XXI. *The Rich Man and Lazarus.*

Luke xvi. 19, &c.

THEN did the spiteful Pharisees,
 Our Lord again deride :

His parables did them displease,
 Because they touch'd their pride,

But Jesus did to them reply,
 With heav'nly wisdom then :

You are of those who justify
 Yourselves in sight of men.

But God knows all your inward parts,
 And sees your thoughts within.

Your proud and avaricious hearts,
 He sees are all unclean.

A certain rich luxurious man,

In purple richly clad ;

And linen fine as any can

In Egypt e'er be had ;

And ev'ry day his table groan'd

With piles of costly fare :

Yet all he had, tho' far beyond

His need, he nought could spare.

A certain beggar, Laz'rus nam'd,

One day lay at his gate,

With sores and ulcers sadly maim'd,

Who nothing had to eat.

Desiring only to be fed,

With crumbs his dogs could spare,

Almost with cold and hunger dead,

Yet none would hear his pray'r.

A lazar such as this might move,

An heart tho' hard as stone ;

Yet all did ineffectual prove,

This wretch would pity none.

Moreover, there each snarling hound,

His wretched case deplores :

With lambent tongues they lick each wound,

And cool his burning sores.

The dogs shew'd more humanity

Than did their haughty lord ;

For this poor mortal, in his eye,

Was lothsome and abhorr'd.

At last worn out, with sorrows press'd,
He yielded up his breath,
And found a sweet and pleasant rest,
In the cold arms of death.

No fun'ral pomp the beggar found,
But in a hole was thrust;
Yet did the Lord, entirely sound,
Preserve his precious dust.

His flesh did rest in certain hope,
To rise both sound and fair;
His soul the angels wafted up,
Swift thro' th' ambient air,

To Abra'm's bosom, there to rest,
With all the faithful saints;
Where they from troubles are releas'd,
And freed from all complaints.

Tho' he no splendid burial had,
He was a welcome guest;
Reliev'd from ev'ry thing that's bad,
To be for ever blest.

The rich luxurian also died,
And pompous fun'ral found:
With feigned tears the mourners cried,
And made a doleful sound.

See how the mourning coaches throng
About the gilded hearse;
And mournful dirges sound along,
In lamentable verse.

Anon in hell he lifts his eyes,
With horror and despair,
To heav'n, and Laz'rus he descries
In Abra'm's bosom there.

And now a beggar he becomes,
And with the like success
That Laz'rus had, when for his crumbs
He begg'd in deep distress.

O Father Abraham ! he cries,
One favour I implore :
O do not my faint suit despise,
For I'm tormented sore !

Only let Lazarus descend,
For this I greatly long,
In water dip his finger-end,
To cool my burning tongue.

For I'm tormented in this lake
To such a dire degree,
O father ! on me pity take,
And grant this boon to me.

Abra'm reply'd, Remember, son,
Thou didst thy good enjoy
On earth, but Lazarus had none
But trouble and annoy :

Now he is comforted and blest,
And thou tormented art :
'Tis just he now should take his rest,
And thou of grief thy part.

Besides all this, 'twixt us and you
 An endless gulf is fixt,
 So that there is no passage now,
 To go and come betwixt.

O father Abra'm, hear me then,
 If such a gulf there be ;
 'Twixt heav'n and earth a way is plain,
 And passage surely free.

Him to my father's house pray send,
 To warn my brethren five,
 That hither they may not descend,
 But to escape may strive.

Abra'm rejoin'd, They Moses have,
 And all the prophets too :
 What better guides can any crave,
 The way of life to shew ?

Said he, But, father, pray give ear,
 This once I only plead,
 They surely would attentive hear,
 If one rose from the dead.

Then Abra'm made this last reply,
 If these will not suffice,
 'Twill be in vain again to try,
 Tho' one from death should rise.

An apparition would but fright,
 And make them cry and rore,
 But soon as that had taken flight,
 They would regard no more.

REMARKS, &c.

Wise lessons all from hence may learn,
If we attentive hear,
And mind our only great concern,
With an obedient ear.

Let those who idle wealth enjoy,
A lesson learn from hence,
How they their talents should employ,
With care and prudent sense.

For they are only stew'rds in trust,
With what to them is lent,
And if to gratify their lust,
They have them basely spent.

Hence they may see what dread account
They have at last to give ;
To what the debt will then amount,
None fully can conceive.

Had this rich man a beggar been,
And hardly begg'd his bread ;
So great had not been then his sin,
Nor punishment so dread.

Let such as have no pity shown
To those in deep distress,
See how God's judgments were made known
In dreadful righteousness.

Consider he is still the same ;
And such the laws of Heav'n,
No mercy will he give to them
Who have no mercy giv'n.

And this should teach the humble poor,
Who are with want distress'd,
How they with patience should endure,
And on God's promise rest.

Nor let them here themselves deceive,
To think if here distress'd,
The Lord for that will them receive
To everlasting rest.

If they be void of faith and love,
However poor they be;
The blest inheritance above,
They ne'er in peace shall see.

Let this teach both the rich and poor,
How they on earth should live;
The faithful shall God's love procure,
He grace to them shall give.

Let not the rich their wealth apply
To gratify their lust:

Let not the poor repine and die,
But in God's mercy trust.

See how the scale of justice turns,
A beggar he becomes,

And for a drop of water burns,
Who once refus'd his crumbs.

How just is it that he should pine,
And beg and beg in vain,

Who did on plenteous dainties dine,
And did the poor disdain!

Now must he welter in the flame,
And endless burnings feel :
No pity he can justly claim,
Whose heart was hard as steel.

Let this a warning be to those
Who no compassion have ;
Whose portion in this life o'erflows,
Ah ! what beyond the grave !——

PARABLE XXII. *The unjust Judge, and the
importunate Widow.*

Luke xviii. 1, &c.

ANOTHER parable our Lord
To his disciples spake,
Shewing that men, with one accord,
Should constant prayers make.

Saying, There was a certain judge,
Who fear'd not God or man,
No good did in his bosom lodge,
For vice led still the van.

A widow in that city liv'd,
Who sorely was oppress'd,
Who to that judge, to be reliev'd,
So frequently address'd,

That he at last said in his heart,
Tho' God nor man I fear,
Yet I'm resolv'd to take the part
Of this poor widow here :

Lest she, by her continual cries,
Should weary out my life ;
I therefore will some way devise,
To end her clam'rous strife.

Then says our Lord, Hear and attend,
What faith this judge unjust ?
And will not God his own befriend,
Who put in him their trust ?

Who cry to him both night and day,
Tho' long with them he bear ?
I tell you he, without delay,
Will them avenge and clear.

Yet when the Son of man shall come
To judge the world, shall he
Find faith on earth ? alas, the sum !
Small will that portion be.

PARABLE XXIII. *The Pharisee and Publican.*

Luke xviii, 9, &c.

ANOTHER parable spake he
To such as put their trust
In Self, and thereby thought to be
Enroll'd among the just,
Despising others, who might seem
Not so precise as they ;
Who did not outward forms esteem
The sure and certain way.

Two men, said he, went up to pray,
At God's fair temple gate;
Each man in his own chosen way,
The diff'rence too was great.

The one, a saint-like Pharisee,
By many much esteem'd;
A holy saint he seem'd to be,
And such by men esteem'd.

The other was a Publican,
By all men stigmatiz'd
For a notorious wicked man,
And totally despis'd.

The Pharisee, with fair pretence,
His prayer thus began,
Standing erect, with confidence,
Like a most holy man.

"God, thee I thank, that I am not
A sinner, like the rest;
Extortioners, who wealth have got
By pinching the distrest.

Whore-mongers and adult'ers base,
Nor like this Publican,
Who is entirely void of grace;
Thank God I'm no such man,

Twice in the week I fast and pray,
And whether more or less,
My tithes I most exactly pay
Of all that I possess."

The Publican at distance stands,
With conscious guilt oppress'd ;
Afraid to lift his voice or hands,
He humbly smites his breast—

Says, " God be merciful to me !
A sinner great am I,
Afraid to lift mine eyes to thee,
Or raise my voice on high."

This man unto his house went down,
And justified was he :
While he, who wants nor faults would own,
Condemned yet must be.

REMARKS, &c.

What useful lessons may we learn
From this divine discourse,
To mind aright our great concern,
And shun the downward course.

We see how vain it is to trust
In our own righteousness ;
It never will announce us just,
If thereon we lay stress.

'Twill blind our eyes, 'twill make us deaf
To what we ought to hear ;
But never will afford relief,
When death approacheth near.

We see the Pharisee of old,
How deaf and blind was he ?
No sins nor wants could he behold,
But thought himself quite free.

Whereas the humble Publican
Beheld his wretched case;
Was brought to see the gospel plan,
The way of sov'reign grace.

Let this teach all to cast away
Vain confidence and pride:
By faith, on Christ their burdens lay,
And in his grace confide.

This will our saving health procure,
And give us peace and rest;
Yea, endless peace to us ensure,
To dwell among the blest.

But if in Self we only trust,
No comfort shall we have;
But from the Lord we shall be thrust,
To hell's infernal cave.

P A R A B L E XXIV. *The Ten Pounds* †.

Luke xix. 11, &c.

A NOTHER parable our Lord
Spake to the people there,
While they attended on his word,
And near Jerus'lem were.

A certain nobleman, he said,
Went to a country far,
That so he might a king be made,
None could his purpose mar.

† A *mina*, here translated a *pound*, is 12 ounces and a half, which, at the rate of five shillings per ounce, is three pounds two shillings and six-pence Sterling.

His servants ten he left at home,
And gave to ev'ry one
A pound, to use till he should come
To see what each had done.

His citizens, all mal-contents,
Against him most malign ;
They unto him this message sent,
O'er us thou shalt not reign.

Now, lo, it came to pass, when he
The kingdom had obtain'd,
Back he return'd again to see
What ev'ry man had gain'd.

And when his servants he had call'd,
To give in their accounts ;
Then were the rolls all over-hal'd
To see what each amounts.

The first then chearfully came in,
And to his master said,
Thy pound hath most successful been,
Ten I have gain'd by trade.

His lord unto that servant said,
With chearfulness, Well done !
Thou faithful servant, thou hast made
Much profit out of one.

Thou hast o'er little faithful been,
Much therefore thou shalt have,
Into thy lord's joy enter in,
Dominion then he gave

To him, of cities ten, o'er them
To be the governor;
The only magistrate supreme,
Invested with full pow'r.

The second also he came in,
And thankfully he said,
Thy pound, lord, hath successful been,
I five beside have made.

His lord unto him likewise said,
Well done, thou servant good;
Thy service now shall be repaid,
As faithfulness was shew'd.

O'er cities five shalt thou have rule,
A governor supreme;
With wisdom and with judgment cool,
Discreetly govern them.

Thus ev'ry one, or more or less,
Their diligence made known;
And as they had with faithfulness,
Rewards to them were shown.

The last, a slothful servant, came,
And said unto his lord,
Lo, here's thy pound, I kept the same
Safe in a napkin stor'd.

Take therefore this which is thine own,
No more can be requir'd:
Thou art so hard and cruel grown,
I'm of thy service fir'd.

I feared thee, because I know

Thou art a man austere;

Thou reapest that thou didst not sow,

Exact'g all severe.

Then said his lord, Thee will I judge,

With equity and truth,

By witnesses that in thee lodge,

And cometh from thy mouth.

Thou knew'st I was a man austere,

To reap what I ne'er sow'd,

And gath'ring up the same with care,

That I had never strow'd.

Thou wicked servant, wherefore then

Didst thou me thus deceive,

That when I came, I might with gain

Mine own with us'ry have?

Now take the pound from him, said he,

To servants standing by,

And give it him who hath, you see,

Ten gained faithfully.

Said they, He hath ten pounds, my lord!—

That's right, replied he:

On him that hath shall more be stor'd,

And happy shall he be.

But him that hath not, from him shall

Be taken that he hath:

The slothful servant, let him fall

Into the depth of death.

To him, of cities ten, o'er them

To be the governor ;

The only magistrate supreme,

Invested with full pow'r.

The second also he came in,

And thankfully he said,

Thy pound, lord, hath successful been,

I five beside have made.

His lord unto him likewise said,

Well done, thou servant good ;

Thy service now shall be repaid,

As faithfulness was shew'd.

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And gath'ring up the same with care,

That I had never strow'd.

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Said they, He hath ten pounds, my lord !—

That's right, replied he :

On him that hath shall more be stor'd,

And happy shall he be.

But him that hath not, from him shall

Be taken that he hath :

The slothful servant, let him fall

Into the depth of death.

But as for those mine enemies,
Who spurn'd my gentle reign,
Now bring them forth before mine eyes,
And let them all be slain.

R E M A R K S.

Hence all mankind may lessons learn
Of great importance here;
To mind the things of chief concern,
Ere death to them draw near.

As all mankind have talents lent,
By God's paternal love;
Behold, what great encouragement
Is giv'n these to improve!

The servant who improv'd the best,
The best reward obtain'd;
Yet those who had improv'd the least,
Were not at all disdain'd.

But all, according as they had
Improv'd their talents here;
None of them were rewarded bad,
Nor had they cause to fear.

But that base slothful servant, who
Had no improvement made;
Justly was he reduc'd to woe,
And into prison laid.

The rebels too, who had refus'd
That lord o'er them should reign,
It must be own'd were justly us'd,
When all of them were slain.

This also plainly doth set forth
Our Saviour Christ the Lord,
Who is made King o'er all on earth,
And ought to be ador'd.

Those who reject his gentle reign,
How justly shall they be
Before his presence wholly slain,
Who will not bow the knee.

PARABLE XXV. *The cruel Servant.*

Matth. xviii. 25, &c.

N. B. *This Parable was the first that I attempted to paraphrase; but now, by a turn of Providence, not by design, it is become the last. This fulfils our Saviour's words, The first shall be last.*

WHILE Jesus sojourn'd here below,
How did his tender bowels flow
With love and pity to mankind,
Both to the body and the mind?

The Father's will he best reveal'd,
Nor any useful truth conceal'd:
By parables he often taught,
With heav'nly wisdom fully fraught.

A certain king, said he, once call'd
His servants, and their 'counts o'erhal'd,
To know what ev'ry man him ow'd
For what they were in trust allow'd,

Now, one was brought before him there,
Who ow'd ten thousand talents fair,
Yet was so far run to decay,
He nothing had wherewith to pay.

Then said his lord, Let him be sold,
With wife and children, young and old ;
Bond-slaves let them for ever be,
Till he that debt repay to me.

The servant then, o'erwhelm'd with fears,
Before him fell, bedew'd with tears,
Besought that he would patience have,
And he would pay what he could crave.

Then pity warm'd the master's breast,
He from his fears the man releas't ;
Bade him a faithful servant be,
And from his debt he should be free.

Yet that same servant, thus releas't,
No pity warm'd his frozen breast :
For he a fellow-servant found,
Who ow'd an hundred pence he own'd.

An hundred pence was all the debt,
That he could either seek or get ;
Yet tho' the debt was trifling small,
He did upon him rudely fall ;

And ere that petty debt he sought,
He seiz'd his fellow by the throat,
Charg'd him immediately to pay
His whole demand without delay.

The servant, fill'd with gloomy fears,
Besought him there with flowing tears,
That he his patience would command,
And he would pay his whole demand.

Yet would he yield to no delay,
Insisting on immediate pay.
Then into prison him he laid,
To lie till this small debt he paid.

Their lord soon heard of what was done,
Then grief and anger thro' him run,
Against that wicked servant, who
Had serv'd his fellow-servant-so.

Said he, How couldst thou thus forget
How I forgave thee all thy debt,
Because thou didst for pity pray,
And nothing hadst wherewith to pay.

Shouldst thou not then have pity show'd
To him who thee a trifle ow'd ?
But as thou wast of pity free,
As little shall be shewn to thee.

Then into prison him he cast,
Till he should pay the very last ;
And let him now with tears entreat,
One mite he would not him abate.

R E M A R K S.

THE application here is plain,
Our Saviour tells us here again,
If ye do not men now forgive,
Their trespasses while here ye live,

So will your heav'nly Father too,
In that same manner deal by you :
He that forgives shall be forgiv'n,
And shall obtain a place in heav'n.

But he who will no pity show
Unto his brethren here below,
As little favour shall he have,
When he shall leave the dusky grave.

If God to men have favour shown,
And wealth into their way have thrown,
Yet if no pity warm their breast,
To help the needy when distress;

Their wealth will then witness be
Against them in a high degree,
And render God implacable
To all their woful groans in hell.

And honest debtors too, when they
Have not wherewith their debts to pay ;
If creditors prove most severe,
Let them a future judgment fear.

But as for debtors who have store
To pay their lawful debts and more ;
They are unjust, and ought to be
Us'd with all just severity.

This is the rule, as I conceive,
Forgive our debts as we forgive.
Let this teach all who thus would pray,
The word of God thus to obey.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EPISTLE.

THE reader will see that the following Practical Paraphrase on the Ten Commandments was originally addressed to the Church of England. They who are acquainted with the mode of worship in that church, know that the Ten Commandments are solemnly read, at which the people make the following response, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." Whatever may be the propriety of this custom, it is certain that the solemn response itself contains petitions well becoming the mouth of every serious and humble Christian. Every one stands in need of the divine mercy to pardon his guilt, and of that gracious assistance from above, which can only enable him to yield a cheerful and willing obedience to the law of God.

I need scarcely inform the intelligent reader of the following Epistle, that there are many particular references to the state of religion and morals in our neighbouring church and country, which cannot so properly be applied to this northern part of the island. From the observation however which I have made these many years past, of the rapid decline of real religion, and consequently of morals in Scotland, I am convinced that the following Paraphrase of the Ten Commandments, in general, is peculiarly adapted to its present situation. It is melancholy to observe the careless and profane lives of many who profess themselves to be members of the church of Christ. Great numbers have thrown off all regard to religion, and sheltered under the loose principles of infidelity, give themselves up to all manner of wickedness. Crimes of the most atrocious nature are perpetrated in the face of open day. Vices that were scarcely known to our virtuous ancestors, are now become fashionable among all ranks, whilst the duties which they performed with the greatest punctuality are totally neglected.—— With the commodities of foreign nations, we have imported their vices, but have not been careful to imitate their virtues. As we have increased in wealth, we have proportionably increased in wickedness, and so required the kindness of an indulgent Providence with the basest ingratitude.

I am very sensible that when reflexions of this kind have been made, they have been commonly supposed by the irreligious to proceed from a sour, discontented and melancholy temper. It is very true indeed, that the real friends of religion are always ready to conclude that the age in which they live is considerably worse than the former. Those who are well acquainted with the nature of true piety, attribute the prevalence of this temper to a tenderness of conscience, which always marks the character of the real Christian. To a pious sensibility of mind, which shrinks at the thoughts of sin, the truly

religious behold transgressors and are grieved. They sigh and cry for the abominations which are done in the land in which they live. What are the ABOMINATIONS which are done among us?—A proper reply to this interrogatory could not be confined in a small bounds, and would be shocking to every considerate mind. The querist might be told, that our streets resound with the most daring blasphemy against the great God of heaven and earth, and that it is even reckoned a polite accomplishment, to excel in the horrid art of profaning his venerable name. He might be informed how the Lord's day, which ought to be kept holy, is sadly profaned. Might we not tell him, that the important duties of social and relative life, are generally disregarded; that murder, adultery, dishonesty, and covetousness, greatly abound, and preface the ruin of our native land. Does not intemperance and sensuality of every kind almost universally prevail? It has been observed by the celebrated Dr. Young, that "on the soft bed of luxury most nations have expired." This observation I believe is founded on the experience of past ages, and for this reason must be allowed to be just. Can we then help thinking that Britain is on her death-bed, about to groan her last. Now, as the poet has observed,

The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
Have wander'd from his mild command;
The floods of wickedness o'erflow,
And deluge all the guilty land;
People and priest lie drown'd in sin,
And Tophet yawns to take them in.

May a reformation in principle and practice, soon take place in this land, that iniquity may not be our ruin. I hope the reader will excuse these reflections, which I have made upon the iniquity of the times. I suppose the serious perusal of the following Epistle will suggest some of them to his mind. The apostle has said, "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, just and good." It is by viewing it in this light, that the sinner becomes convinced of sin, and is made to fly to the Saviour for deliverance from it. It is by viewing it in the same light, that the believer in Christ Jesus sees it to be an unerring rule for his conduct. That the following Practical Paraphrase may be the mean of awakening the secure sinner, and of stirring up the people of God to a more diligent performance of every Christian duty, is my earnest prayer and desire.

Divine Miscellanies.

PART II.

A

Practical PARAPHRASE

ON THE

Ten Commandments.

EXODUS XX.

Humbly addressed to the Church of ENGLAND.

EPISTLE I.

The INTRODUCTION.

WHEN ye, my friends, approach the sacred place,
Jointly to seek the God of Jacob's face,
There ye attend to hear the holy law,
That struck the trembling world with humble awe,
When great JEHOVAH did himself come down
To write this law upon the stubborn stone,
How easily the stubborn stones receiv'd
Each sacred stroke JEHOVAH there engrav'd!
But, ah, how hard is it to write this law
On mens hard frozen hearts, that will not thaw
By all the melting flames of heav'nly love,
Sent to this sinful nation from above!

N^o. II.

F f .

Now each great precept of this holy law,
 Let us review with fear and humble awe,
 And well examine our own hearts with care,
 To see if these commands are written there ;
 And if they are, then thankfully adore
 God's matchless goodness, and infinite pow'r ;
 But if they're not, pray give him then no rest,
 'Till by his grace they're on our hearts impress.

COMMANDMENT I.

*I am the Lord thy God, JEHOVAH said,
 Who have redeem'd thee by almighty aid,
 From Egypt's bondage, and have set thee free ;
 Therefore thou shalt have no more gods but me.*

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
 O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law !

NOW, when we seek our Maker's gracious aid,
 To teach us in his holy paths to tread,
 We ought, with care and holy zeal, to see
 That our whole hearts do with our lips agree ;
 Else we before our Maker shall be found
 Like tinkling brags, a vain and empty sound.

Examine then, with holy jealous care,
 When ye to God present this humble pray'r,
 " Am I resolved now, with all my heart,
 Freely from ev'ry idol-lust to part,
 That doth in opposition stand
 Against my Maker in this great command ?
 Is he my God, and he my choice alone,
 And Jesus Christ, his great co-equal Son,

Together with the sweet celestial Dove,
Are these the objects of my faith and love?
Do I believe this glorious mystery
Of the eternal glorious Trinity,
In essence One, and yet in persons Three?
And that they're not divided or confus'd?
And are their names by me with rev'rence us'd?

}

“ And if I do, what reason can I give
Why I this dazzling mystery believe?
Is it because I'm by tradition taught?
Or as a scripture proposition brought?
Well, if I count this holy doctrine true,
That atheists bold, nor infidels e'er knew,
Tho' I cannot this mystery explore,
Do I this God unfeignedly adore,
And daily long to know and love him more?
Is he the centre chief of my desires,
The only object that my soul admires?
And do I long to see his glorious face,
And be a miracle of sov'reign grace,
To dwell for ever in his kind embrace?
And do I long his glorious name to praise
In everlasting sweet celestial lays?

}

}

“ Or do I rather make this world my trust?
And this my god, a heap of glitt'ring dust?
Do I indulge some dear-beloved sin?
Search, Lord, and make thy tabernacle clean,
For, lo, I know thy quick all-piercing eye
Sees ev'ry secret that doth in me lie!

Now, thus commune within your hearts, and see
If your petitions and desires agree.
Such serious self-enquiry is the way
That leads to regions of eternal day.

COMMANDMENT II.

*THOU shalt no kind of image frame,
 Of the celestial or terrestrial name ;
 Thou shalt not bow to any such thy knee,
 Tho' with a vain pretence to worship me ;
 But only in mine own appointed way,
 To me, thy God, thy humble homage pay :
 For I the Lord thy God have jealous eyes,
 And visit oft the gross iniquities
 Of parents on their future rising race,
 Who break my laws, and trample on my grace ;
 But shower my mercies often from above
 On thousands, who my righteous precepts love.*

*Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
 O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law !*

EXAMINE then, with care, if ye live in
 The practice of this God-provoking sin ;
 Whether or not ye do too much adore
 Those sacred altars, which ye bow before.
 I judge you not ; only let conscience speak,
 And say if ye this holy precept break.

COMMANDMENT III.

*THOU shalt not take my holy name in vain,
 Nor dare my glorious attributes profane ;
 For I the Lord will not them guiltless hold,
 Whoever dare be thus profanely bold.*

*Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
 O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law !*

NOW suffer me a friendly word to speak
To such as do this holy precept break.
The first are those, who without fear or awe,
Partly thro' ignorance transgress this law,
By taking God's most holy name in vain,
In merely heedless and unthinking strain ;
And in their common talk, or mirth, they'll say,
" O God! O Christ! —God bless me!" oft say they,
And many more such vain unthinking words,
Their common talk and common mirth affords ;
Yet think this is no harm : O gross mistake!
Doth this not plainly God's commandment break ?
His name must be rever'd with humble awe,
By ev'ry one that would obey his law.
Remember this in all your conversation,
For 'tis no vain nor needless exhortation.

The second sort, to whom I now would speak,
Are those who yet more bold this precept break,
With bitter oaths, and imprecations dire,
The product of their mad unruly fire.
But think, I pray, when ye this prayer make,
Ye, who so freely this commandment break ;
O think, I say, how vain your breath is spent,
To cry for mercy, and not yet repent !
To cry for grace, your frozen hearts to thaw,
And to incline them to obey this law :
And is not this your Maker's name to mock,
And turn all your devotion to a joke ?
For if repeating pious forms be all
Ye Christian worship ignorantly call,
A parrot then may be a Christian too,
And pray as fervent and devout as you,

O dreadful impudence ! consider well,
If this be not the ready road to hell.

But thus I've reason'd sev'ral times with you,
And some have own'd that what I said was true ;
But some have said, " We often strive in vain,
Such hasty words entirely to refrain ;
For, when provok'd, our passions so prevail,
That all our best endeavours often fail."

To such I answer, Your endeavours all
Are none, I doubt, or else but very small,
When ye so freely for damnation call. }
Oh ! did you know but what damnation is,
Your hearts would tremble at such words as this !
O dreadful state, for evermore to dwell
Down in the black infernal lake of hell !
In fire and brimstone, horrid sulph'rous streams,
And envious devils feeding still the flames !
This is their food, and for their music too,
They've endless wailings and immortal woe !
Then let this shocking word be no more nam'd,
To wish yourselves or any other damn'd.

Some will at trifles cry, *God's blood and wounds !—*
O dreadful words ! how shocking are the sounds !
If Christ did suffer wounds, and shed his blood,
To purchase pardon with that precious blood,
For rebels, who had broke his Father's law,
One well might think each frozen heart should thaw :
For, wanting this, all mankind must have fell
Down to th' infernal lake, where devils dwell !
But can you hope for pardon thro' his blood,
Who thus ungratefully affront your God ?

O gross presumption ! speedily repent,
Or nothing will your endless woe prevent.

But some will say, " Ah, this is no such crime
As you would represent it in your rhyme,
Or wise and learned men would stand in awe,
And not so freely dare transgress this law ;
But ev'n our rev'rend clergy oft we see,
Will curse and swear, and drink as fast as we ;
Yea, any common vice that can be nam'd
Will they commit, then why should we be blam'd ?
Altho', 'tis true, they sometimes teach this way,
" Ye must not do like us, but as we say."
But surely if they thought it were so bad,
They never would presume to be so mad :
Therefore we'll take our chance, for we shall speed
No worse than thousands, who do thus proceed :
For tho' some will not swear, they'll basely lie,
And that is worse." This is their common cry.

To this I answer, Ah ! presumptuous fools !
What, think you then that this God's anger cools ?
And that because your company is great,
That this God's flaming vengeance will abate ?
O gross mistake ! what, have ye never read
What wretched crouds the fatal broad way tread,
That leads to endless woe, and dire despair ;
Whilst life's strait path, that leads to mansions fair,
A traveller hath only here and there ?

The num'rous heaps in hell yield no relief,
But sadly aggravate each other's grief ;
And those especially, who oft have been
Tempters, and partners in each other's sin.

Did numbers 'bate God's wrath in any ways
To the old world in righteous Noah's days,
When only eight in all the world were found
That fear'd the Lord, and all the rest were drown'd?
Or Sodom, where were found but only three
That would believe, and from God's vengeance flee?
On all the cities of that wretched plain,
Did God fierce storms of fire and brimstone rain,
Because transgressors were so num'rous grown,
They urged him to pour his vengeance down.

Then flatter not yourselves that numbers great
Will any ways God's flaming wrath abate;
Plead then no more, "This is so common grown,
And us'd by some who wear the sacred gown."
Whatever patrons ye pretend to plead,
These will at last stand you in little stead.
Again ye plead, "This crime it is but small,
And doth not for such heavy judgments call."

O gross mistake! ye swearers, blush for shame,
When ye profane your Maker's holy name.
When ye before his awful bar must stand
To answer for your breaking his command,
Where will ye then find out a sound excuse,
To screen you from his wrath for such abuse?
Will this serve turn to say, that thousands more
Did so as well as you, both rich and poor?
Or that your rev'rend clergy did the same,
Therefore ye thought ye were not much to blame?
Or that ye thought the crime it was but small,
Tho' ye did often for damnation call,
Ye thought no harm, and wish'd no body ill,
Tho' words like these your mouths did often fill?

May we not then suppose the Judge will say
To you, at that great awful judgment-day,

“ Come forth, ye rebels, now ye shall receive
What ye did at my hands so often crave :
Ye did (instead of fearing my great name)
With oaths and imprecations me blaspheme,
Ye say ye thought it but a trifling crime,
Because my patience waited so long time ;
And that because it was so common grown,
Therefore ye thought that I would never frown,
Ah ! stupid fools, whose reason long hath choak’d,
Thought ye I was a God that would be mock’d ?
Such gross mistakes shall now be all reveal’d,
Altho’ my justice hath been long conceal’d ;
Ye now shall feel the fury of my rod,
And know that I am the Almighty God.
Depart from me, ye wicked and profane,
Who did not fear, but took my name in vain ;
And if you think the numbers that have been
Partakers with you in this hainous sin,
Will now afford you any kind relief,
Or in the least abate your endless grief,
Go then and see what comfort ye can take,
With many such, in the infernal lake.”

Think now, ye swearers, how ye then will dare
To plead such reasons at your Maker’s bar ;
Such arguments, you’ll find, will all be vain,
And only aggravate your endless pain.

O swearers, then, consider and repent,
And so avert this dreadful punishment.
To think this sin is small is gross deceit ;
This you will find at last, when too too late :

For it is aggravated to a high degree,
As you may for the following reasons see.

'Tis breaking the first table of the law,
(And this I think should strike each heart with awe)
Which doth peculiarly to God pertain;
"Thou shalt not take my holy name in vain."

Secondly, There's no profit ye can plead,
That e'er could tempt you herein to proceed;
But vile presumption, pride, or wilful spite,
That made you thus to sin against the light.

Thirdly, It is most base ingratitude,
Thus to provoke a God so kind and good,
Who gave you tongues to bless his holy name,
If thus ye use them to profane the same.

Fourthly, 'Tis also gross hypocrisy,
When for his grace ye humbly seem to cry,
T' incline your hearts to keep this holy,
With great appearances of humble awe.

Fifthly, Ye teach the tender rising race
To do so to, who little know their case;
This is the reason why so many do
This dang'rous tract so eagerly pursue.
This makes the burden'd earth with groans complain,
To bear a load of wretches so profane,
Whos boldly take its Maker's name in vain.

Thus far I've spoke to you who only swear
With small remorse, yet do not this forbear;
But, or thro' custom, or sometimes thro' passion,
Practise this sin, or some perhaps for fashion—
O shameful practice in a Christian nation.

But I'd almost forgot a prime excuse,
Which ye retort with so much keen abuse,

Namely, "That those who will not swear will lie,
And that is worse." To this I here reply,

I shall not stay to contradict this charge,
Because I would not tediously enlarge;
But now consider, if this charge be true,
It will not be the least excuse for you.
Liar I nowise mean to justify,
Them I intend to speak to by and by †:
But next consider this, I pray, likewise;
If ye be not too often telling lies;
And if you be, as I have cause to fear
Most of you are, who are so apt to swear;
Think then how vain this argument ye use,
Ye only do hereby yourselves accuse.
Consider then, and let your conscience speak,
Whether or not both these commands ye break.

Nay, is not this a base malicious spite
Against those men who strive to walk upright?
Because they cannot run with you to sin,
Therefore ye cry, "They're hypocrites within!"
Thus ye usurp your gracious Maker's part,
Whose right alone it is to judge the heart;
Man's eye the outward part can only judge,
God only knows what doth within us lodge.
Censorious judging then, avoid with care,
For all must stand before their Maker's bar,
And shall impartially be judged there.

Now, the last sort, to whom I here would speak,
Are those who bolder yet this precept break;
Who, void of fear, presumptuously rebel,
As if they were in haste to plunge in hell!

† In the IXth Commandment,

But stay a little, whilst my words ye hear,
Will nothing stop you in your mad career?
Are ye so stout, and so hell-hardy bold
As thus to think ye ne'er can be controul'd?
Ah! stupid fools! how long d'ye think 'twill hold?
Can he, pray think, against whom ye rebel,
Not blast your pride, and all your stoutness quell,
And dash you soon into the lowest hell?
Consider this before it be too late,
Ere death hath ended here your mortal state.
O think on this, how you will bear to dwell
With endless burnings, in the lake of hell!
Where wildest furies, in black sulph'rous streams,
Still add fresh fuel to the raging flames!
Then conscience too, that never-dying worm,
Will gnaw your hearts in the most woful form.
Then will ye curse yourselves for wretched fools,
Who did despise all Wisdom's choicest rules;
And gnaw your burning tongues in endless pain,
With which ye did your Maker's name profane!
Consider this, ye that forget the Lord,
Before he draw his awful glitt'ring sword:
For if his anger once begin to glow,
He'll dash you down to everlasting woe.

But some perhaps will at this counsel spurn,
And this advice to vicious laughter turn,
Because th' old serpent makes them now believe,
That all God's threat'nings are but to deceive:
And thus they build their hopes on flatt'ring lies;
Alas! when will the wretched fools be wise!
Are ye so stout to bear the dreadful load,
The vengeance of a pure sin-hating God?

Well ; ye may laugh, and mock, and sneer, and scoff,
And put the thoughts of death and judgment off,
But they will come, perhaps ere you're aware,
And you'll stand speechless at your Maker's bar.

But if in time you happily repent,
There's hope you may this endless woe prevent ;
But if ye do not, while 'tis call'd To-day,
All hopes will be for ever fled away.
Delay not then one day, ere ye begin
To turn to God, and leave each darling sin,
Lest death o'ertake you ! quickly it will come,
And then you're fixt for your eternal doom :
Then, vain are any hopes of pardon there ;
Nothing remains but terror and despair !
While life remains there's hope—if ye repent,
Ye may escape this endless punishment :
But after death, no hope remains at all,
For nought can then your dreadful doom recal.

Now, if this friendly counsel ye despise,
And still against the light will shut your eyes,
Here must I leave you to your wretched choice,
Since ye despise your great Creator's voice.
I can but beg that God's almighty pow'r
May turn your hearts, and work a speedy cure.

COMMANDMENT IV.

*REMEMBER still the sacred Sabbath-day,
To keep it holy to the Lord alway.
On six days of the week shall work be done,
All that is just and right beneath the sun :
But lo, the seventh's a day of holy rest,
Whereon shall labour neither man nor beast :*

*For in six days the Lord made heav'n and earth;
To sea and all therein he then gave birth;
But on the sev'nth he did from working rest,
Wherefore the Lord the holy Sabbath blest,
And hallow'd it, that man might do the same,
In honour of the great Creator's name.*

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law!

† **B**UT do ye think, my friends, this is enough,
Just while ye are beneath the sacred roof
To cry for mercy, and for grace t' incline
Your hearts to keep this holy law divine,
Then straight return to sinful vanity—
And is not this most gross hypocrisy?

But now, that none may this commandment break
Thro' ignorance, or out of blind mistake,
I'll here describe how many diff'rent ways
Men may profane the holy Sabbath-days.

Now, those who spend the day in idle sloth,
And those who do what is forbidden both,
In thought, or word, or deed; in work or play,
All these are breakers of the Sabbath-day.
And whatsoever station men live in,
This is a hainous God-provoking sin:
Yet is it aggravated more or less
In ev'ry one, according to their place.

† I do not here enter into any dispute about keeping the first or seventh day of the week; for I confess myself to be of the same opinion with the Church of England in this; and am satisfied from scripture, that the first day of the week is the Christian Sabbath, though not mentioned here.

Now suffer me a friendly word to speak
To all who do this holy precept break.

O tremble then, ye men of high degree,
Who, by your pow'r, or lawless liberty,
Make men transgress, or by example base,
Make many from this precept turn their face.
Yours surely are high aggravated crimes,
Which bring destruction on a land betimes.
Sad proofs of this the scripture truths afford,
And dreadful threat'nings also from the Lord,
Against all those who break this holy law—
Let this strike ev'ry human heart with awe.
Examine then those idle Country-Wakes,
A custom which this holy precept breaks !
Tho' this curs'd seed, it seems, at first was sown
By order strict from England's lofty throne †.
Strange act indeed !—were men too holy then,
That they must thus be forc'd to be profane ?
They're not so now, I think, if none withstand,
They'll sin enough without supreme command.
Yet they were thought, it seems, too holy then,
That they were forc'd the Sabbath to profane !
Audacious rulers sure ! inspir'd by hell,
Which made them thus in wickedness excel ;
That nothing less would please their vicious taste,
Than thus to have JEHOVAH's laws suppress'd !

† The Book of Sports, first published by King James I. and re-published by King Charles I. (supposed by the influence of Archbishop Laud), wherein was contained a liberty for all manner of sports and pastimes on the Lord's Day in the afternoon ; and every church minister was obliged to read it in the church on the Lord's Day, or else to lose his place. See Hist. Kings of England.

Like Jeroboam, who did in vice excel,
And caus'd Israel also to rebel.
'Twas not enough, it seems, for them to sin,
But they by force must needs draw others in!
But thanks to God, our gracious rulers now,
Do no such base immoral laws allow.
Yet this curs'd seed hath ta'en so deep a root,
That to this day 'tis scarcely rooted out;
And yet our civil laws no man can blame,
But those who ought to execute the same.
Ye officers, who are in pow'r and place,
Why do ye not such wickedness suppress?
Constables and church-wardens, why do you
Such base unlawful wickedness allow?
Ye know you are by solemn oaths ordain'd
To see the Sabbath be no ways profan'd †.
Ye ought t' inspect the men of ev'ry trade,
Nor let it be a day of traffic made;
Search ev'ry tipling house where drunkards are
When they should to the house of God repair;
Survey the streets and fields, where many play,
And see that none profane the Sabbath-day.
This is your duty; but if ye neglect,
What can ye from the Lord of hosts expect
But certain fearful looking for of wrath,
And everlasting mis'ry after death?

Consider this, and plead not ignorance,
For that I'm sure must be a vain pretence.

Ye who are parents I would next address,
Who also do this holy law transgress;
And set your offspring base examples too,
That they may after your own conduct do.

† See their oaths at the visitation.

Some of you; by your toleration free,
Corrupt the rising age in high degree.
Parents I've heard upon the Sabbath-day
Say to their children; "Go your ways and play."
Nay, this is here; by use, so common grown;
That few will at this sinful custom frown,
But rather think it is a harmless thing,
And so this great command away they fling,
Tho' given by the high eternal King.
O gross mistake! or rather wilful crime——
How will you stand before the throne sublime
Of the great Judge, when he to earth descends
To judge his foes, and recompence his friends?
Such are his friends, who love and stand in awe,
And such his foes, who disregard his law;
But who can be thought fitter heirs of hell,
Than those who teach their offspring to rebel?
Consider this, ye parents, now in time,
And no more think this is a trifling crime.
Are ye not charg'd by God's most holy word,
To train your children up to fear the Lord?
And shew them what great things he did for you,
That they may trust, and love, and fear him too?
Consider this, ye that forget the Lord,
And disregard the precepts of his word,
Before he rouse for you his dreadful ire,
And dash you down to everlasting fire.

Ye who are masters, I would next advise,
That ye your pow'r discreetly exercise
O'er all who your domestic servants are,
Their souls are under your paternal care.

Suffer them not, by either work or play,
 E'er to profane the holy Sabbath-day.
 If this ye do, the Lord will surely bless,
 And give each labour of your hands success,
 Yea, make your comforts daily to increase :
 But if ye this neglect, think how you must
 Give an account of what was in your trust,
 To the great awful Judge, supreme and just !

Ye children too, who are in youthful days,
 Spend not your Sabbaths now in idle plays.

Consider this, if ye your Sabbaths spend
 In holy duties, God will be your friend ;
 But if ye spend them now in vanity,
 The Lord will be your dreadful enemy !

And now I humbly would myself address
 To all who do this holy law transgress,
 In thought, or word, or deed, or idle sloth,
 Think ye the Lord will not with you be wroth ?
 Then read these texts of scripture here below,
 And then consider if these things be so †

Again, consider if it does afford
 You no delight, to serve and praise the Lord,
 Then how unfit ye are for heav'n above,
 Where all their work is only praise and love ?
 Think how displeasing heav'n would be to you,
 Were ye but now admitted thereunto ?
 Just as 'twould please a stupid ass, to bring
 Him to the palace of a noble king,
 Where choicest music of all sorts were play'd,
 And curious compliments were also paid :

† Neh. xlii. 18. Exod. xxxi. 14, 15. Numb. xv. 36. Jer. xvii. 22.
 Isa. lviii. 13. Ezek. xx. 12,—17.

His braying throat would all the music spoil,
 And all the sweetest harmony defile.
 Ev'n so 'twould please an unregen'rate mind
 Were it in heav'n, it could no pleasure find,
 No more than diamonds, or a golden mine,
 Would please the fancy of a lothsome swine.
 But don't deceive yourselves, none thus unfit
 Shall e'er the gates of heav'n therein admit.
 Those that on earth cannot a Sabbath love,
 Shall ne'er enjoy th' eternal rest above.
 If ye in holiness find no delight,
 Ye have no real mark of heav'n aright;
 And if death seize you while ye thus remain,
 Your part must be eternal woe and pain.
 Here I conclude what I propos'd to say
 To all profaners of the Sabbath-day.
 Lord grant that it may have the wish'd success,
 On all who do this holy law transgress.

Thus the first table of the law is plain,
 Which doth peculiarly to God pertain;
 And now the second also doth ensue,
 Which shews what duties unto men are due.

COMMANDMENT V.

*Honour thy father and thy mother too,
 That thou on earth mayst many days review.*

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law!

NOW, that we may the better understand
 The large extent of this divine command,
 Let us consider then, that this extends
 To all the world, and its remotest ends;

Superiors and inferiors of each kind,
Doth this command to mutual duties bind :
And equals too, that they should do the same
To all, as they'd have others do by them.

This is the large extent of this command,
As scripture gives us all to understand.
And now let each, according to his place,
Examine well himself in ev'ry case ;
Parents and children are the first relation
I would exhort to self-examination.

Now 'tis th' inferior's place first to begin
T' examine if they dutiful have been.
Ye children then, examine now I pray,
And see if ye your parents well obey.

C H I L D R E N.

“ AM I a child beneath my parents care ?—
Do I submit to them with love and fear ?
And do I honour them with due respect,
Nor their commands, nor good advice reject ?
And when they chide, or sometimes are severe,
Do I with patience and submission bear ?
When they reprove, or sharply me correct,
Do I submit with humble due respect ?
Or when their tenderness makes them forbear
The rod oft-times, when I deserve severe,
And they my faults do but with softness chide,
When from my duty I have turn'd aside ;
Does this still melt my heart, whilst I with fear,
And filial love, their friendly counsels hear ;
Because I find it in God's holy word,
“ Children, obey your parents in the Lord ?”

Now those who are such dear-beloved ones,
The Lord doth chuse for daughters and for sons.
Learn well your duty here, while life remains,
And God in heav'n will well reward your pains.
But those, who are quite of another sort,
And do but at their parents words make sport,
And wilfully against them still rebel,
These are, no doubt, the stubborn heirs of hell!
And if they do not speedily repent,
They surely will be quickly thither sent.

And ye who are arriv'd at riper age,
Before your parents leave the dusky stage,
See that ye use them still with kind respect,
And their necessities nowise neglect;
But daily help them with your earthly store,
If Providence hath put it in your pow'r,
And need require, before their warfare's o'er.

This is contained in the fifth command,
As Christ hath given us to understand.
And whilst your duty thus you plainly see,
Wo to you if you disobedient be:
For surely if this duty ye neglect,
The Lord at last will also you reject;
But if ye thus perform it faithfully,
He'll never let you losers be thereby.

P A R E N T S.

LET parents next examine thus their hearts,
And see if they with prudence act their parts.
"Am I a parent?—Do I then take care
To know when to correct, and when to spare?
Do I with prudence, not with fondness love,
With care my childrens' little faults reprove?"

With sharper strokes correct their larger crimes,
 Shewing the dang'roufness of fin betimes ?
 Do I, according to God's holy word,
 Teach them betimes to know and fear the Lord ;
 Setting a good example in their fight,
 That they in Virtue's ways may take delight ;
 And do I with, and for them daily pray,
 That God would guide them in his perfect way,
 And so prepare them for his heav'nly blifs,
 Where endless joy and perfect pleasure is ?
 Do I likewise, with honest prudent care,
 Provide them food to eat, and clothes to wear,
 According as my station will afford,
 By the kind providence of God the Lord ?
 And do I them impartially respect,
 Not loving some, while others I neglect ?
 Only when virtue doth a diff'rence make,
 Do I distinguish some for goodness' sake ?

“ Now, have my children most ungrateful been,
 A principle of most notorious sin,
 Conscience, pray tell me, is the fault mine own,
 By some imprudent conduct I have shown ?
 Have I been too indulgent, or severe,
 Or have I us'd these means with prudent care,
 The rod, advice, and humble fervent pray'r ?
 Speak, Conscience, now, and give thy verdict in,
 And shew me truly where my fault hath been.”

O happy parents, if your conscience tell
 Ye have in all these things behaved well ;
 But if your conscience herein you accuse,
 See that you now more prudent methods use.

Husbands and wives are now the proper case
 For self-examination in this place.

W I V E S.

“AM I a wife?—Then, do I still submit
Myself unto my husband as is fit?
And do I make God’s word my constant guide,
Fearing from that bright rule to turn aside;
Knowing I am an emblem of the church,
Where no deceit nor wickedness shall lurch?
Is my adorning, not vain outward dress,
But faith and love, and ev’ry Christian grace?
Do I each vain and foolish fashion hate,
Wearing my raiment, modest, clean and neat,
According as my station may afford,
With all humility before the Lord?
Do I my body faithfully preserve
In chastity, nor from my husband swerve?
Or do I gossip after idle news,
While I neglect the business of my house?
Conscience, now speak, and freely tell thy tale,
For unto thee I humbly here appeal.”

O happy wives, whose conversation here
Is order’d thus, with love and holy fear!
For thus the holy women did of old,
Which to this day is to their honour told.
Thus shall your price be more of value far
Than all the gems that in the Indies are!
Ye need not then adorn yourselves with gold,
For ye are of a much diviner mold.

H U S B A N D S.

“AM I a husband?—Do I then demean
Myself with prudence, as I ought herein?
Are wives an emblem of the church, then I
An emblem am of Christ the Lord on high!

And do I then still strive to imitate
 'This glorious pattern, void of all deceit ?
 Do I my wife unfeignedly respect
 As Christ the church ? Or do I still neglect
 Some special duties which to me belong ?
 Lord, search my heart, and shew me what is wrong ;
 Am I still loving, faithful, just and kind,
 And always of a sympathizing mind ?
 And do I likewise honestly provide
 'Things to supply her wants on ev'ry side ?
 And do I strive that we at last may be
 Joyful companions thro' eternity ?
 Is this the point to which I daily steer
 With all my might, with heart and mind sincere ?
 Let conscience now the matter-fair decide,
 And shew me where I've from my duty stray'd."

O happy husbands, if ye thus pursue
 The paths of duty, faithfully and true !
 Husbands and wives who thus perform their parts,
 Shall always have true comfort in their hearts.
 O happy families ! where-e'er such meet,
 Their lives must needs be most exceeding sweet !
 And whatsoever they on earth possess,
 The Lord will them with heav'nly comfort bless.
 And now, let this excite each wedded pair
 To strive that they may of these comforts share.

Masters and servants I would next advise,
 'Thus to commune with their own hearts likewise.

S E R V A N T S.

YE servants then, this is your proper task,
 First to begin, your conscience this to ask,

Am I a servant? Do I then pursue
 My master's business faithfully and true;
 Not only when my master standeth by
 (As if I only aim'd to please his eye)
 But do I faithfully perform each part
 As to the Lord, with singleness of heart:
 Not grudgingly, and with unwilling mind
 But cheerfully with all my will resign'd,
 Ev'n tho' my master should behave unkind:
 Knowing I have a Master, ev'n the Lord,
 Who will my faithful service well reward?"

}

O happy servants, if ye thus behave,
 Of the Lord shall wages good receive;
 If thus ye faithfully serve Christ the Lord,
 A crown of glory shall be your reward.
 But those who are purloining, and unjust,
 Dishonest and unfaithful to their trust,
 These also shall receive their due reward,
 In wrath and vengeance are for them prepar'd,

M A S T E R S.

MASTERS, now my advice is next to you,

That ye examine in this manner too,

Hath Providence advanced me to be

Master, having servants under me?

Then do I to my servants also give

Such things as I would willingly receive,

Providence divine had chang'd the case,

And I had been now in my servant's place?

Have I not a Master too on high,

Before whose holy, quick, all-piercing eye,

My thoughts, my words, and all my actions lie:

}

Who will without respect of persons judge
The haughty master, and the lab'ring drudge?
And, O my soul, what tho' I here possess
A large estate; yet still I must confess
I'm but a steward; and I know likewise,
That soon will come the awful reckoning day,
When I must give account of what I've done
With all that I possess beneath the sun!
Then if I have my Master's goods abus'd,
Or any of them indiscreetly us'd
How shall I stand before my Sov'reign's face,
If he should doom me to that dreadful place
Of everlasting misery and pain,
Where his just vengeance doth for ever reign?
Well; do I then to ev'ry one impart
Their full reward, with chearfulness of heart!
Do I likewise, as knowing 'tis just my due,
Take care of all the souls about me too?
Do I as carefully my servants check,
When they do any of God's precepts break,
As if they did my proper work neglect?
Conscience, now speak, and tell me plain and true,
Whether or not my duty thus I do;
For this I know thou wilt speak truth at last,
When I before God's bar I'm quit or cast;
Therefore it is my grand concern to know
Whether thou wilt accuse me there or no."

O happy masters, who with zeal pursue
Those holy paths the ancient patriarchs drew!
But those, who walk in the contrary road,
Shall also have their just reward from God.

Rulers and subjects is the next grand case
That's proper here to mention in this place.

S U B J E C T S.

" HATH Providence allotted me to be
 A subject under mens authority ?
 And am I then a faithful loyal friend
 Unto the civil pow'r, by which I'm screen'd
 From all the malice of my vicious foes,
 Who would my rightful liberties oppose ?
 For were it not for civil laws and pow'r,
 The wicked would the righteous quite devour.
 These civil pow'rs are all of God ordain'd
 That justice may be on the earth maintain'd :
 Then who so dare presume to speak a word
 Against these pow'rs, speak then against the Lord,
 Who hath ordained them on earth to be
 His people's safe-guard from oppressors free.
 Then do I duly send my pray'r on high,
 For kings and all plac'd in authority ;
 That God may 'stablish this our British throne,
 And make it pure and gracious like his own ?
 Do I likewise, (whatever others do),
 Full tribute pay to whomsoever due ?
 Now were the civil pow'r to grow severe ;
 In temp'ral things, would I with patience bear ?
 But if they would my conscience also bind,
 Do I resolve, thro' grace, with humble mind,
 And holy courage, still to stand my ground,
 When persecutors would my hopes confound ?
 But, O ! what cause have we to bless the Lord,
 Who doth such liberties to us afford !
 Makes our successive princes just and kind,
 And gives our fears and dangers to the wind !

Let sons of hell and Rome their lies still forge,
 Still do I pray, God bless our Sov'reign George,
 With length of days, prosperity and peace,
 True wisdom, faith, and ev'ry Christian grace:
 And when he lays his earthly sceptre down,
 May he in heav'n receive a glorious crown?"

Thus let each subject strictly search his heart,
 To see if he performs a loyal part,
 Toward those ministers of God, ordain'd
 To see that truth and justice be maintain'd.
 This is the duty of each sev'ral one
 That lives beneath our gracious British throne.

But now to make my promis'd task compleat,
 I must address our sov'reign pow'rs of state;
 Tho' some may think 'tis arrogance in me,
 To speak to men of such sublime degree,
 But that I may keep by truth's sacred side,
 The holy scriptures shall be here my guide;
 Therefore I hope none will the same decry,
 But such as scripture's sacred truth deny.

R U L E R S.

NOW let our gracious sov'reign thus appeal
 To God, and conscience with a holy zeal;
 "Hath God repos'd in me this sacred trust
 To rule a people num'rous as the dust?
 Do I like Solomon sincerely pray,
 Lord, give me wisdom to direct my way!
 I ask not riches, nor for length of days,
 Nor for the necks of foes that me debase,
 But for true wisdom to direct my way,
 That I the scepter righteously may sway?"

Do I, like David, his good Sire, likewise
Still set the Lord my God before mine eyes,
Knowing that he doth still around me stand
As an Inspector just at my right-hand?
Do I likewise with him myself behave
So that no wicked thing to me shall cleave?
The sland'ring tongue, the wicked froward heart,
Proud and malicious, do I make depart?
And do I set mine eyes upon the just?
In such alone do I repose my trust?
God's holy word have I hid in my heart,
Resolving from its rules ne'er to depart?"

Thus hath (I hope) our gracious Sov'reign done,
Like holy David, and his wiser son.
Therefore let ev'ry subject then impart,
True love to him with faithful loyal heart.

MINISTERS of STATE and MAGISTRATES.

YE states-men too, in whom he hath put trust,
Search now your hearts if ye do right and just,
And magistrates of ev'ry rank likewise,
Search now your hearts with fair impartial eyes,
And in this manner ye may also try
If conscience will you fairly justify.
"Hath God by his kind Providence ordain'd
Me here to see that justice be maintain'd?
Then do I with a true and upright heart
My legal pow'r, with faithfulness exert?
Or have I taken bribes to blind the eye,
And pass'd the rich, tho' base transgressor by?
Or have I help'd to frame pernicious laws
To oppress the poor, even in their righteous cause,

Can I with holy Job to God appeal,
That he would all my secret crimes reveal?"

O happy statesmen! yea thrice happy sure,
Whose consciences like Job's are ever pure!
And happy also is the magistrate,
Whose heart like Job's abhorreth all deceit.

Clergy and Laity, I'd next advise
Thus to examine your own hearts likewise,
To see that ye do each perform his part,
With holy zeal and uprightness of heart.

L A I T Y.

NOW in this manner ye your hearts may search,
Ye who are members of the establish'd church,
" Do I myself with decency behave
Toward my pastor, modestly and grave?
Do I with constant diligence attend
Upon his ministry, my life t' amend?
Do I with love his admonitions hear?
His just reproofs with humble patience bear?
Do I esteem him for his office high,
And with the base use not reproaches fly?—
If he be faulty, do I humbly mourn,
And not as those who unto laughter turn
All his misconducts, and a license take
That they more freely God's commands may break?"

Thus having done, let conscience fairly shew
Whether or not your duty thus you do:
And if your conscience does you plainly tell
You have those duties all performed well,
Ye may rejoice; but if it does accuse,
Repent, amend, ere ye the season lose.

C L E R G Y.

YE Rev'rend Clergy next, consider well,
And unto conscience make a fair appeal,
To see if ye likewise perform your part
Toward your people with an upright heart.
But you may think, perhaps, I'm here too bold,
And like the Scribes and Pharisees of old,
With frowning brow ye may retort me thus,
" Pray who art thou, that thou instructest us ?
A base unworthy layman, poor and mean,
And now to teach thy teachers dost begin ?
'Tis not thy place to speak but only hear,
Therefore thy farther arrogance forbear."

To this I answer, (tho' it be not nice)
A fool may give a wise man good advice :
If mine be such, then pray the same receive,
And this is all of you I humbly crave ;
But if 'tis foolish, trivial and vain,
When I have spoke, I'll not reply again.

Now this I humbly offer, if you please,
To try yourselves with questions such as these,

" Have I obtain'd this honour of the Lord,
To be a preacher of his holy word ?
Do I with constant labours day and night
Study to know my Master's will aright ?
Or do I often spend my nights and days
In idle pastimes, and voluptuous plays ?
Am I a bright example to my flock ?
Or do I make religion but a jock ?
Do I with holy zeal my people warn,
Exhorting them to mind their great concern :

Can I with holy Job to God appeal,
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Or do I make religion but a jock?
Do I with holy zeal my people warn,
Exhorting them to mind their great concern:

Shewing the dreadful danger they are in,
While they remain in love or league with sin ?
Or do I run with them to mad excess
Of vicious riot, games and drunkenness ?
Hath Providence allotted me a place
Whereby I do abundant wealth possess,
And do I much thereof continually
To charitable uses well apply ?
Or do I rather love to take mine ease,
And spend it all in vile luxurious ways ;
Hiring a curate for a very trifle,
While I my conscience daily strive to stifle ?
But know I not, conscience will speak the truth
Ere long, tho' I at present stop its mouth ?
Am I exalted to an office high
Over my brethren in authority ?
Then do I mind my Master Christ's command
Which he did give his twelve to understand * ?
Do I still imitate the great Saint Paul,
Who was a bright example for us all ?
Let conscience answer now each query here,
Just as the circumstances may appear.
And if your consciences you justify,
Then you have cause of inward peace and joy ;
But if they do against you witness bear,
Then ye may know that ye have cause to fear.

Now if this counsel's good, I pray receive it,
Tho' I confess 'twas but a fool that gave it :
But if 'tis arrogance, I'll own my crime,
If in just balances you weigh my rhyme,
And then let truth the matter fair decide,
Truth's sacred censure humbly I'll abide.

* Math. xx, 25,—27.

I own I've spoke my mind both blunt and plain,
But evil be to them, who evil mean.

Now each superior and inferior case,
Which I propos'd to mention in this place,
I have gone through, if any this offend,
Believe me 'twas not what I here intend.

Now equals of all ranks, I next advise
To search your hearts with fair impartial eyes,
And see that ye unto each other do
Just as you'd have your neighbours do by you.
This is Christ's golden rule, and 'tis a shame
That any one who bears the christian name
Should this neglect, or disregard the same.
'Tis not enough to render love for love,
If ye would Christ's sincere disciples prove,
But ye must also render good for ill,
If ye would be his happy fav'rites still.

Now whoso strives not thus to walk at least,
They are but almost Christians at the best,
And vainly bear the holy Christian name
While thus they walk contrary to the same.

Thus have I briefly spoke, tho' blunt and plain,
To all those cases in a homely strain:
And now let all a friendly warning take,
And no more wilfully this precept break;
For as I also heretofore have said,
If we implore our Maker's heavenly aid,
To guide us in his holy paths to tread,
And yet indulge a wilful lust within,
Our fervent prayers are but turn'd to sin †.

Nº. III.

K k

† See the first Commandment.

Shewing the dreadful danger they are in;
While they remain in love or league with sin ?
Or do I run with them to mad excess
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And yet indulge a wilful lust within,

Our fervent prayers are but turn'd to sin †.

No. III.

K k

† See the first Commandment.

COMMANDMENT VI.

The Sixth Commandment is, *Thou shalt not kill*;
Nor, *human-blood* at all unjustly spill.

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law!

TO break this law is sure a dreadful crime,
To kill ourselves, or others, ere the time
Of God appointed, or whatever tends
Hereto, against this law of God offends :
Then if we would obey this law with care,
We must avoid each open hurtful snare,
Whereby the precious life in danger stands,
Our own, or others, of whatever lands.
Thus did our Saviour Christ this law explain,
Exhorting all from anger to refrain ;
And shews that anger, and all hasty wrath,
Tho' that may not procure immediate death,
Yet this, he shews, is a most dang'rous crime,
And shall be punish'd by the Judge sublime.
And whoso doth his brother ridicule
With spiteful hatred, ev'n to call him fool,
Shall be in danger of hell's quenchless fire,
Where miserable life can ne'er expire.

Thus hath he shewn that ev'n the slightest stain
Of this black sin will doom to endless pain.

But if such spiteful words condemn to hell,
As here our Saviour doth us plainly tell,
What dreadful danger then must they be in,
Who with their hands commit this bloody sin ?
Who cruelly themselves, or others kill ;
What endless anguish must they one day feel ?

O! shameful thing, that any such are found,
Or ever heard of here on Christian ground!
Yet such here are, ev'n in this fav'rite land,
Who wilfully dare break this great command.
Yes, such here are, who to the church belong,
That break this law, with resolution strong.
And they are such as I shall here describe,
Who yet I doubt belong to Satan's tribe.
Then suffer me a little to reflect
On such who do this holy law reject.

First, those who wrestle, or at cudgels play,
Tho' they may not themselves or others slay,
Yet by this foolish, vain, and vicious sport,
Oft cut their own, and other lives off short.

With haughty hearts they boast of strength and skill,
And glory when each other's blood they spill!
But think how soon this strength and skill ye boast,
Will all be humbl'd, and for ever lost!

Alas! 'tis but a puff of airy breath,
That in a moment will expire at death.

Behold, proud sinners, who of strength could boast
Now in the grave, and all their glory lost!

Just in the prime of all their boasted strength,
Death tript their heels, and laid them all at length!

Their brawny limbs now bound in death's cold chain,
Their spirit groaning in eternal pain!

Fain would they now some faithful message send,

To shew your folly and your dang'rous end;

Or could they now permitted be to come,

And warn their brethren whom they left at home,

Now to be wise, and speedily repent,

And so escape this dreadful punishment

Which they endure; that they might not increase
Their boundless torment, and their wretchedness;
But, ah! in vain, for this to God they cry,
The smallest boon he now will them deny.
While life remain'd, the gospel sound they heard,
The which they did not in the least regard,
But after vain voluptuous sports they hied,
And so were cut off in their flowery pride.
Now in the black infernal pit they lie,
And toward heaven in vain would lift an eye!
Their former folly now they mourn in vain,
That only aggravates their grief and pain.
While life remain'd they thought their limbs were strong,
And death would never seize on them so young;
And so put off repentance till too late,
Now death hath ended their frail mortal state;
And plunged them into the gulph of woe,
Where they, nor end, nor ease shall ever know!

Consider this, ye vain voluptuous youth,
And now give ear unto the word of truth,
Which tells you tho' ye walk in vain delight,
And do what seems most pleasing in your sight,
Taste all the social sweets of carnal mirth
That ever can be tasted here on earth,
Yet know, for all, God will to judgment bring,
And like a serpent conscience will you sting.
O think on this and be not in such haste
Your precious lives so lavishly to waste!
Death will come soon enough—I pray take care,
Lest he should seize you ere you are aware!
O! then repent while life doth yet remain,
For after death repentance will be vain.

Drunkards and gluttons I would next advise
Now to consider this command likewise :

Tho' some of you, perhaps, may here mistake,
And think ye do not this commandment break,
But if you well examine 'twill appear
That ye are also very guilty here.

Doth not intemp'rance even the senses slay,
And drive the man, and reason quite away,
And only leave a stupid beast in place,
Where once a man of sense and reason was ?

And then when sense and reason both are gone,
They break not only this command alone,
But, conscience then asleep, they sicken at none !

Nay, doth not this the body also kill
In spite of all the best physician's skill !

Yea, kills it not the soul eternally,
Tho' true it is, the soul can never die ;

Yet it consigns it to eternal wrath,
Which is in scripture call'd the second death ?

If this be'n't murder, then what it is, pray tell,
Which soul and body murders both in hell ?

Thus with your cups, and each luxurious feast,
Ye kill yourselves to please your carnal taste.

Consider this, I pray you, and be wise,
Ere death hath sealed up your mortal eyes,

And you're consign'd eternally to dwell
With raging devils in the lake of hell !

Remember now your brother begs so long
For one small drop to cool his flaming tongue ;

Tho' that would sure have little eas'd his pain ;
Yet could he not that little boon obtain !

No, not one drop shook from the finger's end
Of Lazarus, would Abr'am to him send :

Tho' 'twas but water too he humbly crav'd,
Yet not one single drop he there receiv'd !

Consider this, ye who in flowing bowls
Of richest liquors, drown your precious souls :
Think how 'twill be, when ye must leave your mirth,
And all those pleasures ye enjoy'd on earth,
To be cast down in quenchless flames to dwell
For ever in the direful lake of hell !

There no luxurious dishes will be found,
But fire and brimstone blazing all around !

Consider this, ye who in plenty roll,
Yet have no pity for a starving soul :
Ye who are blind and deaf to all the cries
Of your poor brethren in extremities,
When all their wants are laid before your eyes :
Think how this will your boundless mis'ries swell
When ye, like Dives, ope' your eyes in hell,
And see the poor in heav'n, who here were starv'd,
Nor could they with your wasting crumbs be serv'd.
To see them there, with Christ their Lord renown'd,
And with immortal joy and glory crown'd,
While ye are howling with the damn'd in hell,
O think, I pray, how this your grief will swell !
'Twill then be just that ye no pity find,
When ye to others wants were deaf and blind.

Consider this, and now your lives amend,
Ere God does you to these dire torments send.

COMMANDMENT VII.

The Sev'nth Commandment next before us see,
Which is, *Commit thou no adultery.*

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law !

BUT now to make this precept yet more plain,
Christ in his sermon doth the same explain,
And shews that whoso looks with lustful eyes
Upon a woman, guilty is likewise
Of breaking this commandment in his heart,
Tho' he be clear in ev'ry outward part.

O then take care how ye your thoughts let loose,
And guard your eyes, those windows of the house,
For oftentimes these windows have let in
A strong temptation to commit this sin.
Likewise the great and good apostle Paul
Shews that our actions does not only call
For strong restraint; but that each word in place,
Should always be with comeliness and grace,
If we pretend to bear the Christian name,
Else our profession's but an idle dream.

Consider this, ye whose lascivious tongues
Are fill'd with loathsome words, and filthy songs.
This also doth reprove a number great
Whose odious words are shameful to repeat.

There is a custom, and a base one too,
Which many in this sinful land pursue:
In autumn, when they in the fruitful field
Gather the fruits, the Lord makes it to yield,
They then without remorse a license take
To let their tongues this holy precept break,
And say, "It is no harm, 'tis harvest now
We now may let our tongues at random go."
Ah! vile ingratitude! do you requite
The Lord with such base insolence? and slight
The favours of your Maker's bounteous love?
Does not your consciences for this reprove?

Should not each mouth with grateful praise be fill'd
To him, who makes the earth her product yield?

O then consider what ingratitude

This is you offer to your Maker God,
Who does to you both life and breath bestow,
And all ye have to his rich gift ye owe!

How will ye answer this before his face,
Who thus abuse the riches of his grace?

There's no excuse, that any here can plead;
'Tis plain they did thus wilfully proceed.

Such base lascivious talk, doth ill become
Any who do the Christian name assume.

Consider this, and speedily repent,
Ere you be to eternal torments sent.

Now since such thoughts and words are thus forbid,
What must it be to those who do indeed
Such base unseemly wickedness commit,
As they're afraid should be expos'd to light?

This is the product of the former two,
When many no such thing intend to do:
But thus we see, when lust conceived hath,
It brings forth sin, and sin brings fatal death!
And that not temp'ral, but eternal too,
Ev'n everlasting misery and woe!

Consider this, with fear and humble awe,
All ye who dare to violate this law,
Tho' ye be hid from ev'ry mortal eye,
Th' all-seeing God doth all your deeds espy:
Yea, and one day will bring them all to light,
Altho' committed in the darkest night!
Innumerable eyes shall then behold
Each secret crime that ye have done of old;

Whilst you're excluded from the mansions fair :
For nothing that's unclean can enter there.

O then consider, and repent in time,
And take not this to be a trifling crime :
'Tis such as will, without repentance true,
Cause this sad sentence to be pass'd on you,
Of, "Hence depart! go, and for ever dwell
With devils, in th' infernal lake of hell."
This is no jest, whate'er ye now may think,
Whilst ye persist, you're tott'ring on the brink
Of everlasting misery and pain,
From whence redemption none can e'er obtain.
O then be wise, and hate such vanity,
If you'd escape eternal misery,
And would enjoy a mansion fair on high.
O let this thought your lustful passions bind,
This happy thought that was in Joseph's mind,
"How shall I this vile wickedness commit,
And sin against my God, before whose sight
The midnight shade is as the noon-day light?
Forbid it, Lord! nor let me ever dare
To sin against Thee, who art ev'ry where!

O happy Joseph, who could thus repel
That bold temptation, with such faith and zeal!
He chose to suffer for his innocence,
Rather than yield to vile concupiscence.
Lord! let this faith, ev'n as a bridle, bind
Th' unruly lusts of me and all mankind.

COMMANDMENT VIII.

The Eighth Commandment next consider well,
Which is in these brief words, *Thou shalt not steal.*

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law!

CONSIDER now, ye who this prayer make,
Whether ye knowingly this precept break,
Or if ye do with heart and mind sincere
Obey this law, with diligence and care,
But now, that none may this commandment break
Thro' ignorance, or wilful blind mistake,
I'll here lay down some gen'ral rules, to know
Whether ye break this holy law or no.

Then first, they break this law, who by excess
Waste the good things God lent them to possess,
And squander them without discretion due;
Such rob themselves and future ages too.

Consider this, ye spendthrifts, who destroy,
And waste the things God lent you to enjoy.
Ye are not masters of these things, but must
Account for all committed to your trust,
Whether ye have these things discreetly us'd,
Or any of them wasted and abus'd.

Now, when ye spend on base voluptuous lusts,
The things which were committed to your trusts,
Consider what account you soon must give
To him from whom ye did these things receive.
And O, how many in this world have been
Reduc'd to want by this voluptuous sin!

Those who do after vanity pursue,
Shall, ere they die, have cause the same to rue,
Nor only they, but their successors too.

}

Ye misers too (the opposite extreme)

Ye also here are culpable of blame :

Ye steal from back and belly, God and man,
And rake and pilfer what, and where you can.

Ye worst of felons, O how will ye dare
To stand before your Maker's awful bar?

}

And think how soon ye must be summon'd there !

And thirdly, those who do unjustly deal,
Or grind the poor, such truly from them steal ;

Yea, ev'ry way of dealing by deceit,

All such this moral precept violate :

For whoso gives not ev'ry one their due,

Steals from them then, as truth will plainly shew.

Fourth, those to whom the Lord hath sent great store,

Yet have no bowels to assist the poor,

Nor to do good with what they here possess ;

Such also do this holy law transgress.

As unjust stewards, sure they quickly must

Give an account of what was in their trust.

And fifthly, those who clip the Sabbath-day :

Those steal from God and take his right away.

Hence, by these hints, you easily may know

Whether ye break this holy law or no.

Now think hereon when ye this prayer make,

And no more wilfully this precept break,

Or it will hainously enhance the score

Of all your sins committed heretofore.

COMMANDMENT IX.

*Against thy neighbour no false witness bear,
But speak the truth with heart and mind sincere.*

Ye cry for mercy with apparent awe,
O Lord, incline our hearts to keep this law !

CONSIDER this, ye slanderers, who defame
With vicious lies your honest neighbour's name;
Or vindicate a thing that is untrue,
Another's reputation to undo.
Yea, ev'n the precious life, without delay,
Is taken by malicious lies away.
O then consider this prodigious crime,
And now repent while ye have life and time ;
Or dreadful will your condemnation be,
Ev'n endless woe, and boundless misery.

And ye who do by falsehood and deceit
Strive to increase your substance and estate,
Consider now the folly of this sin,
And what prodigious danger ye are in !
Ye soul and body sell for earthly gain,
And thus ye purchase endless woe and pain.
O foolish bargain, thus your souls to sell
For filthy dross, and plunge yourselves to hell !

O now consider, which ye worst deceive,
Yourself, or them whom thus ye now bereave,
When ye, with flatter'ing lies and false deceit,
The credulous and honest-hearted cheat.
O mad mistake, if thus ye hope for gain,
For this will prove eternal woe and pain !

" If ye get riches by a lying tongue,
Ye surely do yourselves the greatest wrong.

Now when ye offer up this humble pray'r,
Consider that ye shortly must appear
Before the God of truth, whose holy eye
Hates and abhors all base hypocrisy !
Yea, liars all, and such as lying love,
Shall be excluded from his courts above ;
And must their everlasting portion take
With devils in the black infernal lake !

Consider this, ye liars, now I pray
Before ye feel the truth of what I say,
And no more act the crafty serpent's part,
Who first began this base deceitful art :
O think what mischief his first lies have done,
By which we have abundant cause to grone,
O ! then be wise, and live and act like men,
And no more act th' old serpent's part again.

Now let the last great precept of this law
Our humble serious meditations draw.

COMMANDMENT X.

*See that thou covet not thy neighbour's house,
Neither his wife, his dear beloved spouse.
Servants, nor beasts which do to him belong,
Thou shalt not seek to get by fraud or wrong :
Or whatsoever is thy neighbour's right,
Thou shalt not covet, envy, grudge, or spite.*

*We pray that God his mercy would impart,
And write these wholesome laws on ev'ry heart.*

NOW suffer me a little to express
Their folly who against this law transgress ;

For those, I think, who this last precept break
Can scarcely do it out of blind mistake,
Since full contentment's all that it requires,
All it forbids is covetous desires :
Therefore 'tis plain 'twill be of little use
For any one herein to plead excuse :
For who can say, upon this earthly clod,
They have less good than they deserve from God ?
Since all of thine is forfeited by sin,
What room hast thou, O mortal, to repine ?
There's none on this side hell but what have more
Than they deserve, howe'er distrest and poor !
Peace then, O sinful man, no more repine,
For what thou hast is not by merit thine.

Consider then, O man, with humble heart,
How great thy crime if discontent thou art !
O, hainous crime to murmur and repine
Against the hand of Providence divine !
For whatsoever God on man bestows
'Tis his free gift, not what to man he owes.
Yet hath this sin its aggravations too,
As may be seen in farther lines a few.

Those then to whom kind Providence hath lent
Sufficiency, and yet they're not content,
Because they see that some have more than they,
This takes their satisfaction quite away.
These will, no doubt, of the same vengeance share
Which drove their leader from the heav'nly sphere
Down to the lake of everlasting fire !
Hell was his lot ; to rule was his desire,
Except they do unfeignedly repent,
They'll surely share of the same punishment.

Their haughty pride, and covetous desire
Is still insatiate, striving to aspire.

“ Had I, say they, but such a one’s estate,
This would contentment in my mind create :

I would desire no more but just to be

In such a happy state as he, or she

That’s just above me in the next degree.”

But do you think that this would ease your pain,

Could ye but this ambitious wish obtain ?

Ah ! gross mistake ! this covetous desire

Is still insatiate, like the raging fire !

And still the more it has, the more ’twill crave,

Like the infernal pit, or gaping grave !

For could it but this one degree obtain,

Then for the next as eagerly ’twould strain !

And so on till it reach’d the highest sphere,

This base ambition never would forbear.

Well then, ambitious soul, couldst thou obtain

The highest sphere e’er yet allow’d to men,

What satisfaction think’st thou it would bring

Wast thou o’er all the world anointed king ?

Thou then, perhaps, might be a slave, yet more

Than ev’n the whipping beggar at thy door.

The world subdu’d by Alexander Great ;

Did this his mind sufficiently elate ?

No ! only more insatiate than before,

Because he could not find one empire more,

For him to conquer : This provok’d his tears,

As by the hist’ry of those times appears.

Too’ all were subjects, this no comfort gave,

While he to wild ambition was a slave.

Fear then, vain mortals, each ambitious view ;
This is the tract that the old serpent drew,
Who first against his Maker did rebel,
For which he july was cast down to hell!
So still the farther ye pursue this road,
The farther still ye are estrang'd from God.
O then forbear ; nor more this tract pursue,
Lest that same vengeance also seize on you.

This also spoils whatever ye possess,
If ye this base ambitious lust caress :
But if ye would at happiness arrive,
And for the same industr'ously would strive,
The following lines, if carefully ye mind,
Will shew you where this happiness to find.

Godliness with contentment is the gain
That will reward you for your toil and pain.
Tho' this is meat the world knows nothing of,
And therefore at it they but sneer and scoff :
To these celestial joys, alas, they're blind,
Till heav'nly light breaks in upon their mind ;
But when from prejudice the mind is clear'd
No earthly joys may be with this compar'd !
Those earthly heroes who divide the spoil,
Have no such joys to recompence their toil !

But some, perhaps, may this objection make,
" What is this godliness of which you speak,
And which you say will bring so great reward,
That earthly joys can't be with it compar'd ?

To this I answer, if you fain would know
What is, and whence true godliness doth flow,
It is a principle of grace divine,
Which makes the soul with heav'nly lustre shine.

It makes the soul to love and fear the Lord,
Hope, and believe, and rest upon his word.
It is a duty all men owe to God :

It also flows from his love shed abroad
In man's degen'rate heart, by pow'r divine,
And makes him in his Maker's image shine.
This is a principle of living faith,
That well believes whate'er JEHOVAH saith.
It penetrates above the utmost sky,
And there beholds infinite treasures lie.
This is, I say, what makes men truly blest'd :
They're only rich who are hereof possess'd.

O then forbear pursuing empty toys,
For that is what true happiness destroys ;
But be content with what you here possess,
This is the way to make your joys increase.

But here the poor perhaps may thus reply,
Amidst their wants and hard extremity,
" We covet no such high and lofty things,
As thrones and scepters, crowns of earthly kings,
Nor large estates, nor ought of stature high,
But only what would nature satisfy.
Had we but food and raiment we should be
As well content as those of high degree ;
But who can be content while thus they lack
Food for the belly, clothing for the back ?"

To this I answer, It must be confess'd,
Such wants as these may humbly be express'd,
If not by your own folly you have sought,
And want on you and on your children brought,
With humble mind ye then may seek relief,
To mitigate your misery and grief,

To your superiors then yourselves submit
With all humility, as is most fit,
Reveal your wants, and let them plainly know
What hard extremities ye undergo ;
Desiring them ev'n for Christ Jesus sake,
That they would on you some compassion take,
And help you with what God to them hath lent,
And what they give you, therewith be content.
Grudge not at them, nor blame God's Providence
That hath allotted you such circumstance.
But some, perhaps, may here reply again,
" To ask the rich is almost now in vain,
For they are grown so cruel and so hard,
That they our miseries will not regard,
But pinch us in our wages, tho' we serve
Them faithfully, they'll make us pine and starve.
And who can be content while thus they're us'd
Like slaves or beasts, inhumanly abus'd?"

To this I answer, True, their crime is great,
Who use their fellow creatures at such rate ;
But still remember that the time's not long
Ere God will justly recompence each wrong.
And this hard lot of yours perhaps may be
To try your faith and patience, and to see
If you will still rely upon the Lord,
And trust each faithful promise in his word ;
For certainly the Lord will ne'er deceive
Them who his word unfeignedly believe.

Know then, true faith and patience is the best
Relief for all that are on earth oppress'd.
Wait then, I say, with patience on the Lord,
Nor fear but he your troubles will regard,
And also give a large and free reward.

And tho' you cannot earthly wealth obtain,
Yet seek the Lord, nor shall ye seek in vain,
If him ye seek aright with all your heart,
Much better things he will to you impart.
If ye are such as seek for better things
Than worldly pelf, with its deceitful wings,
Then never fear but ye at last shall find
Riches that are both solid and refin'd,
And fit to chear a blest immortal mind.

But ye who have by your own folly brought
Want on yourselves, ye have but what ye sought;
Ye have no room nor reason to complain,
Nor grudge at those who wisely did refrain,
And honestly did worldly wealth obtain.
Consider then, and heartily repent
That you've abus'd what God unto you lent,
And brought upon yourselves this punishment.
O then repent, lest ye should also miss
Of heav'n at last and everlasting bliss.
For know, that if ye murmur and repine,
Ye thus provoke eternal wrath divine.

A Serious REFLECTION upon the WHOLE.

THUS far have I consider'd each command,
According as they here in order stand;
If any serious Christian this offend,
I've widely mist of what I did intend.

Now let us all with care our hearts inspect,
And humbly mourn for ev'ry sad defect;
And no more wilfully thus dare proceed
To break the least, but carefully take heed;
For, breaking one, we guilty are of all,
And each doth for eternal vengeance call.

O dreadful thought ! tremble, my soul, and fear,
For thou deserv'st this punishment severe !

But some, perhaps, may here object, and say,
“ Who then shall stand at the great judgment-day ?
For where is one that is entirely free,
And never broke these laws in some degree ? ”

To this I answer, No man since the fall,
Save Christ alone, could ever keep them all ;
And if the Lord had dealt with us severe,
None could have at his righteous bar been clear ;
Yet hath his wond'rous mercy interpos'd,
And for our help a Saviour hath disclos'd ;
A costly Saviour ! our black guilt t' atone,
No less than Christ, his dear eternal Son,
That whosoever shall on him believe,
They shall not perish, but of him receive
A full redemption from the fiery law,
O sinners ! this your frozen hearts should thaw,
For all were doom'd to everlasting woe,
Had not Christ Jesus condescended so :
Nor is strict justice in the least made void,
But fully pleas'd, and mercy magnify'd.
The true believer's guilt on him was laid,
For them, lo, he a sacrifice was made !
See how he bends beneath this grievous load,
The sin of man, and vengeance of a God.
When he aton'd for all their hainous guilt,
His flesh was torn ! his precious blood was spilt !
The spiteful scoffs of men he humbly bore,
And wrath of God—Justice could ask no more,
A spotless victim did he for them die,
That they might reign with him eternally.

O matchless mercy ! love beyond degree !
Angels before did ne'er such wonders see !
But if the angels, when they hereon gaz'd,
Were fill'd with rapture, wond'rously amaz'd !
What cause have we, poor mortals, to adore
This scene of love, unparallel'd before !
O sinners, view this scene with melting eyes,
With all your souls this precious Saviour prize !
For tho' you have the worst of sinners been,
If you are brought to know the state you're in,
And flee to Christ by true relenting faith,
He will from you remove the dreadful wrath
That is denounced by the fiery law,
On ev'ry one that's guilty of a flaw.
Tho' that condemns to everlasting fire
All those who keep it not full and entire ;
Yet those who flee to Christ for their relief,
In him find comfort to assuage their grief ;
To calm the tumult of their gloomy fears,
And stop the torrent of their flowing tears.
His love is boundless ; infinite his pow'r ;
He saves true penitents at the last hour.

But some, perhaps, may here presume to say,
" If there is pardon found for such as they,
Who have well nigh spent all their lives in sin,
And only at the last did they begin
To cry for mercy, and did then repent,
When all their prime they had in pleasure spent ;
Why then should we check all our fond desires,
And quench so soon youth's dear delightful fires ?
Why may we not in youth our pleasure vent,
Then in old age we may at last repent ?

Religion's but a dull and tasteless thing,
Therefore in youth we'll take a pleasant swing."

To this I answer, Ah, deluded youth!

Alas! alas! did ye but know in truth
The dreadful mad mistake that ye are in,
To hope for pleasure whilst you're slaves to sin!
Pleasure in sin!—alas! 'tis but a dream,
Which, when awake, will make your woes extreme.
O could I clear but your beclouded eyes,
And shew you where the source of pleasure lies,
This gross deceit would strike you with surprize;
These false delights would vanish then full soon,
Dim as a candle in the brightest noon.

Oh, did you know but the amazing odds
Of pleasure, in these two contrary roads;
To wit, the way of faith and holiness,
And that of carnal pleasure and excess,
You'd say the joys of faith are truly sweet,
But carnal joys are nothing but deceit.

Some think the pleasure only is at last,
And that religion yields no sweet repast:
O gross mistake! religion here does yield
More true delight than if this world were fill'd
With all the dear delights of carnal mirth
That ever yet were tasted on the earth.
Those who have tasted both will freely own
That this is truth: yea, tho' there were no crown
Prepar'd for those, who truly serve the Lord,
The joys of faith yield here a full reward.

Wise Solomon, who large experience had,
Says, "In the midst of mirth the heart is sad;"

But in the midst of mourning, grief and tears,
True joy breaks in and the dull spirit cheers.

"Grief, with the faithful, may endure a night,
But lo, true joy returns by morning light."

I dare to say the ancient martyrs found
More pleasure when the flames did them surround,
Or when they hung on gibbets, rack'd with pain,
Than sensualists could ever here obtain,
Even in the brightest scenes of carnal mirth
That ever they have here enjoy'd on earth.

But if on earth, such heav'nly pleasures flow,
From faith and hope, to pilgrims here below,
What must the quintessence of pleasure be
To such in heav'n, when from all trouble free?
This far surmounts our reason to conceive,
Or ev'n our faith its vastness to believe:
Faith then must yield, and sense shall then know best
Those boundless joys that cannot be express'd.

Now if the joys of faith, those lovely charms,
Will not yet draw you to a Saviour's arms,
Consider now the danger you are in,
Whilst ye remain the willing slaves of sin.
If still against the flames of love ye spurn,
Whom these won't melt the flames of wrath will burn.

Oh! 'tis a dang'rous path in which you go,
You're on the brink of everlasting woe!
The slender thread of life is all the string
On which your dear immortal spirits swing!
This slender thread alone doth bear you up,
Whilst Satan's flatt'ring lies supports your hope:
But think how easy this frail thread is broke,
By ev'ry unseen accidental stroke!

Unthought of and unseen death's arrows fly,
None knows whom first they'll hit or whom pass by !
The blooming youth amidst his flow'ry prime,
As oft they take as those worn out with time :
View but the church-yard, and you may espy
Thousands of ev'ry size and rank there lie.

Again, consider this, If you were sure
That your frail lives would many years endure,
How know ye then when thus your lives ye've spent
In vanity, that ye shall then repent,
And then amend your lives, and so receive
A pardon free ere ye this world shall leave,
And then your heads lay quietly in the grave ?
O gross deceit ! thus Satan leads you on
Till all your vain delusive hopes are gone ;
Then will he plunge you into black despair,
When all your hopes are vanish'd in the air.

O now consider and no more presume,
But hence, be wiser for the time to come.
Repentance is God's gift, let all men know,
And as he pleases he does it bestow.
Esau, who sought it carefully with tears,
Obtain'd it not, as by God's word appears.
Though rarely some have this obtain'd at last,
But, ah, how few, till life and time are past.
Then, then they may repent, but, ah, in vain ;
Repentance will but aggravate their pain !
Yet they for ever must repent and grieve,
That they so madly did themselves deceive.
Thus have I shewn you where your danger lies,
And how you may obtain th' immortal prize ;
Yea, life and death I've set before your eyes.

Oh then be wise, and chuse the heav'nly path,
And shun the road that leads to endless death.
But some perhaps may say, " I do believe,
Therefore I hope God will my faults forgive ;
For why the gospel covenant we see
Is this, Believe and thou shalt saved be.
Why do you then cry up the holy law,
And o'er our hearts the vail of Moses draw :
What would you lead us back to Sinai's flames,
When we are come to Sion's milder beams ?
We are not now beneath the legal terms :
We now embrace the gospel in our arms,
Which screens us from the law's black threat'ning
storms."

To this I answer, do not here mistake,
And so presume God's holy laws to break :
These moral precepts sent by Moses' hand
Ordained were thro' ev'ry age to stand.
The gospel never was design'd to give
Men liberty immoral lives to live.
Let this strike each presumptuous soul with awe,
The gospel still is guarded by the law.
Those who presume to break the law, abuse
The gospel; and its holy terms refuse ;
And those who do abuse it God condemns
To greater vengeance than black Sinai's flames,
Tho' that made ev'n the solid earth to shake,
And stubborn hearts of men and beasts to quake !
Ah, yet, a fiercer storm of vengeance flies
To blast the worms, who gospel grace despise !

Yet lo, the gospel tenders pardon free
To penitents of high and low degree,
Who do by faith to that sweet refuge flee !
But take this caution, faith is never found
Where true repentance hath not plough'd the ground;
But where repentance well hath plough'd it up,
There, new obedience is the fruitful crop.
The devils they believe and tremble too,
But see that better faith be found in you,
Else you'll have cause its fruitless to rue.

True faith, indeed, leads men to heav'n above,
But still remember that it works by love.
True faith, like oil, makes all the wheels to go
In duty's path, with sweet delight, and lo,
Still fruits of new obedience from it flow.

Tho' works, 'tis true, will never justify,
If we with confidence on them rely,
Yet must obedience here our souls prepare,
Ere we are fitted for the mansions fair,
For nothing that's unclean can enter there.
Here I conclude, and join with you my part,
Lord, write these laws on ev'ry human heart.

THE END OF THE FIRST EPISTLE.

PREFACE to the Second EPISTLE.

IT is one of the most obvious reflections which can occur to the mind of a real Christian, that the church of Christ, whilst sojourning in this lower world, is in a militant state. This is what the scriptures plainly declare, and what his own experience tells him every day. Those who have any experience at all in the divine life, well know that they have many enemies to encounter with in their journey to the heavenly Canaan. They know that the devil, the world, and the flesh, whom they have renounced at baptism, use all their powerful influence to lead them astray from the paths of religion, into the crooked paths of sin. The longer they live in the world, they are the more sensible that the Christian life is a life of activity, and that they must fight their way through many dangers ere they arrive at the regions of eternal glory.

The real believer in the Lord Jesus is often made to know that he is weak in himself, and unable to maintain his ground in the field of combat. When at any time he has been so foolish as to rely on his own strength, he has fallen before the enemy, and been made to know more of his own weakness. Repeated experiences of this kind have the salutary effect to lead him unto a more constant and a more firm dependence on the Captain of his salvation, whose omnipotent arm is constantly employed in his defence. He is encouraged with the joyful hope that the combat will soon be over; that in a little while, through his glorious Redeemer, he will be victorious over all his enemies, and enter into the blissful land of rest and tranquillity. The prospect of the immortal crown of glory, which he knows will soon be put upon his head, inspires him to "endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." It animates him to the performance of every incumbent duty, and encourages him to persevere in the ways of holiness, the end of which is eternal life. This courageous temper of mind, with which the Christian soldier continually addresses his victorious Leader, is beautifully expressed in the following pathetic lines of the excellent Dr. Doddridge.

I'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn,
To triumph and renown,
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,
May I but share thy crown.

Lead on, my Gen'ral—I defy
What Earth or Hell can do:
Thy conduct, and this glorious hope,
Shall bear thy soldier thro'.

Surely they are the only happy persons who are enlisted into the service of this glorious Captain, who will at last conduct all his believing followers safely to glory. Hardships they may meet with in the way, but in a very little while they will be more than conquerors through him that loved them.

The Christian Warfare, on which I have thought proper to make these few prefatory observations, is the subject and title of the following Epistle. The reader will see, by looking to the title-page, that it was originally addressed to the protestant dissenters in England, and that it is my opinion, that it may now not improperly be addressed to the church of Scotland. My only reason for this opinion is, that in respect of a sad and visible decline in vital religion, the case of the protestant dissenters in England and the church of Scotland is the same. Who is it but knows that the glory with which the church of Scotland once shone, among the protestant churches in Europe, is now greatly eclipsed? And who is it but knows that the dissenters in England have fallen under the same disgrace? I am sorry to observe, that the experience of twenty-nine years, which I resided among them, made me to know that they have greatly degenerated from the eminent piety of their ancestors, many of whose names adorn the page of religious biography. Surely that eminently pious example which the old non-conformists in England, and the fathers of the church of Scotland, have exhibited to the view of posterity, strongly inculcates these apostolic exhortations, "Put on the whole armour of God—Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises."

It is pleasing to think, that notwithstanding the present degeneracy in this country, that there are many amongst us who are anxiously concerned for the welfare of Zion; many who earnestly wish for a revival of religion and reformation of manners. Every such person, I believe, will join in opinion with the pious Mr. Hervey (with whose words I conclude this preface), "That if ever
 " a reformation is produced, it must, under the influences of the
 " eternal Spirit, be produced by the doctrines of free grace and
 " justification through a Redeemer's righteousness. Till these doctrines are generally inculcated, the most eloquent harangues
 " from the pulpit, or the most correct dissertations from the press,
 " will be no better than a pointless arrow and a broken bow."

EPISTLE II.

The Christian Warfare :

O R, A

SERIOUS EXHORTATION
TO VIRTUE AND PIETY.

Originally addressed to the Dissenters in ENGLAND, and now not improperly addressed to the Church of SCOTLAND.

The INTRODUCTION.

NOW, ye my friends, who from the church dissent,
And are not with her sacred rules content :

Her rites and ceremonies seem absurd
To you, and not according to God's word ;
And therefore, having liberty this day,
You worship God in your peculiar way.
To blame your practice herein, or commend,
Is not the bus'ness that I here intend,
But to exhort you to consider well,
And see that ye in holiness excel ;
Else your dissenting from the common croud
Will but proclaim your hainous guilt aloud.

And since 'tis so that ye do not submit
To mens inventions, which ye think unfit
For Christian worship ; therefore ye refuse
Conformity, and separate meetings chuse.

Consider then, and make a solemn pause,
'Till you've examin'd well the real cause
Why ye do from th' established church dissent,
And are not with her sacred rites content.

Dissention is nowise to be defended,
If it may be with honesty amended :
But if with conscience you cannot conform,
A quiet dissention is no real harm.

But here are many things laid to your charge,
The which, if true, your fault is very large ;
Your brethren oftentimes upon you fix
The names of self-conceited schismatics,
Blind bigots, hypocrites, and many more
Such hainous crimes they lay unto your score.

Consider then, beside your Maker's eye,
How many more into your conduct pry,
Who on each stumble, or wrong step you take,
Will very readily their silence break,
And say, " Ah, there's your saints that seem to be
So much preciser, and more pure than we !
Are these the men who stand in awe of sin ?
They're all alike, mere hypocrites within !"

Now let each one examine well his heart,
And see if this be truly his desert.
The controversy I can not decide,
Nor would I try to make the breach more wide ;
God only knows who shall the test abide.
To raise disputes I nowise here intend,
But to advise you as a faithful friend ;
To flatter or to banter I disdain,
Yet I will speak my mind both blunt and plain.

And this I know if ye these names deserve,
Ye widely from your own profession swerve.

But still remember, diff'rent modes and names,
And all the jaring opposite extremes
Of judgment, which make here a mighty sound,
Will lighter than the empty chaff be found,
When Christ the Judge shall come in flaming fire,
How will the hypocrite's vain hopes expire?
Like clouds of smoke before the driving wind
They'll leave their vain expected bliss behind!
But those in whom true faith and love are found,
Shall then be with immortal glory crown'd,
And reign with Christ through all eternity,
Whilst hypocrites in quenchless flames shall lie.

O then take care to keep your garments clean,
Having a conscience always pure within;
Then need ye not the world's reproaches fear,
Nor be asham'd when men revile you here,
The bolt shall on the shooter's head rebound,
And smite him with an everlasting wound.

If falsely you're accus'd, you may rejoice,
And lift your hearts to God with thankful voice,
That ye are counted worthy to partake,
Shame and reproach for your Redeemer's sake,
For great is the reward which shall be giv'n
To you, faith Christ, reserved safe in heav'n.
For so serv'd they the prophets all of old,
And all the faithful, who the truth did hold.

Rejoice, faith he, and be exceeding glad,
For I on earth no better usage had.
Fear not, faith he, my little chosen flock,
Nor let your hearts with gloomy fears be broke,
For 'tis your heav'nly Father's will to give
To you the kingdom, who on me believe.

But let none take this consolation wrong;
 This doth to none but faithful souls belong;
 Those who pursue the paths of virtue still
 In sweet obedience to their Maker's will.
 The followers of the LAMB where'er he goes;
 Tho' all the hosts of earth and hell oppose:
 Resolv'd thro' grace they will this tract pursue,
 Not fearing all that earth and hell can do.
 These are the happy souls that shall be crown'd
 With Christ their Lord, eternally renown'd.

But let this precious truth be ne'er forgot,
 That persecution is the common lot
 Of all that walk in this true narrow way,
 Which leads to realms of everlasting day:
 Yea, all the faithful foll'wers of the Lord
 Were ever by a Spiteful world abhor'd.

Sect. I. *The Nature of the Christian Warfare.*

THE Christian life is all a warfare here,
 And ev'ry true and faithful volunteer
 Counts not this world, nor life itself too dear
 To part with at their heav'nly Captain's call:
 They for his sake can freely give up all.

But those that would inlist themselves herein,
 'Tis proper for them here, ere they begin,
 First to sit down and fairly count the cost,
 Lest courage fail when they shall want it most,
 And they recant and let the prize be lost.

Consider then what great and mighty foes,
 Ye in this holy warfare must oppose,
 Satan, the world, the flesh, with ev'ry lust,
 These must be conquer'd and laid in the dust;

And when you've conquer'd these you shall be crown'd,
And for illustr'ous champions renown'd.

These are the foes with which ye now must fight,
If you would reach the glorious realms of light ;
But if you think these are no num'rous throng,
Yet know they're crafty, violent and strong :
For Satan, first, with his deceitful charms,
Will strive to cheat you in a thousand forms ;
He'll feed your hopes, perhaps, with airy dreams,
And bid you not to fear, your happy names
Are written in the book of life above,
And nothing can them ever thence remove.
And then, perhaps, when he hath led you on
In bold presumption, till your hopes are gone,
Like clouds of smoke, dissolv'd in fleeting air,
He'll plunge you in the gulph of black despair.

'Tis certain these are his deceitful schemes,
To lead his vassals on in wide extremes
Of killing fears, or else presumptuous dreams
He tells the youth, " You need not yet begin
To turn to God, and leave your darling sin :
'Tis time enough for that a great while hence ;
Therefore, in youth, taste ye the sweets of sense,
Devotion's only fit for ancient years,
When baldness, or the hoary head appears ;
And then a few repenting tears and cries
Will for your youthful vanities suffice."

With what delight the youth does listen here !
Such language suits his young voluptuous ear.
But, ah, how little does the wretch believe
That all his craft is only to deceive.

His words are foster than the very oil,
While he does such unthinking fools beguile.

Then to the aged with a frown he turns,
Who now perceives his wretched state and mourns,
“ ’Tis all in vain now to begin to pray,
For thou hast lost the blessing by delay.
Thy prayers now will not thy doom prevent,
But aggravate thy sin and punishment.”
Thus like a crafty fowler is he set
To draw the simple to his fatal net;
And when he cannot with his flatt’ring lies,
Then he some new and false suggestion tries.
A thousand base malicious arts he’ll use
To tempt to sin, then for the same accuse.

Ye hypocrites, saith he, your cries are vain,
God’s gracious audience ye can ne’er obtain.
Then he upbraids them for their various blots,
And tells them these are not God’s childrens spots.

Thus like a lion doth he gape and roar,
And daily seeketh whom he may devour.
But, thanks to God, this tyrant strives in vain
To stretch an inch the limits of his chain.
The great JEHOVAH hath him at his back,
And mars his purpose with a humbling check,
Then fear him not, but still on God depend,
For he’s the only never-failing friend.

But now the second captain, with his band
Appears, and will your holy course withstand,
To wit, the world, its forces will combine,
And with the former fiend against you join,
And strive to stifle ev’ry spark divine!

Your old companions they will taunt and jeer,
 And some will on you frown, and some will sneer.
 Then poverty, perhaps, will you o'ertake,
 And all your former friends will you forsake.
 Then persecution will, perhaps, arise,
 Which strikes poor tim'rous souls with sad surprize.
 Then you'll be drove, may be, from house and home,
 Daily expecting worse things still to come.
 Your nearest relatives, perhaps, may be
 The keenest instruments to make you flee;
 Whilst none will lend their aid to bear the cross,
 Which brings with it such trouble, shame, and loss.
 And life itself, and ev'ry thing that's dear
 Is now in danger, plainly doth appear.
 This strikes the coward with surprizing fear.
 In great perplexity, now doth he stand,
 And doubts and fears appear on ev'ry hand.

And then comes in the third audacious foe,
 More dang'rous far than both the former two:
 He gives the deepest wounds, and keenest smart,
 To wit, the base deceitful wicked heart.
 This comes with all its base corrupted train,
 And makes the bravest soldiers sore complain,
 And often doubt that all their hopes are vain:
 For when they've thought the vict'ry was complete,
 And all their lusts were trode beneath their feet,
 Their faith has rais'd them to Mount Pisgah's top,
 And they've been fill'd with sweet celestial hope.
 Then have they view'd the heav'nly landscape o'er,
 And thought they were just at the happy shore.
 Each lordly lust they bravely could disdain,
 And thought to them they'd never yield again;

But, ah, how soon this base fallacious foe
Hath given them a dreadful overthrow !
These dead and buried lusts revive again,
To fill their souls with horror, grief and pain ;
They thought they were just at the heav'nly shore,
And these vile traitors would rebel no more,
Then they began to think themselves secure,
And all their lusts were driven out of door ;
But, ah, how soon they new avenues find
To enter in and to disturb the mind !
Their vicious powers will soon revive and swell,
And drag them down, even to the gates of hell.

Now if the bravest soldiers meet such foils,
And sin their best experience oft beguiles :
If such domestic foes still lurk within,
Consider then, ye who would now begin
To list yourselves for soldiers in this war,
With what domestic foes you're call'd to jar.

Now I shall here endeavour to describe
The chief ring-leaders of the cursed tribe.

The first is pride, a most pernicious foe,
Which always brings the haughty sinner low.
This commonly goes foremost in the van,
And was the very first sin that began,
And brought destruction on the race of man.
Then avarice brings up the fatal rear,
Pride's base voluptuous breaches to repair :
Now tho' these are contrary to each other,
Yet do they commonly reside together :
But, O what unharmonious yoke they make,
They cause the pillars of the house to shake !

Yet still they live like brawling man and wife,
Which always dwell in enmity and strife,
These are the parents too of all the rest
Of lusts that dwell in man's corrupted breast,
To count their offspring, O who can pretend,
For they in legions constantly ascend
Out of the base deceitful heart within,
And bring the soul in bondage oft to sin.
Malice, and envy, rage, and slander's spite,
Murder, adult'ry, theft, and vain delight;
Profaneness too, of ev'ry vicious kind,
That dwells so much in man's corrupted mind;
Yea, all rebellions 'gainst both God and man,
Proceed from these two captains of the clan.
All these are children of this cursed pair:
Whose very breath pollutes the wholesome air.
These, you must fight against with all your might,
Tho' ye before in them took great delight;
And this, perhaps, you'll find more hard to do,
Than to encounter both the former two;
For, O how hard a thing it is to fight
Against the object of our heart's delight!
Yet, tho' as dear as a right-hand or eye,
They must be now cut off and left to die,
If in this holy army you'd enlist
To be the faithful soldiers of Christ:
For he accepts of none but such as part
Freely with ev'ry idol of the heart:
Therefore with all your might you must oppose
These diabolical and darling foes.
If ye would wear the bright celestial crown
Of everlasting glory and renown.

SECT. I. *The Christian Armour.*

Eph. vi. 14—18.

PERHAPS your courage now begins to fail,
And you're afraid you never shall prevail
Against these great Goliaths, which do stand
T' oppose your way with monstrous swords in hand :
But come, cheer up, and never yield to fear,
Lo, here is strength, and help for ever near.
But still remember ye must never trust
In your own strength, which is but feeble dust,
But let your hope and confidence be laid
Upon your great Creator's gracious aid.

And if ye would be Christian soldiers brave,
Know that ye must the Christian armour have,
That ye may stand fast in the evil day,
And all the pow'rs of earth and hell dismay.
See then that ye put on this holy dress,
Girt round with truth, your breast-plate righteousness :
Your feet well shod with gospel preparation,
That ye may tread the path of God's salvation.
But, above all, take faith, that powerful shield,
That ye may stand undaunted in the field,
And quench the fiery darts and crafty wiles
Of Satan and the world, which oft beguiles
Unguarded souls by either frowns or smiles.
And when you've made this proper preparation,
Take also hope, the helmet of salvation :
And take the Spirit's sharp two-edged sword,
Which is the great JEHOVAH's holy word :

This will, with holy skill, cut down your foes,
All that would dare your holy course oppose.
Then cast the anchor (hope) within the veil,
And never once let gloomy doubts prevail.
Then daily pray, and make your supplication
To your great Captain for complete salvation :
Imploring still the great JEHOVAH's aid,
To guide you in his holy paths to tread.
But fix your hopes, and confidence upon
Your great Redeemer's righteousness alone.

Ye Christian soldiers, thus yourselves prepare,
And take these weapons for the holy war ;
Then boldly fight in your Redeemer's name,
And never yield to sinful fear or shame :
Nor shall ye only fight, but overcome
Those beasts of prey that round the forest roam.
Satan shall flee, and tremble too with fear,
At shaking of your Captain's glitt'ring spear.
The world shall own, with envy, grief, and shame,
Your glorious conquest in Immanuel's name.
Your lusts shall vanish, yea, and ye shall be
Illustrious conqu'rors o'er the potent Three.
So shall ye win the bright immortal prize,
Laid up for you with Christ above the skies,

*SECT. III. An Alarm, or general Call to all Sinners, to
come and Inlist themselves in the Christian Warfare,
to Fight under Christ's Banner ; with the Benefits
accruing to them who accept, and the Danger they
are in who refuse the Gospel Call.*

NOW who so will lend an obedient ear
To Jesus Christ, let them this day draw near,

And lift themselves to fight in his great name——
He calls to weak and strong, to blind and lame ;
To rich and poor, of ev'ry sex and size,
To sinners of all sorts beneath the skies.
Lo, he sends forth his gracious gospel call,
Without distinction, freely to you all ;
To ev'ry creature of the human race,
Lo, he sends forth his messages of grace.

All who are willing now themselves t' enlist
To be the faithful soldiers of Christ,
May come, obedient to his gracious call,
His arms are open to receive you all ;
So shall you rest find to your weary souls,
Yea, endless peace, where trouble no more scouls.
But let this truth sink to your hearts and ears,
That he accepts of none but volunteers.
But who so will lay down their hostile arms,
And hearken to his gospel's winning charms,
And come obedient to his gracious call,
His arms are ready to receive you all.
The best of wages too shall ye receive,
The best of entertainment shall ye have ;
Yea, bread of life, to feed your hungry souls,
Water of life, and wine in flowing bowls.
Tho' empty fools may mock, and jeer, and scoff,
Lo, here is food the world knows nothing of.
The best of liv'ry too shall be your dress,
Ev'n the white robe of Jesus' righteousness !
The prize, at last, a bright immortal crown
Of everlasting glory and renown.
Here's all th' encouragement ye can desire ;
Yea, here's salvation from eternal fire !

But this know also, none of these are due
 By any merit, or desert from you ;
 'Tis all the free, and gracious gift of God,
 And purchas'd by a dear Redeemer's blood !
 Come then, all ye who have been slaves to sin,
 And think what self-deceivers you have been !
 Christ's yoke is easy, and his burden light ;
 His ways are pleasure, and his work delight.
 Who then will come and put his armour on,
 And bid each base beloved lust begone ?
 What say'st thou, soul, who art with sin oppress'd
 And know'st no way to ease thy troubl'd breast,
 This war will issue in eternal rest.

Come then, and put this holy armour on,
 And freely bid thy darling lusts begone :
 Come boldly fight, and tread these monsters down,
 So shalt thou win this bright immortal crown.
 But know the fearful, and the unbelievers,
 All hypocrites, and foolish self-deceivers,
 And all who are in love or league with sin,
 And are not willing to enlist herein,
 These must at last their endless portion take
 With devils in the dark infernal lake,
 Where fire and brimstone is their choicest fare,
 And ev'ry comfort is abandoned there ;
 For all the music, and the mirth they know,
 Are endless wailings, and immortal woe !

What say ye then, ye sinners of all kinds ?
 Shall Satan still delude your carnal minds ?
 Will ye not yet quit your rebellious arms,
 And yield unto this glorious Captain's charms ?

What, are your eyes still fix'd on earthly toys,
 And blind to all these bright celestial joys ?
 Are ye resolv'd, whatever others do,
 That ye will still this dang'rous tract pursue ?
 O dreadful madness ! if ye still resist
 These gracious tenders, made to you by Christ :
 But know, if thus ye obstinate remain,
 You're on the brink of everlasting pain.
 O think how foolish is your approbation,
 To chuse destruction, and refuse salvation !
 To live in bondage when you may be free
 Is sure the greatest folly that can be !
 Yet such the stupid folly is of those,
 Who do not with Christ's gracious gospel close.
 They're slaves to Satan, and his cruel will
 They drudge and labour daily to fulfil !
 To serve and please him, they no labour spare,
 Yet feed on husks, instead of wholesome fare.
 But all who faithfully serve Christ the Lord,
 A crown of glory is their sure reward.
 Their Lord is truth itself, nor can deceive,
 Thrice happy they who do on him believe.

Special ADDRESSES to four SORTS, VIZ.

- I. To Youth. II. The Middle-aged. III. The Aged.
 IV. The Deserters, or Backsliders.

I. TO YOUTH.

WELL, what say ye, ye lovely blooming youth ?
 Will ye give ear unto the words of truth ?
 Will ye give ear to Christ's sweet charming voice,
 And make him now your only love and choice.

If ye are willing, now's the only time
To close with him, while in your youthful prime,
Come then begin your young delightful days
With the sweet work of prayer and of praise ;
And let the word of God be your delight,
And meditation both by day and night.

Consider well th' advantage ye will have
If ye do now Christ's gospel grace receive.
'Tis easy work if ye in youth begin,
To get the vict'ry o'er your darling sin :
'Tis like a tree that's tender, green and young,
Whose roots are not yet fast'ned in so strong ;
'Tis easier work, I say, to root it out,
Than when 'tis once grown stubborn, old, and stout.
Ev'n so it is with those who young begin
To fight against the vicious powers of sin ;
But those who this delay till afterward,
The roots of sin grow many, strong and hard.

Repentance is not easily obtain'd,
When men have long in wickedness remain'd.
But lovely youths, in whose most tender years
A strict regard to piety appears,
Shall taste those sweets, and those rich treasures find
To which the world is ignorant and blind !
O think how sweet and pleasant it will be,
When in old age you shall look back and see
That ye in youth began to seek the Lord,
And found much sweetness in his holy word :
What matchless joys will this to you afford ?
Or if you are cut off in youthful days,
Death only will to higher pleasures raise,
And waft you safe above the lofty skies,
To be possessors of eternal joys.

But those who do this needful work delay
Are oftentimes in anger snatch'd away,
And plung'd into the dreadful lake of hell,
Where hypocrites, and vile apostates dwell.

O then, ye lovely youths, begin betimes
To seek the Lord, and leave your darling crimes
No earthly joys can be with this compar'd
To love and fear, obey and please the Lord!

What honour like to this can ye obtain,
To be enroll'd amongst the glorious train
Of faithful saints, array'd in robes of white,
And reign with Christ in everlasting light!

Come then, ye lovely youths, nor more delay,
But now accept Christ's gracious call to-day:

His yoke is easy and his burden light,
All his commands are holy, just, and right:
In keeping them there's profit and delight.

Depend upon it ye shall ne'er repent
That ye so early yielded your consent:

But if ye do the gospel call-refuse,
Ye then the road to endless ruin chuse.

O then consider, in your youthful prime,
That now is the most sweet accepted time!

If this ye lose, ye never more may have
Another call, 'till call'd into the grave!

For tho' you may be now in youthful bloom,
Death may as speedily upon you come,

As on those heads worn out with num'rous years,
In whose pale looks ev'n death itself appears!

Again consider, should your days be long,
Still your corrupt affections grow more strong:

If ye continue still to live in sin,
The harder work you'll find it to begin

To turn to God, your vain delights to leave,
If ye in youth do not his grace receive.
Believe not then the base deceiver's tongue,
That would persuade you still you are too young
To list yourselves in this great war to fight,
And to forsake each youthful dear delight.
O! dreadful madness, if ye this believe,
For this is Satan's flatt'ry to deceive,
And to delude you to his fatal snare,
And plunge you in the gulph of black despair,
When death, pale death, shall in your faces stare!
Consider then what danger you are in,
While ye remain the wretched slaves of sin,
If ye refuse the gospel's gracious terms,
Think how you'll bear to meet a God in arms!
In arms of vengeance to destroy his foes,
Who did his law and gospel both oppose!
Before him then will burn devouring fire,
And where shall then his guilty foes retire!
To hills and mountains they in vain shall cry,
To hide them from his dreadful Majesty.
Consider this, dear youths, and no more go
In the broad path that leads to endless woe.

II. *To the* MIDDLE-AGED.

AND what say ye, ye who at middle age
Are now arriv'd, ere ye yourselves engage
In this grand war, which you are call'd unto?
Are you not yet resolv'd what to do?
At middle age—alas! what did I say?
Nay, this may be to you ev'n the last day!

The very last ye on this earth may have,
Ere ye are swallow'd by the gaping grave!
What think ye then? Speak, is it not high time,
When ye in vanity have spent your prime,
Now to lay down all your rebellious arms,
And hearken to the gospel's sweeter charms,
And to put on the Christian armour too,
With holy resolution to subdue?
O then no more th' important work delay,
But hearken to your Maker's voice to-day;
And flee to Christ, by faith, on gospel terms,
He'll yet receive you in his gracious arms.
Tho' you have long provok'd him to his face,
And long despis'd the riches of his grace,
Yet if you're heavy laden with your sin,
And from a sense thereof with grief begin
To cry "Alas! alas! what shall I do?
And who shall save me from eternal woe?
And kill in me this soul-destroying foe?
By night or day, no comfort can I find,
This load of guilt so much afflicts my mind.
The sense of sin is now so heavy grown,
Into the mire it deeply sinks me down.
Nor doth it only sink me in the mire,
But will ere long, I doubt, to endless fire.
Alas! while I this monster sin have serv'd
How wide I from my happiness have swerv'd!
Ah! now I see the madness of my sin,
Alas! where hath the foolish wanderer been?
Thro' fatal mazes I have madly run,
And daily hasted to be quite undone.

Thy holy laws, Lord, I have basely broke ;
My stubborn neck hath long refus'd thy yoke.
A prodigal and rebel I have been,
A wretched slave to Satan and to sin !
And yet, O Lord ! dost thou send forth thy call
To poor and heavy laden sinners all,
To come to thee, and thou wilt give them rest,
And ease the burdens of their troubled breast !
Lord ! at thy call, I now am come at last,
And, owning all my sinful follies past,
Here, at thy feet, myself I humbly cast.
I own, O Lord, I have myself undone :
No hope remains but in thy darling Son,
Who gave his life for rebels to atone.
But, Lord, so vile and filthy as I am,
I to this favour hardly dare lay claim.
My waken'd conscience now doth loudly tell,
I do deserve the lowest place in hell.
Because I have so vile a rebel been,
And have so willingly run on in sin,
Yet, Lord, I'll hope—for should I now despair,
This would but make thy vengeance more severe ;
Yea, and dishonour thy great name yet more
Than all my hainous sins have done before :
For lo, thou art a God of mercy still,
Faithful and just thy promise to fulfil.
Therefore I'll hope, and humbly yet implore,
For Jesus' sake, wipe out my guilty score.
Yet, Lord, if thou deny'st, I must be dumb ;
I own I don't deserve the smallest crumb
Of mercy, from thy just and righteous hand,
Who did so long thy holy will withstand.

Yet, Lord, if thou this favour wilt bestow,
An endless debt of praise to thee I'll owe :
I'll vie with all thy glorious host above,
To praise the wonders of redeeming love.
O then look down upon my deep distress,
And magnify thy rich forgiving grace.
Tho' I no merit of mine own can plead,
Lord, look on him who did for sinners bleed.
Since Jesus dy'd, poor sinners to set free,
Then, for his sake, have mercy, Lord, on me !"

If thus, I say, ye do yourselves address
To your Creator, and your guilt confess,
With deep remorse, and true unfeigned grief,
By faith in Christ, ye shall obtain relief ;
Ye shall a pardon full and free receive,
If thus ye seek, and heartily believe :
For this is promis'd in God's holy word,
And this to penitents may peace afford :
For heaven and earth shall sooner pass away,
Than one word fail which Christ the Lord doth say.
What say ye then ?—Will ye in sin persist ?
Or will ye under Christ yourselves inlist ?
Resolve you now which portion ye will take,
A crown of glory, or a burning lake ;
For unto one of these ye soon must go,
To heaven above, or down to hell below.
O then be wise, and quit yourselves like men,
That you may grace, and endless life obtain.
Consider well what danger you are in,
While ye remain in love or league with sin.
And think what vast advantage it will be
If ye to Christ do now for refuge flee.

'Tis dreadful madness if to sin you cleave,
And do not now the grace of God receive.
This you will think yourselves I'm sure one day,
If ye do not his gracious call obey.
O that you'd think so ere it is too late,
Ere death hath ended your probation state;
Else you will think so in th' infernal chains,
Where God's eternal furious vengeance reigns!
The just reward of their ingratitude,
Who thus despise the goodness of a God.

III. *To the* AGED SINNERS.

AND what say ye, who now to the last stage
Of life are come, ere ye yourselves engage
In this great war, against the powers of sin?
Will ye not yet this needful work begin?
Have you liv'd here so long, yet never knew
This wond'rous mystry, to be born anew?
If ye continue in your natural state,
Great is your folly and your danger great.
You have been bound in Satan's cruel chains,
While he prepar'd you for eternal pains.
And are you willing to continue still
The wretched subjects of his cursed will?
And are you willing now to leave this world,
To be with him to hell for ever hurl'd?
O dreadful thought! do ye not yet repent,
And tremble at the thoughts of this event?
O, think how ye this wretched world must leave,
And be thrust down to the infernal cave,
Where fire and brimstone, black sulphureous streams
Must be your bed, in everlasting flames!

There shall ye also see, at utmost height,
The glorious realms of everlasting light,
Where all the holy, valiant champions are,
Who were brave soldiers in this holy war,
Wearing their glorious crowns and white array,
Triumphing in the realms of endless day ;
Whilst ye are roaring in the lake of hell,
In torments worse than mortal tongues can tell.
Then conscience too, that never dying worm,
Will gnaw your hearts in the most wretched form.
'Twill then upbraid you with such words as these,
" Thou liv'dst on earth and took'st thy carnal ease,
And didst thy base luxurious palate please ;
And didst neglect the gospel's joyful sound,
Where many thousands sweet salvation found !
There might'st thou too, salvation have obtain'd,
Hadst thou not still in unbelief remain'd,
And all my checks most scornfully disdain'd.
Remember how I often did thee tell,
That thou wast in the ready road to hell,
Yet still against the Lord thou wouldst rebel.
Now thou must in these endless torments lie
Thro' all the ages of eternity."

Then will ye cry, " Alas ! what must I dwell
For ever in this dreadful lake of hell !
O cutting thought ! alas ! this makes me shiver,
To think upon this awful word, FOR EVER !
What ! must I lie ten thousand ages here,
And yet my wretched end be never near !
Alas ! alas ! is this eternity !
O ! could I curse this dreadful God and die !

But ah, alas, my wishes all are vain,
 Repentment does but aggravate my pain !
 O that I never once had heard the sound
 Of gospel tidings on the earthly ground,
 For this sad thought torments me worst of all,
 That I refus'd its sweet inviting call !
 O that I ne'er had liv'd on Christian ground,
 Nor ever heard the gospel's joyful sound !"

Thus may we not suppose the wretch to cry,
 Amidst the pangs of endless misery ?

Consider this, ye aged sinners all,
 And speedily upon your Maker call,
 Lest his just vengeance quickly on you fall.
 O think, I pray, what danger ye are in,
 If yet you are the wretched slaves of sin.
 What, have you liv'd on earth so many years
 Till scarce a hair on your bald head appears ?
 Your furrow'd brows declare that death is nigh
 Your stutt'ring breath just ready now to fly,
 And the next step is black eternity !
 And can you thus contentedly remain,
 Unsanctify'd, and not yet born again ?
 O haste, make haste, and for a pardon sue,
 Ere you are forc'd to bid this world adieu !
 Your candle now is but a glimm'ring snuff,
 'Twill be blown out, perhaps, by the next puff ;
 Therefore 'tis dreadful if you now delay,
 And put off your repentance one more day.
 But now, perhaps, 'twill be th' old serpent's care
 To swell your guilt and tempt you to despair :
 He'll tell you now, " 'Tis but in vain to pray,
 For you have lost the blessing by delay."

This is his common course when men begin
To apprehend the danger they are in ;
But don't ye now his flatt'ring lies believe,
For all his craft is only to deceive :
And have not ye believ'd him too, too long ?
Then trust no more his base deceitful tongue.
For this is his last point, which if he gain,
Then he hath caught you in his cruel chain,
Wherein you're bound to everlasting pain.
But if you now unfeignedly repent,
His cursed scheme you totally prevent.
If now no more ye do in sin persist,
But freely under Christ yourselves inlist,
And now receive him on the gospel terms,
He'll welcome you into his gracious arms.
Come then, and bow before your Maker's face,
And all your guilt with grief and shame confess,
And thus implore his rich forgiving grace.

“ Lord ! at thy feet a wretched sinner lies,
Unworthy to lift up his guilty eyes
Towards thy throne, thy mercy to implore,
Yet lo, I cast myself at mercy's door
Vile and polluted ! lep'rous too all o'er !
But, Lord, I've heard there's mercy found with thee,
Ev'n for such vile unworthy worms as me !
Lord ! can't it be that I should mercy find,
I, who have been to all thy beauties blind !
I, who so long thy righteous laws have broke,
And stubbornly refus'd thy gentle yoke !
I, who so long thy patience, Lord, have tried,
And most presumptuously thy wrath defy'd :
I, who in vanity have spent my prime,
And only left for thee the dregs of time !

And shall I yet accepted be of thee?
This must indeed surprizing mercy be!
O, make me then an instrument of praise,
To celebrate thy rich forgiving grace.
O, melt this hard, this frozen heart of mine,
And work a change in me all o'er divine.
For Jesus' sake I humbly thee implore,
O Lord, wipe out my black, my guilty score?
I own I have a base transgressor been,
A willing slave to Satan and to sin:
Confounded here, I blush before thy face,
That I so long have slighted thy rich grace.
Lord, shouldst thou cast my guilty soul to hell,
Strict justice must approve the sentence well;
But, O for ever be thy name ador'd!
I find it promis'd in thy holy word,
That whoso'er repents and turns to thee,
By faith in Christ, shall yet accepted be.
These precious words afford me some relief,
Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.
But, Lord, I can't repent, nor yet believe,
Except of thee I do this power receive:
Grant then, O Lord, these graces unto me,
Then I'll repent, believe, and trust in thee.
O wash my soul in that most precious flood
Of water pure, and rich atoning blood,
That sprung from my dear Jesus' wounded side,
When he upon the cross for sinners died,
So shall thy mercy, Lord, be magnify'd.
Nay, ev'n thy justice shall more glory win
(Altho' I have the chief of sinners been)

Than if my worthless soul were sent to hell,
Where thy just vengeance doth for ever dwell;
For tho' I suffer'd there eternally,
This never would thy justice satisfy:
But my salvation thro' Christ's precious blood,
Shall fully please thy justice, O my God!
O then for mercy and for justice too,
I humbly plead, a pardon, Lord, bestow;
Then what a monument of mercy I
Shall be to angels thro' eternity!
There I with them for ever shall adore
Thy matchless love, upon the heav'nly shore;
With many millions of man's fallen race,
Who loud-proclaim thy rich forgiving grace.
Oh then my vile corrupted heart renew;
My stubborn will and all my pow'rs subdue!
This shall redound to thy eternal praise,
And glory of thy rich forgiving grace,
Far more than if my soul were sent to hell,
Where thy just vengeance doth for ever dwell.
Tho' true it is, that all the heav'nly choir
Can ne'er advance thy praise and glory higher
Than what it was from all eternity,
When all thy creatures did in silence lie:
Yet since thou hast thy gracious name reveal'd,
A God of mercy, and hast not conceal'd
This lovely attribute from my poor eyes,
From that alone my humble hopes arise.
Yea, this thou hast more highly magnify'd
Than all thy glorious attributes beside,
In sending Christ, thy dear beloved Son,
To die for crimes that rebel worms had done.

Oh let me then herein obtain a share,
And for his sake hear my unworthy pray'r.
This humble suit I cannot, will not cease,
Until thou grant an answer, Lord, of peace."

Thus humble ye yourselves before the Lord,
And plead the mercies promis'd in his word;
Then doubt not but ye shall his grace obtain,
None ever sought his face aright in vain.
But see that ye presume to sin no more,
As ye have done in unbelief before;
Else all your tears and cries will be in vain,
You're on the brink of everlasting pain.

Now, if you will your Maker's word obey,
Give ear unto his gracious voice to-day:
But if you're not resolved yet to come,
Then you may stay and hear your woful doom,
Ev'n, "Hence depart!—go, and for ever dwell
With devils in th' infernal lake of hell.

IV. *To Deserters, or Backsliders.*

NOW ye who have your sacred colours fled,
And have revolted from your Lord and head,
What say ye now?—will ye again return,
And all your base ungrateful folly mourn?
Or will ye at such matchless goodness spurn?
O think upon your mad ingratitude
To trample thus upon redeeming blood:
And think upon the danger you are in,
Whilst ye against the checks of conscience sin.
Consider how this deathless worm will sting you,
When justice into quenchless flames shall sing you.

Oh dreadful thought ! and will ye still persist
To be the trait'rous enemies of Christ ?
What ! flee from Christ, and all his lovely charms,
And turn to Satan's camp and bear his arms !
O fatal madness ! do ye not begin
To see the dreadful danger you are in ?
Let but your conscience answer, it will tell,
If thus ye still continue to rebel,
Your place must be the very lowest hell.

But now if ye will humbly yet return
To your allegiance, and your folly mourn,
A gracious pardon ye shall yet obtain,
If humbly ye repent and turn again.
Then come, and like the prodigal of old,
With contrite heart your case to God unfold.

“ Lord, I have sinn'd, I've sinn'd before thy face,
And most ungratefully abus'd thy grace !
But now my folly and my shame I own,
I am not worthy to be call'd thy Son :
But let me one of thy domesticks be,
Tho' ev'n a servant of the low'st degree,
In any office that belongs to thee.
Ah, foolish ingrate that I've been, to rove
From thee, my God, and thus abuse thy love !
Alas, what fatal mazes have I trod,
Whilst I have err'd, and stray'd from thee, my God !
And dost thou yet invite me to return,
Who did so long thy loving-kindness spurn ?
Lord, at thy feet confounded here I lie,
Towards thy throne ashamed to lift mine eye !
And wilt thou yet receive me to thine arms ?
Lo, here I yield, o'ercome with Mercy's charms !

My sinful self I utterly abhor,
And all my base ingratitude deplore.
Lord, guard my heart, that I no more my rove
From thy dear camp—secure me by thy love.
Let be nailed to my Saviour's cross,
Rather than suffer me to wander thus:
Then here on earth, while my frail lips can move,
I'll shew the world the wonders of thy love;
And strive to bring revolvers back to thee,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God with me.
And when I reach thy glorious courts above,
Where my deceitful heart no more shall rove,
There will I vie with all the heav'nly choir,
Who speak thy praise with most intense desire,
To celebrate, in sweet immortal lays,
The wonders of thy rich forgiving grace.
Then, Lord, my humble supplication hear,
And to my prayer lend a gracious ear,
Since Jesus dy'd backsliders to restore,
Then for his sake a pardon I implore.
Look down, O Lord, and with a gracious eye,
For Jesus' sake, pass mine offences by,
And save the rebel justly doom'd to die;
So shall the glory be for ever thine,
As it is most due to sov'reign grace divine."

Thus humble ye yourselves before the Lord,
And by his grace ye shall be yet restor'd:
But if you still continue to rebel,
Your place must be where your old leader fell,
Of all the race of Adam great or small,
Your case must be the dreadfulest of all,

Who after ye the gospel had receiv'd,
 And with a firm assent the truth believ'd,
 And yet returned back to Satan's tribe,
 What mortal tongue your danger can describe?
 O! that ye may consider, ere too late,
 The danger of your base apostate state,
 And speedily to Christ for refuge flee,
 That ye may from this woful state get free.
 O haste! make haste! while mercy yet doth wait,
 For you're undone if you should stay too late.

SECT. V. *A more particular Address to the Dissenters, on
 several serious Considerations, by way of Application,
 exciting them to practical Holiness, and Thankfulness.*

NOW I no more this gen'ral scheme pursue,
 But speak here more peculiarly to you
 To whom I this epistle have address'd;
 My mind to you shall freely be express'd.

And since 'tis so that ye profess to be
 The faithful soldiers of the Lord; then see
 That your profession, and your lives agree.
 For, ah! how vain are empty modes and names,
 Before a God whose quick all-piercing beams
 Discern the very secrets of the heart,
 Ere our frail lips our meaning can impart!
 O, then examine well, lest ye be found
 Like tinkling brags, a vain and empty sound!
 For lo, we're told that many men will say
 To Christ at the great awful judgment-day,
 "Lord, Lord, we've prophesied in thy great name,
 And works have done, ev'n mighty works of fame."
 To whom he'll answer, with an angry frown,
 "Depart from me, for you I will not own!"

Your works you did in base hypocrisy,
And vainly thought to 'scape my piercing eye :
Depart, ye workers of iniquity.” }
Then shall they flee with terror from his sight,
Down to the regions of eternal night ;
And there must they their endless lodging take
With devils, in the black infernal lake !
O dreadful sentence, “ Who of us shall dwell
With endless burnings in the lake of hell ?”
And who shall then admitted be to stand
Before the Judge, and plac'd on his right-hand,
To whom he'll say, “ Come, ye beloved ones,
Ye now shall sit on bright celestial thrones ;
Come and enjoy the kingdom long prepar'd
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.”
O who, I say, shall this sweet sentence hear,
So pleasing and delightful to the ear ?
None but the faithful foll'wers of the Lamb,
Who fear'd, and lov'd, and boldly own'd his name ;
And counted Christ's reproach far greater gain
Than all this world affords to wicked men.
Such are the happy souls, and such alone,
To whom the Judge will then announce, “ Well done.”
O then, my friends, take heed whate'er ye do,
To walk by faith, as pilgrims here below,
Else all your hopes of being lov'd and own'd
By Christ at last, will but your souls confound !
But, for encouragement, pray still pursue
The paths of virtue, keep the prize in view ;
The glorious recompence of the reward,
To be for ever with your dearest Lord !

Consider too your warfare is but short,
Ere ye shall reach the fair celestial port,
If still ye tread the strait, the narrow path,
Finish your course, and keep the holy faith;
Then shall ye be among the blest renown'd,
And with immortal joy and glory crown'd.
Then be not slothful, but with zeal pursue
Those tracts that Christ and his apostles drew.

Ye boast your ancestors * were heroes brave,
Who true and faithful testimonies gave
Of their allegiance to the King of kings,
And how they did despise all tempting things,
That would have drawn them from the holy way
That leads to realms of everlasting day:
And with what holy courage they did stand
In sweet obedience to their Lord's command,
Not fearing them who could the body kill,
But on the soul could not effect their will,
Yet faithful were unto JEHOVAH still.

Well, do you imitate their virtuous ways,
Their faith and love, and ev'ry Christian grace?
Ye ought to follow them with one accord
So far as they did follow Christ the Lord:
In vain ye boast of them, except ye do
Their virtuous ways with holy zeal pursue.

And thro' what floods of dangers still did they
Pursue the path that leads to endless day?
And thro' what difficulties did they meet
To seek the Lord, and found his presence sweet?

* The ancient Puritans and modern Nonconformists.

True love inflam'd their sympathizing hearts;
 As members of one body, all the parts
 Share with each other in their joys and smarts.
 So little they esteem'd such tempting things
 As worldly pelf, with its deceitful wings,
 Pleasures and honours, with their hidden stings,
 That they resign'd them at their Lord's command,
 Tho' wants and tribulations were at hand.
 They rather chose to keep a conscience clear,
 Than buy the world's deceitful toys so dear †.

And, in the midst of all their griefs and fears,
 They poured forth their humble cries and tears
 Before the Lord, whose mercy still is nigh
 To all that fear him, and on him rely;
 Tho' in the furnace he does them refine,
 According to his wisdom all divine,
 And makes them ev'n the purest gold outshine;
 Yet did his gracious ear attend their cry,
 And he beheld their troubles from on high;
 Then safely o'er the rough tempestuous flood
 Brought a deliv'rer, to confound the proud:
 His Royal Hero (WILLIAM) here he brought,
 Who most victoriously his battles fought.
 His guardian angels safely brought him o'er
 The boist'rous ocean, to the British shore:
 Then on his head he set the royal crown,
 And bid him tread the haughty tyrants down.
 The Royal Hero did his Lord obey,
 Reign'd with a just, yet with a pow'rful sway,
 And made the hosts of Hell and Rome give way!

† See Neal's History of the Puritans and Modern Nonconformists,
 and Dr. Calamy's Abridgement, &c.

At his approach their hearts were fill'd with dread,
With terror from the British coast they fled!
Then did the Lord him o'er to Ireland send,
His faithful protestants there to defend,
And by him he redeem'd the precious lives
Of his dear children, from the Irish knives;
Thence brought him back safe to the British throne,
To make his justice and his goodness known.
Thus God made all tyrannic powers resign,
And fix'd the crown on worthy GEORGE's line!
And still they new rebellions try in vain,
To interrupt our gracious Sov'reign's reign.

O all ye Protestants, your voices raise,
With thankful hearts to sing your Maker's praise,
For favours so sublimely great as these!
And you especially, who most abhor
The base pollution of the scarlet whore,
What cause have you his goodness to adore?
His works are done in truth and righteousness:
His enemies unwillingly confess
That matchless wisdom, power and glory shines
In all his works, in all his vast designs.
Then, ye who are the objects of his care,
What cause have ye his goodness to declare?
He makes your rulers gracious, just, and kind,
And gives your fears and dangers to the wind,
To carry them beyond the raging seas,
Whilst ye enjoy sweet liberty and ease.
And thus do ye the privilege enjoy
To worship God in his appointed way;
No threat'ning tyrant daring to oppose
The happy privileges God bestows.

O then, what cause have ye to bless his name,
 And make his praise your most delightful theme?
 But now, my friends, while ye enjoy such peace,
 Take heed, lest weeds instead of fruits increase:
 Whilst there's no outward wolf now to molest,
 Take care of them that dwell within your breast:
 These oftentimes prove worse than all the rest.

Consider now, if this be not your case,
 While ye enjoy sweet liberty and peace?
 Does not the love of many now wax cold,
 As was fore-spoken by your Lord of old?
 Does not lukewarmness greatly now abound;
 Envy, and pride, and malice spread around?
 Does not true godliness still fade away,
 And ev'ry grace seem daily to decay?
 Consider then what cause ye have to fear,
 Lest God should in his dreadful fury swear,
 "Since ye abuse the gospel of my love,
 My candlestick I'll speedily remove,
 And ye shall grope in darkness, and shall know
 The want of that which ye have slighted so.
 Ye now shall feel the fury of my rod,
 And know that I'm a sin-revenging God."
 O Britons, tremble, and your sins forbear,
 Lest ye should soon this dreadful sentence hear.
 Hath not the Lord dealt so with other lands,
 Who did abuse the favours of his hands?
 O think upon his ancient flock, the Jews,
 Who did the gospel of his grace refuse;
 See how they're scatter'd thro' the earth abroad,
 Like wand'ring sheep, estranged from their God!

Now these (ye know) his chosen people were,
Yet, for their sins, the Lord would not them spare,
And Gentile churches, which he first did plant,
Lie now in ruins, and his gospel want ;
Because they did his jealousy provoke,
Their sacred temples he hath long forsook !
Now they are left to worship wood and stone,
And Jesus Christ is now to them unknown !

And have not we, within this fav'rite land,
Great cause to fear, lest God should give command
To cut us down, as cumb'ers of the ground,
If that no better fruits on us be found ?

If we continue to provoke the Lord,
Shall we escape the fury of his sword,
And still enjoy the blessings of his word ?

What ! will the Lord continue here to dwell
While we maintain a wicked league with hell ?
O no, my friends ! great cause we have to fear,
If we do not this sinful hope forbear,

That God in wrath on us will quickly frown,
And on us pour his dreadful fury down !

Do not our sins for heavy judgments cry ?
And our transgressions reach above the sky ?

And may we not expect the Lord to pour
His wrath on us, in one eternal shower ?

Rouse, all ye saints, and humbly peace implore,
And never once your fervent cries give o'er,
Until he bless your land from shore to shore.

Ye are the sacred pillars of the earth,
Your earnest cries restrain God's fiercest wrath.

O may your fervent prayers daily rise
To him, thro' Christ, a welcome sacrifice.

O Britons all, begin with one accord,
 To search your ways, and turn unto the Lord;
 So shall ye still his favourites remain,
 Your rights and liberties he will maintain
 And send his blessings down like show'rs of rain.
 Your king and country he will greatly bless,
 And give each labour of your hands success.
 Your land shall be like Eden's fruitful field,
 Which did a thousand joyful blessings yield.
 But if his promises will not you draw,
 Nor your reluctant stubborn spirits thaw,
 Then must ye hear the thunders of the law;
 And if you do not speedily repent,
 His dreadful judgments will be on you sent.
 Destruction, like an overwhelming flood,
 Shall fall upon the stubborn and the proud.
 Here I conclude, and humbly join my part,
 Lord, with thy grace fill ev'ry British heart.

E P I S T L E III.

The Divine ORIGINAL and primitive GLORY of
 CHRISTIANITY, set forth in the Birth, Life,
 Sufferings, Death, Resurrection, and Ascen-
 sion of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST,
 and the Life and Conduct of his Apostles.

Humbly addressed to all Professors of Christianity, for
 their holy Imitation.

SECT. I. *The Birth of Christ.*

THE time is come; lo, the bright day appears
 That God had promis'd near four thousand years,

That he would send the woman's royal seed
To rescue man, and bruise the serpent's head.
God's faithful saints did long this day behold
Thro' types and prophecies which Christ foretold.
But what was typify'd is now reveal'd,
And all the holy prophecies fulfill'd:
Lo, Christ the Lord, the great MESSIAH comes,
And man's frail nature chearfully assumes!

This did his angels see with strange surprize;
Behold, their Maker in a manger lies!
A tender babe, just of a virgin born!
Us'd with contempt, indignity and scorn!
A stable for his palace, and a manger
The bed wherein was laid the heav'nly stranger!
Well might they be prodigiously amaz'd,
To see the Lord of glory thus debas'd.

Why did not wrath their heav'nly breasts inflame
To vindicate their great Creator's name?
No: they were fill'd with wisdom from above,
And sent to spread this matchless scene of love.
Down to our earth, behold they bend their way,
To spread the joyful tidings of the day.
See now God's glory round the shepherds shine
With splendor great, with lustre so divine
That mortal eyes could not sustain the sight,
Without amazing terror in the night;
For lo, it was amidst the dusky shade
This glorious vision was to them display'd.
But lo, the heav'nly envoy quickly cheers,
With tidings glad, their humble hearts and ears.
"Arise," said he, "ye shepherds, haste away
To David's city, lo, there's born to-day

A glorious Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
By whom your humble hopes shall be restor'd,
A glorious King, a Sun of Righteousness,
Who with salvation shall the nations bless !
Laid in a manger, lo, the babe you'll find :
The ancient promis'd Saviour of mankind."
Thus Gabriel spake—th' attentive shepherds heard,
And lo, a bright angelic host appear'd,
And thus, whilst in the radiant clouds they hung,
Their Maker's praise in heav'nly strains they sung ;
" To God be glory in the highest strains,
Who in the heav'n of heav'ns for ever reigns :
Long hath his goodness fill'd our realms above,
But men shall now taste of his special love.
To men, good-will, and heav'nly peace on earth,
To angels, joy, at great IMMANUEL's birth."
Thus did the bright angelic host proclaim,
When they upon the joyful errand came,
To spread the news of our Redeemer's birth,
And fill mens hearts with heav'nly joy on earth :
Then shall not men resound their heav'nly strains
And make their voices reach th' æthereal plains ?
Yes, certainly each faithful soul will raise
To God a song of undissembled praise ;
And also with the highest angels vic,
To sing the praises of the Trinity.
Come then, ye dear redeemed souls, and join
Your hearts and tongues in raptures all divine,
And make your voices reach the courts above,
To praise the wonders of redeeming love !
Admire, adore, whilst this you meditate,
How Jesus left his glorious throne of state,

Such strange indignities to undergo,
To ransom you from everlasting woe.

His powerful word the whole creation made,
And heav'n and earth on stately pillars laid,
And his almighty pow'r sustains them still,
And doth in heav'n and earth whate'er he will,
Yet deign'd to leave his glorious throne on high
(Where he had reign'd from all eternity)
That he man's feeble nature might assume,
And he th' offended, take th' offender's room !
See how he leaves his bright celestial throne,
A humble virgin's knees to sit upon !
Thus, " lower than his angels was he made,"
Born in a stable, in a manger laid !
Be heav'n and earth amaz'd, and blush to see
Your great Creator in this low degree !
But, O ye faithful saints, believe 'tis true,
This matchless stoop of love was all for you !
O then, with heart and tongue, proclaim his praise ;
Above the heav'ns your thankful voices raise !
His pow'r, his wisdom, and his love adore,
That stoop'd so low, poor captives to restore !
Adore the justice and the mercy too,
That did such strange mysterious things for you !
O praise the Father, who his Darling sent
T' assume your nature ; bear your punishment !
O praise the Son, who did so freely come
To bear the stroke of justice in your room !
O praise the holy Spirit, who applies
To you the blood of this rich sacrifice !
O praise the glorious Three, with one accord,
Who thus your sinking hopes again restor'd !

Yea, let your thankful songs for ever rise,
Like clouds of incense, to the lofty skies.

Sect. II. *The Life of Christ, viz. His Infant Sufferings, in being carried into Egypt from the cruelty of Herod; his return to the Land of Judea; his temptations, public Ministry, and Miracles, &c.*

THUS have we heard how Christ the Lord did come,
And our frail nature humbly deign'd t' assume:
Now let us next with humble hearts review
The matchless labours he for us went through;
And all to purchase endless life and peace
For rebel worms of Adam's fallen race.

No sooner had he made his entrance here,
But hell pursu'd him with a fierce career:
Herod, that bloody tyrant of the age,
Inspir'd by hell, did all his pow'rs engage
To slay the Infant with the utmost rage:
And to be sure to slay the holy One,
The monstrous tyrant spar'd or pitied none,
But ev'ry babe, in fair Bethlehem town,
Must by his cruel sword be slaughter'd down!
Ev'n ev'ry male, beneath two years of age,
Must fall a victim to his cursed rage!
Alas, what melting groans, what mournful cries,
And flowing tears, from tender mothers eyes,
Which one might think would melt a heart of stone,
And make it sympathize with every groan!
Yet nothing would this monster's wrath assuage,
But all must fall the victims of his rage!
Yet all in vain, to slay the holy Child,
The cruel tyrant's hopes were all beguil'd.

In vain he thought God's purpose to prevent,
For he the Babe had into Egypt sent,
'Till Herod's pow'r and policy was spent.
Thus was the haughty tyrant's purpose cross'd,
And all his hopes for ever blown and lost.

Thus may we see how vain it is to fight
Against a God, whose power is infinite:
Soon could the Lord have stop't his cursed breath,
And made him fall immediately by death,
Yet lo, his wisdom made his fury stay
'Till he saw fit on the appointed day;
Then gave commission to his servant Death,
To stop the cruel tyrant's threat'ning breath.
Then out of Egypt, lo, he call'd his Son,
To make his justice and his mercy known.
And thus did he the prophecy unfold,
That by the prophet had been long foretold,
That out of Egypt God would call his Son,
(And ev'ry word that's promis'd must be done.)

Now that this prophecy might be fulfill'd,
Joseph is warn'd to take the holy child,
And his espoused wife, and so return
To Israel's land, where they did once sojourn.
But lo, new troubles did obstruct their way,
Hearing that Herod's son did then bear sway,
They fear'd lest he the holy Babe should slay:
So being warn'd of God, they turn'd aside
To Nazareth, and there did long abide,
And that the prophecy might be fulfill'd,
That Jesus should a Nazarene be stil'd.
So Jesus grew in wisdom, and in stature,
Strange mystery, a God in human nature!

And as suppos'd at thirty years of age,
He now must in his ministry engage:
Then back into Judea he returns,
And for the peoples' sins he fasts and mourns.
Now to his grief to add fresh aggravations,
Lo, he must suffer Satan's foul temptations;
That so he might in all things bear a part
Of our afflictions, with a tender heart:
He felt of all what Adam's race endure,
Only from sinful nature clean and pure.
All Satan's foul temptations were in vain
His infinite bright holiness to stain.

Then he began to preach, and taught the poor
Such doctrine as they never heard before:
The law in gospel mold did he explain,
And shew'd their duty both to God men,
Not like the crafty Pharisees and Scribes,
Who taught them partially for filthy bribes.
His words did with such holy lustre shine,
They plainly prov'd his sov'reign power divine.
He heal'd the sick, he gave the blind their sight,
Made deaf to hear, the lame to walk upright:
He cleans'd the lepers, and did dead men raise,
Made dumb to speak and sing their Maker's praise;
He made the devils flee from those possess'd,
And calmly gave their troubl'd spirits rest.
Thus he fulfill'd what good Esaias said,
Himself did bear our sorrows in our stead.

Thus did he prove his mission was divine,
To all who were not obstinately blind,
The poor, who were enlighten'd from above,
His doctrine heard with holy fear and love,

While Scribes and Pharisees still dar'd blaspheme
His glorious Godhead, and reproach'd his name.

Then out of the uncultivated croud

He twelve disciples chose, unlearn'd and rude,
With whom he travell'd in a pilgrim's dress,
To help the poor and needy in distress :

But, O the matchless travels he went thro',
Surpass the power of mortal tongues to shew !

The desert mountain, and the midnight air,
Was often witness to his fervent pray'r ;

Not for himself, but for man's fallen race,
Who had ungratefully abus'd his grace !

While foxes had their holes, each bird its nest,
Yet had not he whereon his head to rest !

Hunger and thirst, did he oft-times endure,
Tho' Lord of all, yet thus became he poor.

All this and more did Jesus undergo

For man, unworthy man, his bitter foe,

Who plotted ev'n his utter overthrow !

Nay, this was but a preface to the grief

He underwent, to purchase our relief.

Surprising love ! infinite, and divine,

Oh, with what matchless lustre doth it shine !

Oh ! may this love each gracious soul inspire

With holy zeal to imitate him nigh'r.

Come, O thou sweet celestial Dove, and bring

Thy heav'nly graces on thy balmy wing,

And fill our souls with thy celestial fire,

That we may more this Saviour's love admire,

And daily strive to raise his praises higher,

Sect. III. *The last Sufferings and Death of Christ.*

THUS Jesus spent his life in grief and tears
(As is suppos'd) for three and thirty years:

But now a greater scene of grief and woe
Doth next ensue, which he must undergo,
Since he hath undertaken to redress
God's broken law, in man th' offender's place.
One single mite justice will not abate,
All partial pay he utterly doth hate.
So now on Jesus' head behold he pours
The dreadful vengeance that was due to ours!
Devils, and men, with all their furious rage,
Are now let loose against him to engage;
While God's vindictive justice on him falls,
And for full reparation strictly calls
Of that just holy law that man had broke;
So, on his head he lays the dreadful stroke!
The Jews (his brethren, countrymen and kin
According to the flesh) do now begin
To plot amongst themselves, with utmost skill,
How they might take, and holy Jesus kill.
And Satan too, who's ready still t' assist,
And help the cruel enemies of Christ,
Did enter into Judas, then to fill
His wicked heart, with his pernicious skill,
And taught him how he might his Lord betray,
And thereby get unto himself a prey.
Judas was ready to obtain a prize,
So with his counsel readily complies,
And to the Jewish priests he went his way,
And bargain'd with them Jesus to betray.

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Now that same night on which he was betray'd,
 A friendly supper for his twelve he made,
 An ordinance in order to record
 The death and suff'rings of their dying Lord:
 Instead of that bright ordinance before *,
 When God had past the doors of Jacob o'er,
 While stubborn Egypt's first born-sons he slew,
 When they refus'd to let his people go.
 Tho' that salvation did with lustre shine,
 Yet this is far more glorious and divine.

And as they sat at supper, Jesus said,
 "By one of you I am this night betray'd"
 Now when they heard these words with one accord
 All in surprize, cry'd, "Is it I, O Lord?"
 Then Jesus answer'd plainly, "It is one
 To whom I'll give a sop ere we have done."
 Then Jesus took the bread and bless'd and brake,
 And to his twelve these friendly words he spake,
 "Take, eat, my friends: this is my body broke
 For you, and all my chosen faithful flock."
 Then lo, he took the cup and blest the wine,
 And bade them drink the cordial divine:
 "Drink all of this (said he) this is my blood
 Of the new covenant: This precious flood
 Shall reconcile you to my Father God.
 This do (said he) until the world shall end,
 In mem'ry of your dear departed Friend.
 These elements are signs and seals of peace
 To you, and all my true and faithful race,
 Who shall by faith my covenant embrace.

* The Passover.

Now while they ate he dipt a sop, and gave
To Judas, who did it from him receive,
To shew by whom he was to be betray'd,
According as he just before had said.
Now to conclude this ordinance, they raise
Their hearts and voices in an hymn of praise:
Then lo, into a garden Jesus went,
His heavy grief and sorrows there to vent.

Now think, O Christians, what a weight he bore,
When he did pay for you the dreadful score!
First to the garden turn your melting eyes,
And there behold his dreadful agonies!
See how he bends beneath his grievous load,
And sweats great drops of clotted crimson blood,
And to his Father's throne he sends his cries,
With broken heart, and overflowing eyes,
"Father (he cries) if possible it may be,
O let this bitter cup now pass from me!
Yet not my will, but Lord, thy will be done,
Lo, I obey the orders of thy throne."
His human nature in condition faint,
Did urge him here to offer this complaint,
But straight he checks his fainting heart again,
With, "Why should I this bitter cup refrain,
Was it not for this self-same end I came?"
Therefore, O Father, glorify thy name;
So shalt thou also glorify thy Son,
Whose glory with thine own is always one.
Lo, I have glorified thy name below,
And done the work thou gavest me to do,
Give me the glory now which once I had
With thee, O Father, ere the world was made!

I have made known thy name unto thy sheep,
All those which thou hast given me to keep.
Lo, thine they were, and them thou gav'st to me,
And they have known thy name and loved thee,
These have I kept, and none of them are lost,
Save that vile traitor, whom the Holy Ghost
Did by the prophet long ago foretel
That he for money should his Master sell."
Thus having spoke, behold the traitor comes,
And with a kiss th' audacious wretch presumes
To give the signal to the barb'rous croud,
Who round about like bulls of Bashan stood,
And most incessantly did seek his blood !
Next see him dragg'd before the judgment seat,
And there accus'd by falshood and deceit ;
Condemn'd upon a cursed cross to die ;
Us'd with the basest of indignity !
Cloth'd in a purple rob with haughty scorn ;
Hail'd in contempt, and crown'd with piercing thorn !
Then with a reed they smote his sacred head !
And on his back the cursed cross they laid,
The cursed cross whereon he was to die,
And thus in triumph led to Calvary :
And there with ling'ring torments, lo, he's slain,
Expos'd to shame, and most excessive pain ;
Us'd with the rudest spite, and vile disdain !
There fixt to the accursed wood he stands,
With nails drove thro' his precious feet and hand
From whence behold rich streams of precious blood,
To satisfy your just offended God !
Again to God he lifts his melting eyes,
With humble groans and sore lamenting cries,

"My God ! my God ! why hast thou me forsook
 Beneath men's fury and thine own rebuke ?"
 The base inhuman crowd that gaz'd beneath,
 Did there insult him in the pangs of death ;
 And pleas'd with all his agony and pain,
 They gladly heard his holy soul complain !
 And when for drink his parching throat did call,
 They mock'd his thirst with vinegar and gall :
 Yet ev'n amidst his sharpest agonies,
 He pray'd for these his cruel enemies,
 " Father, forgive them, for they do not know
 What 'tis they do, or wherefore they do so."
 This being done, he bow'd his holy head,
 And said, "'tis done, my task is finished !"
 Thus having said, he yielded up the ghost,
 And died to save poor sinners that were lost.
 Then one of the rude soldiers, void of fear,
 Into his side thrust his unhallow'd spear,
 From whence did streams of blood and water fly,
 Water to cleanse, and blood to justify.

Thus did it please the Lord to bruise his Son,
 Not for his own, but crimes that men had done ;
 All this he did that it might be fulfill'd,
 Which was of old by prophecy reveal'd :
 For lo, one tittle shall in nowise fail
 Which God of old by prophets did reveal.

Now let us all with holy wonder view
 Th' strange surprising signs of nature too,
 That did appear, and plainly testify'd
 That it was Christ, the great Messiah, dy'd.
 All nature sick'n'd at the dreadful sight,
 And from the scene the sun withdrew his light.

Sunk in a swoon, behold three hours he lay,
And from the sight withdrew his golden ray !

The radiant skies a sable veil put on,
And in hoarse thunders made their frightful moan !
While ev'ry breath of air, in mournful sighs,
Declar'd its sorrow too with strange surprize !
The earth, convuls'd, with awful terror shook,
Asham'd upon his Maker's blood to look !
Ev'n stubborn stones did at the scene relent,
And rugged rocks were then asunder rent !
The dreadful shock awak'd the slumb'ring dead,
And many saints then left their dusky bed,
And in the holy city did appear,
The testimony of their Lord to bear.
The temple's vail asunder rent in twain,
To shew that Jewish shadows now are vain ;
For when the real substance once is come,
For types and shadows there remains no room.
Th' amaz'd Centurion too, with strange surprize,
Cry'd out, " O ! 'tis the Son of God that dies ! "

O Christians, view by faith, this matchless scene,
And think upon your dear Redeemer's pain,
Oh ! think if love could e'er with this compare,
That God should at a feeble mortal's bar
Submit to death, and give his life t' atone
For those black crimes that rebel worms had done.
Oh ! think if things inanimate thus did
Ev'n seem to blush, to see their Maker bleed,
What cause have we to tremble at the thought
That it was sin all this confusion wrought !
And can it be that a believing heart
Can see the anguish and the bloody smart

That Jesus felt from this black monster sin,
And yet not with the utmost rage and spleen
Resolve against each darling lust within?
No, certainly; no true believing soul,
But what will strive this monster to controul,
And with the utmost rage resolve to fight
Against each darling sin with all his might.

O Christians then, when ye this scene review,
Resolve to bid each darling lust adieu:
Since these are traitors to your dearest Lord,
Let them by you for ever be abhorr'd.
Blame not the Jews for this inhuman deed,
But blame your sins that made your Saviour bleed.
The Jews were weapons God saw fit to use,
When he for you did thus his darling bruise:
Now look on him whom ye have pierc'd and mourn,
And never more to sinful folly turn;
But now devote each darling lust to death,
That pierc'd his heart and stop't his vital breath.

SECT. IV. *The Resurrection of Christ.*

BUT now, my muse, a brighter theme assume,
Lo, Jesus wakes and leaves the dusky tomb
The third day, lo, the joyful news were spread,
Jesus no more is found among the dead;
In vain the grave would try the Lord to hold,
For death, the conqueror, is by him controul'd.
Its arms before such pris'ner ne'er embrac'd,
By power divine, behold, he is releas'd!
Tho' firmly bound within its massy chains,
He burst its bonds, and now triumphant reigns.
'Twas his own will that made him yield to death,
By his own power, lo, he recalls his breath.

He died the holy law to satisfy :
 He rose again, our souls to justify.
 Here wisdom, power, and love do all combine,
 And seem to vie each other to outshine,
 Each shines with lustre so divinely bright
 As dazzles ev'n the highest Seraph's sight.
 Th' angelic hosts with transports sweet adore,
 This matchless scene unparallel'd before.
 But, O ye Christians, think what cause have you
 Your thankful songs for ever to renew !
 O may this scene of love make you adore
 God's matchless goodness, and each lust abhor.

Sect. V. *Christ appearing to his Disciples, and giving
 them Commission to preach his Gospel ; and ascending
 up to Heaven.*

YET little Christ's disciples understood
 The grand design of the eternal God ;
 Tho' Jesus of his suff'rings had them told,
 Yet they his meaning could not then unfold.
 When he was taken, they were fill'd with dread,
 And ev'ry one deserted him and fled.
 When he was dead and bury'd in the tomb,
 Their faith bewilder'd was in dreadful gloom :
 And when they heard that he was ris'n again,
 Sense did their faith in prison still detain.
 Thus were they fill'd with gloomy doubts and fears,
 'Till, lo, their Lord again to them appears,
 And with fresh comfort their dull spirits cheers.
 He plainly made their senses all perceive
 The real truth, before they would believe :
 Then they their Master gladly did embrace,
 And he their faith did mightily increase.

Then lo, he sends them forth to go and teach
All nations, and his holy gospel preach.
"To ev'ry human soul beneath the skies,
Go preach (saith he) my gospel and baptize:
Instructing them t' observe all my commands
Which I have here committed to your hands.
And ev'ry humble soul that doth believe,
And is baptiz'd, a pardon shall receive.
Shew this to sinners all that can be nam'd,
The weak, the strong, the blind, the halt, the
maim'd:

Tell them the unbeliever shall be damn'd.
Go now, ye faithful heralds of your Lord,
And spread the triumphs of my powerful word.
With courage bold, go, and the truth proclaim,
And never yield to sinful fear or shame.
But this know also, that ye soon shall meet
With those who will you most unkindly treat:
And as they've used me, so will they you:
This you'll remember when you find it true.
They'll cast you out, and shamefully revile you,
And count they do God service when they kill you.
These things I've told you that you may not fear,
But patiently these short afflictions bear,
Nor count it strange when by the world abhorr'd,
For the disciple's not above his Lord:
Count it not hard tho' ye no better speed
Than I your Lord before you also did.
And lo, I now unto the Father go,
Leaving my saints as pilgrims here below;

N^o. III.

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But yet I leave you not without a Friend,
The Comforter to you I'll also send,
Who shall instruct and teach you what to do,
And shall with strength and courage fill you too.
And now tho' to the Father I ascend,
Yet lo, I'm with you 'till the world shall end,
To be your Guardian and Almighty Friend.
But at Jerusalem abide ye still,
Until this promise I to you fulfil;
Then shall ye be endu'd with mighty power,
To arm your souls in the distressive hour."

Thus Jesus spake, and took his glorious flight
Up to the regions of eternal light:
Thus his disciples saw, with wond'ring eyes,
Their glorious Lord ascend the lofty skies,
Till radiant clouds receiv'd him from their sight
Into the realms of everlasting light.
Myriads of holy angels from on high,
Bore him triumphant to his native sky,
Saying, "All glory to thy holy name,
O glorious God, O glorious slaughter'd Lamb!
Worthy art thou, of might and majesty,
Glory and honour, thro' eternity!
Worthy art thou, O God, to be ador'd,
Who with thy blood hast dying men restor'd!
Ye heav'nly gates, your spacious leaves display,
To make the mighty God, the Saviour way;
Laden with glorious spoils, from earth and hell,
Behold he comes!—he comes with God to dwell."
And now before his heav'nly Father's throne,
He pleads the glorious vict'ries he hath won.
"Father (the glorious Saviour humbly cries)
Behold the all-sufficient sacrifice,

Which here I offer at thy gracious throne,
That for my peoples' guilt I may atone."

The Father looks, and with propitious eye
He smiles, and lays his dreadful thunder by ;
And guilty rebels that deserv'd his sword,
Are now become the fav'rites of the Lord.
Justice is satisfied, and pleas'd to see
The sin condemn'd, and yet the sinner free.
Revenging wrath and vengeance is appeas'd.
Mercy is magnified, and highly pleas'd,
The elders all around the glorious throne
Fall down and worship Jesus Christ the Son,
Ascribing glory, honour, praise and power,
To him who died, and lives for evermore,
Saying, " O Lord, thou'rt worthy to receive
Far greater praise than ever tongues can give."
And all the heavenly host, with one accord,
Ascribe salvation unto Christ the Lord !
With elevated joy, and pleasure sweet,
They cast their crowns beneath his sacred feet,
And everlasting praises to his name,
They ev'ry one with joyful hearts proclaim ;
And all the heav'nly arches sweetly ring
With praise to Jesus the anointed King.
Then shall not dear redeemed souls below
Ascribe salvation to their Jesus too ?
Oh ! let your thankful songs with fervour rise,
And echo to the songs above the skies.

Sect. VI. The giving of the Holy Ghost.

Acts ii.

NOW when our blessed Lord ascended high,
In captive chains he led captivity ;

On his disciples glorious gifts bestow'd,
To spread the wonders of his power abroad.
In order first he twelve apostles made,
The glory of his gospel grace to spread,
These he endu'd with graces from on high,
Which plainly prov'd their grand authority.

These did, as their dear Lord commanded them,
Continue still at fair Jerusalem,
Until the illustrious day of Pentecost,
In order to receive the Holy Ghost,
Which their dear Master promis'd them to send,
To be their Teacher, Comforter and Friend.

Now when the day of Pentecost was come,
The apostles all were gather'd in a room,
Waiting with patience for the promis'd hour
That God on them the holy Ghost would pour.
Nor were they there detain'd with long suspense
Before the happy moment did commence;
Lo, on a sudden, round the silent room,
A mighty rushing wind from heaven did come,
And then the Holy Ghost upon them came,
And sat on each like cloven tongues of flame!
Then they began to speak with other tongues
God's wond'rous works in new celestial songs.

Now at that time in fair Jerusalem,
Dwelt men of ev'ry nation, ev'ry name
Beneath the circuit of the lofty skies,
Who saw this miracle with wond'ring eyes;
For soon these wond'rous news were nois'd abroad,
And thousands ran to see the works of God,
Who, with surprize, saw these illiterate Jews
The language of their sev'ral countries use!

Mede, Persian, Lybian, Arabic, and Greek,
They did with eloquence surprizing speak !
And ev'ry other language under heaven
To them to speak and understand was given.
And thus they shew'd the wond'rous works of God,
And spread his wisdom, power and love abroad.

This struck the multitude with strange surprize,
Not knowing whence this miracle did rise :
But some vile mockers boldly started up,
And said " These men too free have kiss'd the cup ;"
But Peter standing up, with the eleven
To whom the Holy Ghost was newly given,
And with sound arguments and courage bold
Did soon their wilful, mad mistake unfold :
And from the ancient faithful prophecies
Did fairly set the truth before their eyes,
With such convincing proofs of truth divine
As made the gospel scheme with lustre shine,
And prov'd that Jesus whom they'd crucify'd
Was truly Christ, tho' they had him deny'd.
With many more such quick and powerful words,
Which pierc'd their hearts like sharp two-edged swords.

This made their waken'd consciences to cry,
With fear and dread in their extremity,
" Dear men and brethren ! O what shall we do
That we may 'scape this just deserved woe,
Which is our due ! Is there no way to take
Whereby to 'scape the black infernal lake."
To whom they spake in consolation's strain,
" Yea, here's a way salvation to obtain,
Repent, believe, and be baptiz'd each one
In Jesus' name, God's own eternal Son,
So shall his blood for all your guilt atone.

For lo, the gracious promise is to you,
If ye believe, and to your children too:
Nor only unto you, but unto all
Both far and near, whoe'er the Lord shall call."
And thus with words of wholesome exhortation
They shew'd them plain the way of God's salvation.
Nor was their preaching left without success,
God did their faithful labours largely bless:
To this day's work three thousand souls were giv'n,
Which caus'd rejoicing both in earth and heav'n:
For if one new-born soul gives cause of mirth
Both to the angels, and to saints on earth,
With what delight must saints and angels sing
This glorious conquest of their heav'nly King!
Now, all who faithfully receiv'd the word
Were then baptiz'd, and joined to the Lord;
And in the faith of Christ continu'd they
With stedfast hearts, from that illustrious day.
And many glorious miracles were done
By the apostles of the holy One.
And all together did these saints remain,
And all one common stock did they maintain.
For ev'ry one, who houses had, or lands,
Sold them, and gave the money with their hands
Unto each other, as they stood in need.
Thus were they faithful, both in word and deed,
And no man any thing his own did call,
But what each had was common to them all.
Thus chearfully did they to each impart,
And ate their bread with singleness of heart;
And daily to God's house did they repair,
With one accord, to join in praise and pray'r:

Likewise from house to house, the scripture says,
 They daily went, to join in pray'r and praise,
 And to commemorate their dying Lord,
 In breaking bread, according to his word.
 The Lord was pleas'd to see how they behav'd,
 And added daily such as should be sav'd.
 And still new miracles th' apostles wrought,
 Which prov'd the truth of what they daily taught.

SECT. VII. *The primitive Glory of Christianity, set forth
 in the holy Conduct of the Apostles.*

*Chiefly gathered from the iiii^d, ivth, and vth Chapters of
 the Acts.*

NOW John and Peter, at the hour of pray'r,
 Did to the temple zealously repair
 To worship God, in his appointed place,
 And humbly seek his kind assisting grace.

Now, when they came up to the Beauteous Gate,
 Lo, there a poor unhappy mortal sat,
 Whom (out of pity) four had carry'd there,
 Humbly to beg for alms, at time of prayer;
 So helpless, that he could not change his place,
 But only tell the mis'ry of his case.

Now, when these two apostles thither came,
 He earnestly an alms besought of them,
 Who, when they saw and heard him begging thus,
 They kindly said, "Poor mortal, look on us."

Now, when he heard this soul-reviving word,
 He hop'd they would an alms to him afford;
 And tho' his expectation here was cross'd,
 Yet he receiv'd the alms he wanted most:

"Silver and gold we've none," said they, "but lo,
 Such as we have do we on thee bestow.

In Jesus' name of Nazareth, arise,
 And glorify that God who built the skies."
 Then lo, immediately his ancle-bones,
 And ev'ry joint, received strength at once!
 Then Peter stoopt and took him by the hand,
 And on his feet did he uprightly stand,
 And leapt for joy, and prais'd his Maker God!
 While many thousands round him wond'ring stood;
 And all the multitude were in amaze
 To see him walk, and sing his Maker's praise;
 For all the people knew 'twas he that sat,
 And begg'd for alms here at the Beauteous Gate.
 Then all the people ran, with strange surprize,
 And on these two apostles fix'd their eyes,
 Wond'ring what sort of men, or angels more,
 That could this helpless cripple thus restore!
 But Peter answer'd them, "Why gaze ye thus,
 And why look ye so earnestly on us,
 As if by our own holiness or power
 We did this impotent to strength restore?
 Ye men of Isra'l, be it known to you,
 The praise and glory is your Maker's due;
 And not to us this miracle impute,
 Let this for ever ignorance confute.
 The God of our forefathers hath this day
 Thus glorify'd his Son, whom ye did say
 Was an impostor, and his name deny'd,
 Whom by your orders Pilate crucify'd,
 When he would willingly have let him go,
 But you maliciously replied, "No!"
 And in his stead a cruel murd'rer chus'd,
 While falsely ye the Prince of Life accus'd.

Now this same Jesus whom ye thus deny'd,
And obstinately had him crucify'd,
The Lord hath raised up to his right-hand,
And hath put all things under his command;
And we, thro' faith, in his most holy name,
Have wrought this miracle upon the lame:
Yea, by the faith of Jesus Christ alone,
This man stands sound before you ev'ry one.
But now, my brethren, this we also know
Ye ignorantly did this action do;
As also were your rulers all combin'd
Against the Lord, thro' ignorance of mind.
But be it known to you, the Lord of old
Hath by his faithful prophets this foretold,
That Christ should suffer thus, and be despis'd,
And for man's guilt he should be sacrific'd.
Now have you seen these prophecies fulfill'd,
When Jesus' blood upon the cross was spill'd.
Repent ye therefore, and on him believe,
So shall the Lord (thro' him) your sins forgive:
And ye shall have a sweet refreshing word
Of pardon from the presence of the Lord;
When he shall send this Jesus Christ his Son
Whom all the prophets preach'd to you each one,
And whom the heav'ns retain 'till the last day;
Then shall he come in glorious bright array
To judge the quick and dead, as was foretold,
By all his faithful messengers of old:
For Moses truly to the fathers said,
A prophet shall the Lord raise in my stead,
Of your own brethren: him shall ye obey
In all things whatsoever he shall say.

And it shall come to pass that whosoever
 Will not this great and holy prophet hear,
 He shall be then cut off, ev'n from the ground,
 And endless curses shall his soul confound.
 This is that prophet, whom we preach to you,
 Whom ye condemn'd, and Pontius Pilate slew.
 And ever since good Samuel of old,
 The prophets all have of these days foretold.
 O then, ye sons of faithful Abra'm's race,
 Come now and seek your heav'nly Father's grace,
 Ye are the children of the prophets good,
 And of the covenant, now seal'd with blood :
 Heirs of the promise unto Abra'm given,
 That in his seed all nations under heaven
 Should be (thro' faith) with sweet salvation blest,
 And of immortal happiness possess.
 Now, first to you, God hath this offer made,
 Since he hath rais'd up Jesus from the dead,
 To bless you first, in turning you away
 From all your black iniquities this day."

Thus did they faithfully the people warn,
 Exhorting them to mind their great concern.
 Thus they improv'd all opportunities,
 Still to instruct, and make the simple wise.
 All self-applause they perfectly disclaim'd,
 And at their Master's glory only aim'd.
 With large success God made their labours meet,
 Which made their work still more divinely sweet.

But as Christ's kingdom daily did increase,
 Satan's black empire then must needs grow less :
 This mov'd his jealousy and furious spite,
 To raise an army for his cause to fight,

Then lo, he sends forth his obedient tribes,
 Priests, Pharisees, the Sadducees, and Scribes.
 But why should wise men be surpriz'd at this,
 Where-e'er Christ's preach'd the serpent he will hiss :
 These all perceiv'd their credit soon must fail
 If thus Christ's interest daily should prevail :
 For this they knew, it could not be deny'd
 They were the men that had him crucify'd.
 Now envy burn'd like fire within their breast,
 And their impetuous spirits could not rest,
 To see these mighty preachers, who so bold
 The doctrines of Christ Jesus thus unfold
 Before the people, who attentive heard
 Their holy doctrine with so much regard.
 So into prison hastily they lay 'em,
 Having the will, but not the power to slay 'em,
 And there confin'd them fast until next day,
 Hoping their courage they should now dismay,
 With dreadful threats if they should more presume
 To preach in Jesus' name for time to come.

Thus they consulted on until next day,
 Then brought the pris'ners forth without delay,
 Before the high priest, and his haughty train
 Of priests and Scribes, and such great learned men,
 And all the num'rous croud that gaz'd around
 They thought their courage they should now confound.
 Now he on whom the cure was also wrought
 Stood here before the whole assembly brought ;
 Then lo, these haughty dons, with cloudy brow,
 Begin t' examine these apostles now.

"By what authority, or by what name,
 Have ye restor'd this man ye say was lame ?"

Then Peter (filled with the Holy Ghost)
His numerous hearers boldly did accost,

“Ye mighty rulers of good Jacob’s tribes,
Ye rev’rend priests, and all ye learn’d Scribes,
If thus we are examin’d here this day,
By what authority, and in what way,
We have this cripple to full strength restor’d,
We here declare to you before the Lord
Of heaven and earth, and all created things,
The Lord of lords, the sov’reign King of kings ;
In Jesus’ name of Nazareth alone,
The true Messiah, God’s eternal Son,
Whom ye with cruel hands did crucify,
Yet hath the Lord exalted him on high
Above all pow’r, and all authority.

Now by the power of Jesus Christ alone
This man stands sound before you ev’ry one :
This is the stone, you builders did despise,
Which seem’d so despicable in your eyes :
This God hath chose to build his church upon,
The strong foundation and head corner stone ;
Nor is there any other name beside
Whereby a sinner can be justify’d,
Save Jesus Christ, the great propitiation,
In him alone shall men obtain salvation.”

Now when the rulers saw these men so bold
The doctrines of the scriptures thus t’ unfold,
They were surpriz’d and struck with wonder then
Because they knew these were unlearned men !
But they perceiv’d they had with Jesus been,
For that was in their holy conduct seen,

But what did most these rulers hearts confound,
 There stood the cripple cur'd, both safe and sound !
 This stopt their mouths, they knew not what to say,
 'Till John and Peter they had sent away ;
 Then lo, a private conference they hold
 How to prevent these holy men so bold :
 And being all assembl'd there together,
 They then began to say to one another,
 "What shall we do ? these men appear so bold.
 What can be done, that they their peace may hold ?
 For that a glorious miracle (to ev'ry eye)
 Is done by them : this can we not deny ;
 But that it may abroad no farther spread,
 By awful threat'nings, we'll excite their dread,
 That they may dare presume to teach no more
 In Jesus' name, as they have done before."
 Then, lo, they call'd these two apostles in,
 And then to charge and threaten they begin,
 That if they any more should dare presume
 To teach in Jesus name, for time to come,
 What dreadful punishments they'd on them lay ;
 Thus having done, they bid them go their way.

But these apostles boldly answer'd then,
 "Whether 'tis right t' obey the Lord, or men,
 Judge ye ; and let your consciences decide,
 For we these sacred truths can never hide,
 Which we have seen and heard, and by command
 Must speak, tho' all the world should still withstand."

Now, when these rulers found 'twas all in vain,
 They nowise could these holy men restrain ;
 Nor finding what they more to them could do,
 They farther threaten'd them, and let them go ;

For tho' their hearts were full of discontent,
They knew not how their vicious rage to vent;
For all the people spake the praise of God,
Who had his goodness thus display'd abroad!
For, lo, they fear'd the people would them stone,
If they let not these holy men alone.
"Ev'n life itself," said they, "in danger stands,
If we on them presume to lay our hands."

Thus cowardice the tyrants hands did bind
That they could not fulfil their cruel mind;
But not without God's over-ruling pow'r,
Which makes the raging ocean cease to roar:
Satan and all his agents strive in vain
To stretch an inch the limits of their chain!
For men and devils all, are at his beck;
He stays their forces with a humbling check.
Without his orders, nothing can befall,
For, lo, his kingdom ruleth over all;
And tho' some things seem dark to human sense,
All shall shine bright in course of providence;
And ev'ry thing (however seeming hard)
Shall bring forth good to them that fear the Lord.
Peace then, ye saints, who now in darkness mourn,
God's loving kindness shortly will return.

But let us now apply our thoughts again
To trace the conduct of these holy men,
Now they are rescu'd from the bloody foe,
To their own company, behold, they go
With joyful hearts, these wond'rous things to spread,
Which made their brethrens' hearts and spirits glad.

Then lo, they all begin with one accord
To bless and praise, and magnify the Lord;

With sacred raptures in that very place
They thus address his holy throne of grace :
“ Great God, thou Maker both of heav’n and earth,
Who with a word gave ev’ry thing its birth !
Ev’n nothing heard thy great resistless word,
And all produc’d at thy command, O Lord !
Thou sov’reign art o’er heav’n and earth and seas,
Thy Providence fulfils thy great decrees,
Who by the mouth of holy David said,
Why did the Jews and Gentiles join their aid ;
And kings and princes of the earth combine
Against the Lord, against his Christ they join ?
For of a truth, against thy holy One,
Ev’n Jesus Christ, thy dear beloved Son,
Whom thou hast set upon thy heav’nly throne ;
And hath put all things underneath his feet,
And made his foes unwillingly submit.
Herod and Pontius Pilatè, with the Jews,
And Gentiles too, conspir’d thy Son to bruise.
But what hath all their spite and malice done
To Jesus Christ, thy great co-equal Son,
But what was written in thy great decree,
And fore-ordain’d eternally by thee ?
And now behold their dreadful threat’nings, Lord
And strength and courage unto us afford,
That we with boldness still may speak thy word.
And grant that signs and wonders may be done
By us, thro’ faith in thy beloved Son,
That all may see, and own thy pow’r divine ;
And be eternal pow’r and glory thine,
As was, and is, and shall for ever be,
Thro’ all the ages of eternity.”

Now, having finish'd this their humble pray'r,
The very place was shaken where they were,
In token that JEHOVAH lent an ear,
And did their faithful supplication hear,
Nor was their suit detain'd with long suspense,
For presently (ere they remov'd from thence)
They had the answer of their faithful pray'r,
For with the Holy Ghost all filled were!
And they God's word declar'd with courage bold,
And did his myst'ries skilfully unfold:
And all the faithful multitude were join'd
In bonds of love, and of one heart and mind.
And no man counted ought he had his own,
But all was common 'mongst them ev'ry one:
And with great pow'r th' apostles witnessed
That Jesus Christ was risen from the dead.
And multitudes of converts ev'ry day
Sold their possessions, and the price did lay
At the apostles feet, with chearful heart,
And they the same did faithfully impart
To ev'ry one according to their need,
To clothe the naked and the hungry feed.

But one nam'd Ananias, with his wife,
Did foolishly forsake the path of life,
And having harken'd to the tempter's breath,
They thereby found the ready road to death:
For having a possession, it they sold,
And part did of the price thereof withhold,
And brought the rest to the apostles feet,
Affirming that it was the sum complete.
But, ah, how soon the falshood was found out.
Which their destruction quickly brought about:

When Peter looking earnestly upon,
Said, "Ananias, ah! what hast thou done?
Why hast thou suffer'd Satan thus to fill
Thy heart with falsehood; thine own blood to spill?
For lo, thou hast not only ly'd to man,
But unto God, whose piercing eye doth scan
The deepest secrets of mens hearts within,
Before their lips can utter what they mean!
Now thou hast kept (by falsehood and deceit)
Part of the price: Ah, foolish hypocrite!
Before 'twas sold, thou know'st it was thine own,
And when 'twas sold, 'twas at thy will alone
To use the money as thou sawest fit;
Without contriving this deceitful cheat.
A free will offering only God respects,
But all deceit he utterly rejects.
Why hast thou then contriv'd this wicked lie,
Thus to provoke his dreadful Majesty?"

When this he heard, his spirits then were lost,
He straight fell down, and yielded up the ghost!
Now, all the church the awful news did hear,
And ev'ry breast was fill'd with holy fear.
The young men then arose, and straight away
Did Ananias to his grave convey.
But little did his wife Sapphira know
Of what had happen'd to her husband, so
In three hours time, lo, she likewise came in,
Then did th' apostles thus with her begin,
"Did ye for so much money sell your land
As we received at thy husband's hand?"
"Yea, for so much," said she, "and for no more,
As Ananias also said before."

But Peter answer'd, "How is it that ye
Did in your hearts thus wickedly agree?
Ye have consulted both, with one accord,
To tempt and grieve the Spirit of the Lord!
Audacious wretch! behold thy husband's dead,
And with him thou shalt speedily be laid;
For lo, the feet of them are at the door
That have thy husband bury'd: yea, and more,
They shall thee also carry forth likewise,
And bury thee where thy own husband lies."

When this she heard, she presently did fall,
And yielded up the ghost before them all.
The young men then straight carry'd her away,
And bury'd her where Ananias lay.
Great fear came then on all who heard or view'd
How God's just vengeance hypocrites pursu'd.
And this is also left upon record,
That all may fear the justice of the Lord.
And thus he purged them from all deceit;
Amongst them was not found an hypocrite:
For hypocrites durst not amongst them join,
Because God's judgments did with terror shine.

And glorious miracles th' apostles wrought,
And multitudes of impotents were brought
To them, all round about Jerusalem,
And all were healed, whether sick or lame.
And evil spirits out of men were cast,
Ev'n by their shadows as the streets they past.
And many to the streets in beds were brought,
Who only for their happy shadows fought;
And all who underneath their shadow came,
Were firmly healed, whether sick or lame.

And ev'ry day did many converts bring,
Ev'n faithful subjects unto Christ their King.

But, oh! how this did grieve Abaddon's heart,
To see his captives daily him desert!
Then like a lion he began to roar,
And rouse his agents as he did before;
Ev'n the high-priest, with all his chosen tribes,
The Sadducees, the Pharisees and Scribes.
These all obedient at his vicious call,
Upon th' apostles did like blood-hounds fall,
And into prison straight did them convey,
Thinking they'd safely now secur'd their prey.
But, ah, how vain was this their black design,
To try Christ's faithful servants to confine!
If he permit not, they as well might try
To overthrow his glorious throne on high!
Behold he sent his angel down that night,
And brought his faithful servants forth to light,
And bid them go and in the temple stand,
And boldly teach as Christ did them command;
With chearful hearts did they his word obey:
Then to the temple straight they bent their way,
And early in the morning thither came,
And taught the people without fear or shame!
Undaunted they did gospel truths unfold,
And well apply'd the prophecies of old.

The high-priest then (not knowing what was done),
And all the senate with him ev'ry one,
Consulting close what method they must take
To cause these men this doctrine to forsake.

Now, when each one his verdict here had sent,
They officers unto the prison sent,

To bring these men before them once again,
To try to make them leave this gospel strain.
But, lo, when to the prison-gates they came,
They found a blank, and so return'd with shame:
Sad news they had to tell the senate then,
That in the prison there were no such men!
“ The prison gates and doors,” said they, “ we found
All safely shut, and all the guards around;
But lo, the pris'ners they are fled and gone!
Within the prison there remains not one!”
This struck the senate all with sad surprize,
And what to do they could not then devise!
In mad confusion all their thoughts were now,
Fearing some strange event might next ensue:
While in the midst of all their consternation,
Lo, one comes in and brings them this relation,
“ Behold the men, whom ye laid fast in hold,
Are in the Temple teaching very bold!”

When this they heard no one can well devise
How they were struck with terror and surprize!
Then straight the captain of the temple went
To bring th' apostles by their own consent,
And not by violence, for well he knew
What danger then he must himself go through;
As also did the rest of these great dons
Expect to meet a rattling shower of stones:
Therefore they wisely did their passion keep,
And thought it best in a whole skin to sleep.

Now when the apostles were before them brought
The high-priest ask'd them, saying, “ Did we not
Straitly command and charge you heretofore,
To teach in this same Jesus' name no more?”

But now this city's with your doctrine fill'd,
And ye would make believe that we have spill'd
The blood of that base fellow wrongfully,
Whom Pontius Pilate justly doom'd to die
For treason, and for horrid blasphemy.
Ye mean to raise a fresh rebellion then
That ye do not this doctrine yet refrain;
Seeing we straitly charged you before
That ye should mention this same name no more?"

With courage bold th' apostles answer'd then,
"We owe obedience more to God than men:
Therefore we will the Lord our God obey,
Nor fear what man can either do or say.
The God of Abra'm, and of all his race,
Who do like him the paths of virtue trace,
Hath rais'd up Jesus Christ his Son, whom ye
Have crucify'd and hanged on a tree,
And hath exalted him on high to stand
A Prince and Saviour at his own right-hand,
And hath put all things under his command:
That he to Israel may repentance give,
And pardon that the penitent may live.
And we, his witnesses, here testify
That Jesus Christ ascended is on high;
Nor is our word a vain or empty boast,
So also testifies the Holy Ghost,
Which God, the sov'reign Lord of earth and heav'n,
Hath freely to his faithful servants giv'n."

Now when the apostles had these words express,
The rulers hearts were grievously possess'd
With rage and fury, mad and cruel spite;
Then they consult to slay these men outright:

"But stay," said wise Gamaliel, "stay and hear
The words I have to drop into your ear,
Put forth these men, said he, a little space
'Till I my counsel give about this case."

This being done he then proceeds to tell
What judgments had on past impostors fell,
And thence concludes that such would fall on these;
If they were such, justice would on them seize.
'For if this doctrine be of men, said he,
'Twill come to nothing we shall quickly see;
But if it be of God, 'tis plain, you know,
That none can his grand purposes o'erthrow.
Men oft do that in haste their rage to vent,
Which afterward they bitterly repent;
Therefore do nothing rash thro' rage or spite,
Lest ye be found against the Lord to fight."

Then to his words they all gave their consent,
To stay and see what would be the event.

Then these apostles they call'd in again,
And that they might forsake this gospel strain
They beat them fore, and then they let them go,
Not knowing what they more to them could do:
For this they knew, tho' much incens'd with wrath,
They had no pow'r then to put men to death*,
Therefore they only charg'd them (as before)
That they should teach in Jesus' name no more.
But all their threats and charges were in vain,
Nothing could fright them from the gospel strain.

Now the apostles being let depart,
They prais'd the Lord with thankfulness of heart,

* It was not in the power of the Jews at that time to put any man to death by law, for they were then under the Roman government. See Dr. Watts' Scripture History, page 306.

That they were counted worthy to partake
 Shame and reproach for their dear Master's sake.
 And faithfully they did their talents use,
 Both in the Temple and from house to house ;
 And without fear they preached Christ the Lord,
 While thousands daily did receive the word.
 Amazing gifts the Lord on them bestow'd,
 And spread the trophies of his grace abroad,
 Which made the world confess the pow'r of God. }
 'Twas plain that nought but sov'reign grace divine
 Made mean unlearned men so glorious shine ;
 Surprizing miracles by them were done,
 And glorious victories the gospel won.

Sect. VIII. *The primitive Glory of Christianity farther
 set forth in the glorious Order of the Gospel Ministry.*

AND thus th' apostles first in order came,
 The glorious gospel tidings to proclaim ;
 Endu'd with gifts that Christ on them bestow'd,
 Which prov'd their grand commission was from God.
 Nor were these gifts and miracles alone
 Afforded men to build their faith upon,
 But by the law and ancient prophecies,
 They prov'd the truth of what they said likewise.
 Knowing the law prefigur'd but the things
 Which Christ (the substance) by the gospel brings.
 What ancient prophecies obscurely told,
 And all God's faithful messenger's of old, }
 Now by the gospel plainly they unfold,
 And thus they prov'd their doctrine was divine,
 And made the truth with fairest lustre shine.

Then Jesus next evangelists did send,
Who faithfully his holy gospel penn'd ;
And prophets too, in order to declare
His will to all, who ready were to hear.

These all inspir'd with wisdom from on high,
That men might safely on their word rely.

And last of all (with equal good intent)
Pastors and teachers thither too he sent :
These to continue till the world should end,
And to instruct from what the former penn'd ;
Over the Christian churches to preside,
And in the scripture paths the saints to guide,
And edify the body of their Lord
From these rich treasures of his holy word,
'Till all the saints are fitted and prepar'd
To dwell for ever with their Head and Lord :
And thus to leave all men without excuse
Who will not of these precious means make use.

Now at Jerusalem they first begun,
But thro' the world the joyful sound must run,
That ev'ry one who loth the truth believe,
Repent, and is baptized, shall receive
A pardon free ; yea, all that can be nam'd,
But lo, he that believes not shall be damn'd !
Thus did the Lord (by wisdom, love and pow'r)
Contrive a way poor sinners to restore,
On surer terms than by the fiery law,
That penitents might hence true comfort draw ;
For in the law there's not one promise nam'd,
But ev'ry one who sinneth must be damn'd !
But in the gospel, 'tis declar'd we see,
" Repent, believe, and saved thou shalt be !"

O sinners, then, awake, make haste and fly !
Behold your danger and your remedy !
Let not presumption shut your sluggish eyes,
Nor suffer dull despairing thoughts to rise.
Believe in Christ, the bless'd immortal Lamb,
His blood will screen you from eternal flame !
True faith will make God's tender bowels move,
And turn his wrath to kind forgiving love !
But here, perhaps, some trembling wretch may say,
" O how shall I this counsel good obey ?
Which way shall I obtain this faith divine,
That would make Christ, the dear Redeemer, mine ?
For of myself I can no more believe
Than to fulfil the law, ev'n, Do and live."
To this I answer, True, you can't believe,
Unless of God you do the pow'r receive ;
But if you would this precious grace obtain,
To reconcile you unto God again ;
This precious faith, that makes his bowels move,
And turns his flaming wrath to pard'ning love,
This comes by hearing of the gospel sound,
Which doth with joyful tidings rich abound !
With diligence attend the sacred place,
Where God displays the riches of his grace :
And humbly beg his holy Spirit's aid
To guide you in his holy paths to tread.
This is the way this precious grace t' obtain ;
None ever sought aright, and sought in vain.
Then be not slothful to obtain this grace,
Nor doubtful that ye shall have no success.

But some, perhaps, may here enquire again,
" How shall we know if we true faith obtain ?

Is there no proper mark whereby to know
Whether it be true saving faith or no?"

To this I answer, Yea, the good effect
Is the best mark that I can here direct.
Faith is the mother of each other grace,
That shines so bright in the true Christian's face:
For lo, it purifies the heart within,
And makes the soul to stand in awe to sin.
It also works by true and filial love,
And makes the wheels of duty sweetly move.
It makes devotion a most sweet delight,
And the most heavy burden feel but light.
It makes ev'n tim'rous souls with patience bear
The sharpest suff'rings that they meet with here;
Because by it they see the bright reward
That is for them in heav'n above prepar'd.
Sweetly it triumphs over earthly things,
Nor heeds the world's fair smiles, nor dreads its stings.
It is unto the soul both eye and ear,
And brings the farthest distant objects near.
By these few marks you now may plainly know
Whether you have this grace obtain'd or no.
If you have none of these, great is your danger,
For saving faith is yet to you a stranger!
And without this (you'll find it in God's word)
It is impossible to please the Lord.
Yet if you find in you but some of these,
You may have hope; but do not rest at ease,
But still pursue, with earnest keen desire,
Until you do these marks in full acquire.
This is the way true comfort here to find,
And ease the burdens of your troubl'd mind.

This is the way t' obtain eternal rest,
And after death to be for ever blest.
'Twas this that made the first brave Christians shine
With ev'ry virtue, and with grace divine !
Patient in suff'rings, rend'ring good for ill,
In sweet obedience to their Master's will.
Great was their zeal for God, and in them shin'd
Love, truth and honesty to all mankind.
They in the world like glorious stars did shine,
And fairly prov'd the Christian faith divine.
Such were at first th' effects of Christian faith,
And such they're still, where it the mast'ry hath.

Sect. IX. *Objections against Christianity answered.*

O B J E C T I O N I.

BUT Infidels may here object, and say,
“ Where is this Christian faith all fled away,
Of which you boast ? Where doth it glorious shine,
And fairly prove itself to be divine ?
In what strange country doth it now reside ?
Why doth it now itself so closely hide ?
Tho' many bear, 'tis true, the Christian name,
They don't appear to us to be the same
Which you describe, but are as opposite
To that bright character, as black to white.

“ You say they did with moral virtues shine
Amidst the world, who had this faith divine ;
But surely now this faith is fled and gone,
In which your ancestors so fairly shone,
If this be true, which boldly you assert,
That this bright character was their desert.

But who so weak such fables to believe ?
Your actions prove what we of you conceive.
Where is your love and friendship to each other,
When ev'ry one would cheat his very brother ?

“ Where is your truth and justice to be found,
When falshood and oppression so abound ?

“ Ye boast of love ev'n to your enemies ;
But, ah, for shame, forbear such flatt'ring lies !
Talk not of love at such a lavish rate
While ye do ev'n your fellow Christians hate :
Nay, persecute and kill each other too,
For the same faith which ye yourselves avow.

“ Is this your Christian love, of which you boast
It was diffused by the Holy Ghost ?
Is this your faith which brings morality ?
Ah, vain pretence ! 'tis all a wicked lie.

“ Can that religion ever be divine
That doth with hell, and its black friends combine ?
Ah, gross deceit ! what can be more absurd,
And what religion more to be abhorr'd ?

“ It was at first by fishermen begun,
That follow'd Christ, a poor mechanic's son,
And fishing still is their delightful craft ;
They spread their nets to catch a golden draught,
They also make the Christian faith a bait
To catch their prey, by flatt'ry and deceit ;
For lo, their lordly priests appear like kings,
Their specious craft such large revenue brings.

“ Are these your holy teachers ?—Ah, for shame !
Let's never more hear of the odious name !

“ Our wise philosophers far brighter shine,
And give much better proofs of truth divine ;

More self-denial, and more fervent pains,
Without desiring such unlawful gains.
Ah! they have no such avarice in view
As these your crafty Christian priests pursue!
Yea, they demonstrate that the truth's divine,
While they with glorious moral virtues shine.

“Then boast no more of Christianity,
While your own actions give your words the lie.”

A N S W E R.

BUT stop, ye Infidels, be not so bold,
While ye our Christian character unfold;
Shoot not your bolts promiscuously at all,
Who by the name of Christians you may call:
For tho' amongst us numbers do abound
In whom nor faith nor moral virtue's found;
Yea, tho' these be the greatest number far,
They are not Christians, but vile mockers are:
For to Christ's righteousness they have no claim,
Tho' they are called by his holy name.
These at the great and awful judgment day,
Like chaff before the wind will flee away!
But those who are true Christians indeed,
And do according to Christ's rules proceed,
These are the Christians that shall be renown'd,
And with immortal joy and glory crown'd!
These have a witness in their hearts more clear
Than can in all the world besides appear.
This doth such sweet celestial joys create,
No heart can think, nor mortal tongue relate,
To such Christ gives a white celestial stone,
With a new name engrav'd by him thereon,

Which none can read, save they to whom 'tis given :
These are the chosen faithful heirs of heav'n !

And they are sure their faith is not in vain,

Because their souls are truly born again.

A supernat'ral change is wrought within,

Which makes them hate the very thoughts of sin.

A glorious prospect is before their eyes,

And sure they run for an immortal prize !

There's no allowed guile that such live in :

Their souls new-moulded stand averse to sin.

And tho' some failings in the best are found,

While their abode is on this earthly ground,

Yet yield they not to sin habitually,

But still pursue the paths of purity,

With all their pow'rs, and that continually.

When faith hath fixt their eyes on things divine,

All vain delights they freely can resign,

And count the fairest things that grow below,

All empty trifles, full of grief and woe !

When they behold the bright immortal prize,

Laid up for them with Christ above the skies ;

All worldly threats, and smiles to them appear

Alike unworthy of their love or fear !

These are the Christians who deserve the name,

The faithful followers of the holy Lamb.

But this to you a myst'ry may remain,

This wond'rous change of being born again.

'Tis true indeed, 'tis strange to carnal sense ;

The best expounder is experience.

Yea, many here who bear the Christian name

(Tho' this with grief I speak it to their shame)

Who know as little of this change as you.

(O that the number of them were but few !)

But here that this may yet appear more plain,
That all true Christians must be born again,
Take this short hint, and then it will appear
That this is truth I have asserted here.

Man is by nature prone to all that's ill,
By grace a change is wrought upon his will,
Yea, the whole soul, with all its faculties,
Ere it be fit for heaven's eternal joys,
Must be renew'd, by influence divine,
And o'er the whole the pow'r of grace must reigo,
This is no fiction, but a certain thing,
Of which true faith full evidence will bring :
And this alone is that mysterious change,
Which seems to you so very odd and strange.

And what tho' Jesus Christ liv'd there unknown,
Accounted but a mean mechanic's son :
So much the brighter shall his glory shine,
And give the fairer proof of truth divine ;
As will appear with demonstration plain,
If you will calmly hear what we maintain.

Man having broke his great Creator's law,
Which on his head did condemnation draw :
Yea, he and all his future rising race,
Were thus condemned to that dreadful place,
Where God's just fury burns with quenchless fire,
There must they feel his everlasting ire :
For death, not temp'ral, but eternal too
Was justly now become the rebel's due ;
Except a Saviour, of infinite pow'r,
Would undertake the wretches to restore ;
But lo, the ransom must be infinite,
For God's strict justice won't abate one mite.

Now none could execute this grand design,
But he must be both human and divine;
For God alone could never die or suffer,
Nor man alone a perfect ransom offer:
Yet God hath promis'd that it should be done
By such an One, ev'n his eternal Son:
And that this was the Person, it appears
By prophecies of near four thousand years,
His birth, his life, his death and resurrection,
The prophets all foretold in full perfection.
Besides the Father's glorious proclamation
At his baptizing, and transfiguration.
And what tho' he liv'd here on earth unknown,
All nature did his glorious god-head own:
The seas, like solid ground beneath his feet,
Did freely to his sov'reign pow'r submit.
The fishes too came swift at his command
To Peter's hook, with tribute to his hand.
The swelling waves, obedient at his word,
Grew calm, and own'd him for their Sov'reign Lord:
Yea, ev'ry thing his pow'rful word obey'd,
And own'd 'twas he the whole creation sway'd.
But over all, this condescending love,
To leave his glorious throne and courts above,
To suffer thus, and die his foes to free,
Appears so bright a miracle to me
As makes me wonder that each heart of stone
Melts not, and atheists ev'n his God-head own.
Now all these wond'rous things of him foretold,
By all his faithful messengers of old,
Each to a tittle perfectly fulfill'd,
This makes me think each doubt should be exil'd:

For, pray what better proofs can be requir'd
Than God's own word, and mens' by him inspir'd?
These are sufficient to convince all those
Who do not wilfully the light oppose.

Thus Christ did freely out of tender love,
From true believers the black curse remove:
His suff'rings, death, and glorious resurrection;
Gave to the law for them full satisfaction.

Now which of all your deities can shew
That they have done such mighty things for you?
And tho' you say his foll'wers were but mean,
And unlearn'd fishermen did first begin
To preach his gospel. This we own is true,
And this doth also evidently shew
It was no cunning craft of mens device,
Whereby they sought the simple to entice:
But such amazing gifts on them bestow'd,
Doth plainly prove it was the pow'r of God:
For all the wit, and craft of men alone
Such glorious miracles have never done,
As hath been plainly testify'd before,
How they did both the sick and lame restore
To perfect health and strength, ev'n with a word:
These do sufficient evidence afford
That it was by the Spirit of the Lord.
Their self-denial also plainly shews
That they were void of carnal selfish views:
Yea, this doth also evidently prove
That they were animated from above:
For they regarded neither worldly self,
Honour, nor ease, nor health, nor life itself:
All these they did account as dung and dross,
And gloried only in their Saviour's cross!

Part II. DIVINE MISCELLANIES.

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The love of Christ alone did them constrain,
To seek his wand'ring sheep (the souls of men)
And bring them back safe to his fold again.
For Christ, the sweets of sense they did esteem
As nothing, that they might be found in him,
Not having on their own self-righteous dress,
But cloth'd upon with his pure righteousness.
Their wonderful success did also shew
That God did crown their faithful labours too :
For tho' they had no learning of the schools,
Their conduct shew'd they walk'd by wisdom's rules.

Now which of your philosophers can give
Reasons so strong their doctrines to believe ?
Which of them all did so illust'ous shine,
Or give such solid proofs of truth divine ?
Which of them e'er could dive beyond the grave,
To shew what after death you should receive,
According as your lives have here been spent,
What kind reward, or what just punishment ?
No ; all the best instructions they have given
Could never shew the glorious path to heaven.
But, lo, the gospel of our Saviour hath
Plainly set forth the path of life and death.

And tho' you say our Christian teachers now
Do only after worldly wealth pursue,
And that they follow still the fishing craft,
And spread their nets to catch a golden draught,
And that the gospel is their gilded bait
To catch their prey, by falshood and deceit :
And that they live like haughty lords and kings,
This specious craft such vast revenue brings.
This we must own with humble grief and shame,
Too many such assume the sacred name ;

But here take notice, such unjustly bear
 The name of Christ—like wand'ring stars they are,
 For whom God hath reserv'd eternal chains
 Of darkness, where immortal vengeance reigns!
 Their short liv'd pleasures soon will fade away,
 And endless night succeed their smiling day.

But shoot not here your bolts promiscuously,
 Lest you should wound the harmless standers-by;
 For, notwithstanding these, a number still
 Do preach the gospel out of pure good-will:
 A bold the glorious torch to guide the way
 Of true believers to the realms of day,
 Where everlasting peace, and pleasures dwell,
 Beyond the power of mortal tongues to tell.
 And thus, I hope, I've prov'd the Christian scheme
 Is not a fable nor an idle dream:

But that it is, with fullest demonstration,
 A bright, divine, and glorious revelation.
 But this I know, strangers will still despise
 The beauty of these glorious mysteries,
 'Till Christ remove the scales from off their eyes.

For in the nat'ral sense of all mankind,
 A vail of ignorance beclouds the mind;
 But when this is remov'd, with glad surprize
 They see the truth of these bright mysteries.

Now if you think a heav'n of endless joy
 Is worth your seeking, all your powers employ,
 And humbly seek, and so shall ye obtain;
 None truly seeks our gracious God in vain.
 Forsake your stupid idols, deaf and dumb,
 And to our God with supplications come;
 Neglect not now the means he doth afford,
 Faith comes by hearing of his holy word:

Then hearken duly, and your souls shall live :
 For grace and glory he doth freely give
 To ev'ry one that's willing to receive.

“ Ho, every one that thirsteth (is his call)
 Come freely to the waters, and ye shall
 Be satisfy'd with living streams divine,
 And without money fill'd with milk and wine,
 Why spend ye money for what is not bread ?
 Your labour for what stands you in no stead ?
 Why do you pray to idols dumb and deaf,
 Which cannot in the least afford relief ?”
 Incline your ears and harken to the Lord,
 For here is free salvation in his word.
 Behold, saith he, I've rais'd up Christ my Son,
 For all believing penitents t' atone.
 Come then, ye Infidels, obey his call,
 His arms are open to receive you all ;
 And he that comes by faith devoid of doubt,
 Our gracious God will never cast him out.

But if you stand it out, and will not come,
 Putting your trust in idols deaf and dumb,
 Then must you in th' excess of torments lie
 Thro' all the ages of eternity :
 For, lo, there is salvation found in none
 Save in the name of Jesus Christ alone.

OBJECTION II.

NOW some, perhaps, may like Agrippa say,
 “ Almost thou hast persuaded me this day
 To be a Christian ; but one thing distracts
 My troubl'd breast ; there are so many sects
 Amongst you Christians, that so widely jar,
 And keep amongst you a domestic war,
 So that if I should in your faith confide,
 I know not whom to chuse to be my guide,

“ One party says theirs is the only way
 That leads to realms of everlasting day ;
 But sense and reason I must lay aside,
 And in their words implicitly confide ;
 And if I err from them but in the least,
 Then, lo, I'm damn'd, they all declare in haste.

" Another party says, if I believe
These men, they will me certainly deceive ;
But if I'll walk with them, they'll shew me plain
The way I may eternal life obtain.

" Another says, that way is dang'rous too,
But if I'll walk with them, they'll fully shew
The plain and easy path that leads to heav'n,
By the most certain rules that can be given.

" Some say such ceremonies must be us'd,
Others that these ought all to be refus'd ;
And that these men do only strive in vain
To teach for doctrines the commands of men.

" Some say I must on legal works depend,
If up to heav'n I ever hope t' ascend :
Whilst others say, faith is the only ground
On which alone salvation may be found ;
Others that faith and works must sweetly join,
Or else my faith can never be divine. ;
For faith, say they, doth always work by love,
Good works alone the truth of faith can prove.

" And thus you are continually at odds,
As if each party worshipp'd different gods.
How can a stranger safely then confide
In any party for a faithful guide,
Since ev'ry one professes theirs is right,
Tho' ev'n as opposite as day and night ?"

A N S W E R.

TO this I answer, If you fain would learn
The things belonging to your great concern :
Altho' your question is exceeding nice,
Yet if you're willing to receive advice,
I'll strive impartially to solve your doubt,
And drive all these distracting troubles out.

If you believe the holy scripture's given
By inspiration of the God of heav'n,
Then search those sacred treasures, and you may
Soon see the dawn of everlasting day.
Search well the holy prophecies of old,
Which faithful men by inspiration told ;

These will direct you, if you mind with care,
 As th' eastern Magi by a new-born star :
 For there you may with open eyes behold
 The gracious promises of Christ foretold.
 Then read th' evangelists, for they record
 The birth, the life, and suff'rings of their Lord ;
 And there you'll see those wond'rous things fulfill'd,
 Which were so long by prophecy reveal'd.

Then beg of God, the giver of all grace,
 Your faith and knowledge daily to increase,
 And that he may his holy Spirit send,
 T' instruct and guide you to your journey's end.
 Then strive with faith and patience to pursue
 Those tracts that Christ and his apostles drew.
 Search well their doctrines, and their lives observe,
 And from their rules see that you never swerve,
 But still implore the holy Spirit's aid,
 To guide you in their holy steps to tread.

And then when thus you carefully have done,
 Because it is not safe to walk alone,
 Mind those who walk the nearest to these rules,
 Whose lives declare they've learn'd in wisdom's schools ;
 Then join yourself to them with heart sincere,
 And of their joys and suff'rings take your share :
 Then ne'er dissent from them, while thus you see
 Their lives and doctrines do with truth agree.

This is the only way true peace to find,
 And chase the troubles of a burden'd mind,
 For here you'll find the happy road to bliss,
 Where endless joy and perfect pleasure is.

SECT. X. A Serious Reflection upon the Whole.

AND now, all ye who bear the Christian name,
 See how the gospel daily suffers shame,
 By their ill conduct who profess the same. }
 Ye humble Christians, view the times of old,
 And see how dim is now become the gold !
 Yea, the fine gold like brass doth now appear,
 For Christians now are not like what they were !
 See how the first brave Christians fairly shine,
 With ev'ry virtue, and with grace divine !

But now, instead of faith that works by love,
Profaneness does our unbelief now prove.
Instead of charity to one another,
Lo, ev'ry one strives to defraud his brother!
Instead of love, lo, envying and spite!
Instead of truth, lo, falshood and deceit!
Instead of low humility, here's pride,
And haughty looks which God cannot abide.
Instead of holy zeal, and courage bold,
Lo, now lukewarmness, neither hot nor cold.
Instead of hope, and godly fear, presumption!
Instead of growth in grace, lo, sad consumption!
Instead of unity, what sad division!
Instead of honour, we've deserv'd derision!
Instead of knowledge, ignorance most blind;
Yea, wilful ignorance beclouds our mind!
Instead of thankfulness, ingratitude
For all the favours we receive from God!
Thus, is not ev'ry Christian grace defac'd,
And in their stead contrary vices plac'd?
But let's consider that the Christian name
Will never screen us from eternal shame,
If thus we walk contrary to the same.
O no, my friends, 'twill but enhance our woe,
And prove our everlasting overthrow;
The Heathen (who our faith do now despise)
At last against us will in judgment rise;
For they (ev'n by the light of nature led)
Do closer in the paths of virtue tread
Than we, to whom our Maker doth afford
The glorious sunshine of his holy word!
For many, by th' immoral lives they live,
Great room unto God's enemies now give
The doctrines of his gospel to blaspheme,
And heap reproaches on the Christian name.
Others, for needless trifles, still contend,
And thus the bonds of unity they rend;
Thus love declines, and daily waxeth cold,
As also was by Christ himself foretold.

These will direct you, if you mind with care,
 As th' eastern Magi by a new-born star :
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And heap reproaches on the Christian name.
Others, for needless trifles, still contend,
And thus the bonds of unity they rend;
Thus love declines, and daily waxeth cold,
As also was by Christ himself foretold.

While others, such erroneous doctrines broach,
The faithful sheep dare not the fold approach ;
And these, like rav'ning wolves, they tear and slay,
When they forsake their base pernicious way :
And yet are these most arrogant professors,
And boast they are th' apostles true successors.
But how their practices hereto agree,
The very Heathens with derision see :
For lo, the golden rule they lay aside,
Which Christ laid down to be our constant guide.
Thus may we see (with humble grief and shame)
How Christianity doth bear the blame
Thro' their ill conduct, who profess in word
To be the followers of Christ the Lord.
But, O what dreadful vengeance waits, to light
On such, to dash them to eternal night !
Much better, had they never heard the sound
Of gospel grace upon this earthly ground,
Than thus to bear the holy Christian name,
And be the cause of its reproach and shame :
For surely Sodom and Gomorrah will
Such weights of fiery vengeance never feel,
Except repentance speedily prevent
Their dreadful doom and endless punishment !
Come, let us then begin, with one accord,
To search our ways, and turn unto the Lord.
Let's humble now ourselves before his face,
With fervent cries implore forgiving grace,
For lo, our God is just and gracious still,
And faithfully his promise will fulfil,
That all true penitents shall be forgiv'n,
And also made the joyful heirs of heav'n.
Come, let us then with humble hearts return,
Nor more at his rich loving kindness spurn ;
But let us now resolve (thro' grace) this day
To love the Lord, and keep his holy way ;
Then Death, pale Death, shall not our souls affright,
But be a messenger of sweet delight,
To waite them safely to the realms of peace,
Where sin and sorrow shall for ever cease.

